

Collier's

TEN CENTS

SEPTEMBER 16, 1944



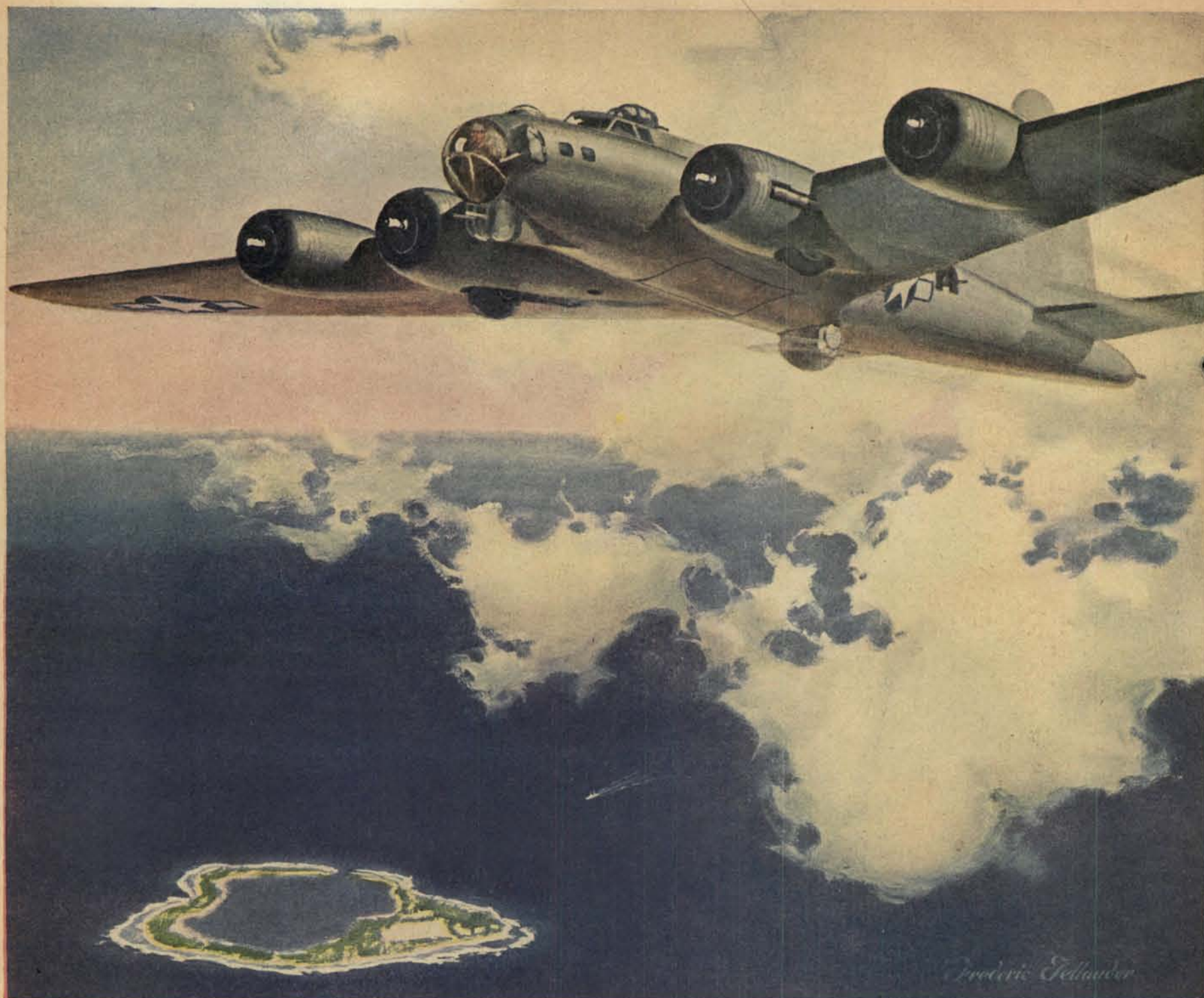
COWARDICE AT CHICAGO

Both Parties Prepare for World War III

Sept. 16, '44

By **WENDELL L. WILLIAMS**

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"Thanks a million for those fine engines!"

A FLYING Fortress pilot, on the last leg of his training before leaving for overseas, wrote this note to Studebaker:

"Thanks a million for those fine, high-speed Wright Cyclone engines. You keep building them. We'll keep them flying. Wish us good luck."

Today, all over the world, the good luck that bomber pilot asked for is smiling more and more on America's armed forces—thanks to their own resourcefulness and valor plus the unremitting thoroughness of the preparations of our Army and Navy general staffs.

With our government's wholehearted co-operation, the Studebaker organiza-

tion has thus far built more than 45,000 Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—more than 135,000 multiple-drive military trucks—and the Army's new M-29 "Weasel."

But no one at Studebaker forgets for a moment that it's on the battle fronts, not the production fronts, that the war's outcome is decided.

And so Studebaker gratefully salutes the valiant men and women in our country's uniform as the Americans to whom the cause of freedom owes its biggest debt.

Awarded To All  Studebaker Plants



Always Ready!

Make the motto of the U. S. Coast Guard your motto. Be ready always with War Bonds. Buy them to help your country now—and to make sure of the fulfillment of your future plans.

**Don't sell prematurely
HOLD ON TO YOUR
WAR BONDS!**

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FOR THE BOEING FLYING FORTRESS**

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



He matches and always wins

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

MANY trucks have dual tires on the rear—two sets of two tires each—so they can carry heavier loads. Whenever duals are used, however, tire problems increase. The two tires must be spaced just so—not too close, not too far apart. Inflation must be watched carefully. Wheels must not toe in or toe out and the tires in a dual set should have *exactly* the same diam-

eters so that each will carry its fair share of the load. If one tire is worn down, it needs another worn tire for its running mate.

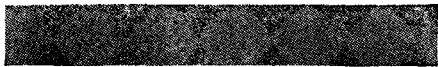
Failure to observe all the necessary rules can easily cut the mileage of dual tires in half. In the picture above a B. F. Goodrich tire specialist of the Conservation Department is matching dual tires with a special measuring stick developed for that purpose. He

never mounts a set of duals unless they match perfectly. That's why we say "he matches and always wins."

Under a scientific B. F. Goodrich program, now being used by truck fleets with from 10 to 3200 vehicles, factory trained tire men take over the complete supervision of tire maintenance. They have saved hundreds, possibly thousands, of tons of rubber and hundreds of fleet owners have found that this conservation plan saves money for them.

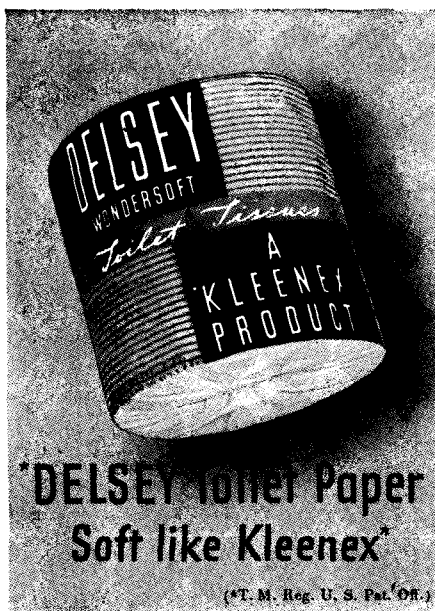
Only a few B. F. Goodrich tire specialists are now available to take over additional fleets. If your company operates trucks, and if you would like to know how this service can be applied to increase *your* mileage, write the Tire Conservation Dept., The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O. 

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Truck & Bus Tires



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kidding?

No more Delsey
'til after
the duration!



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WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

Any Week

WE HAVE with us always the large numbers of patriots who would rather be killed trying to crash a movie preview than an enemy strong point. If it would do any good, we could give you the name of a prominent politician who crossed and recrossed the street five times and still failed to attract the attention of the man at the microphone who was announcing to the street through the names of the celebrities about to enter a theater to attend the gala first run of a new film. On his final attempt, he waved his Panama hat at the sweating announcer and stepped off the curb just in time to have his pants torn by a taxi. Consequently he went home in a vile temper.

flourish, adding thereto a few excellent ideas of his own. He was very proud of his commission, too. The first person he spoke to in Britain was a weary old native brigadier who was in charge of passing him through the routine of landing. The new lieutenant was still wearing his sergeant's chevrons. "I've just been made a lieutenant," he told the old boy, with spirit. "Didn't have time to get my new uniforms and bars but will get them at once in London." The British brigadier smiled gently, put his arm around the lad's shoulder, and murmured, "Thank you, my boy. And now I have no further doubts about the outcome of the war." The kid was about to salute, but the brigadier



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

JUST received a terse and strictly regulation letter from an Army lieutenant. He says: "I denounce your attitude toward the Polish government-in-exile. The foregoing is my personal opinion and mine alone, and is not to be construed as reflecting the opinions of the government of the United States."

WHICH reminds us that a nice young fellow we know was recently commissioned a second lieutenant and sent posthaste to England. He had merited the promotion, having done everything his superior officers had told him to do with flare and

grasped his hand as it moved upward. Our lieutenant was mystified until they told him later that the old fellow had lost his wife in the blitz and three sons in battle.

IN OUR present melancholy temper, that's the sort of hero story we fall for. And that's particularly true after we've read a brief report from one of our Washington observers who tells us that he has just been talking to a senator who was not at all optimistic that any postwar planning could be expected before the elections. Said this astute statesman: "It would be
(Continued on page 71)

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The Debt...

Reported "Missing in action," he was found. He came back — carried in the arms of a primitive brown man, like a gift to the world — and he lived and went out again. They are doing this. Now — even as we read these lines — going out again and again. Their heroism is our constant reminder that "never before in history have so many owed so much to so few."

What is the debt we owe to our flyers and fighting men ... and how can it be paid?

Our debt to them is security — permanent peace — jobs, and a better life than they left behind ... and we who help to build the planes they fly have something to say about how that debt can be paid.

Today, the plants, skills and wartime developments of American aviation offer us our most valuable single legacy of this war.

... Nearly 200,000 planes since Pearl Harbor ... 2,000,000 skilled workers and 3,000,000 superbly trained men of the air ... 110,000 miles of new air routes opened during this war ... American-built air

bases throughout the world ... some 12,000 transport planes, compared to a total pre-war air fleet of less than 400 planes.

This is American airpower — over 30 billion dollars' worth since Pearl Harbor! Here is the power to maintain peace and promote human betterment throughout the world. Here is the power to insure our national security and make a richer life for all in a new era of trade and transportation.

But many serious problems must be faced immediately, if we are to make the widest and wisest possible use of our airpower assets after the war:

Problems of reconversion and finance ... the dis-

tribution of surplus aircraft ... international agreements and our program of national security ... establishment of a definite American Airpower Policy ... encouragement for our overworked airlines, and modernization of domestic airways.

An air-minded American people — insisting upon sound legislative planning now — can make of our airpower assets the greatest hope for permanent peace the world has ever known. The payment of our debt to the men who come back depends upon all of us here at home.

Look to the Sky, America!

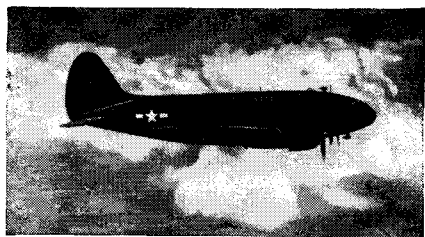
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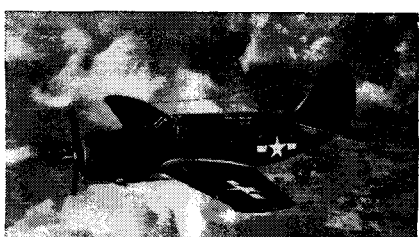
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★ Buy War Bonds Today ★

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Thousands of C-46 Commandos—world's largest twin-engine transport planes—are today flying on the toughest air routes in the world. Three-fourths of the supplies ferried into China, for instance, are transported by Commandos "over the hump" on the aerial Burma Road.

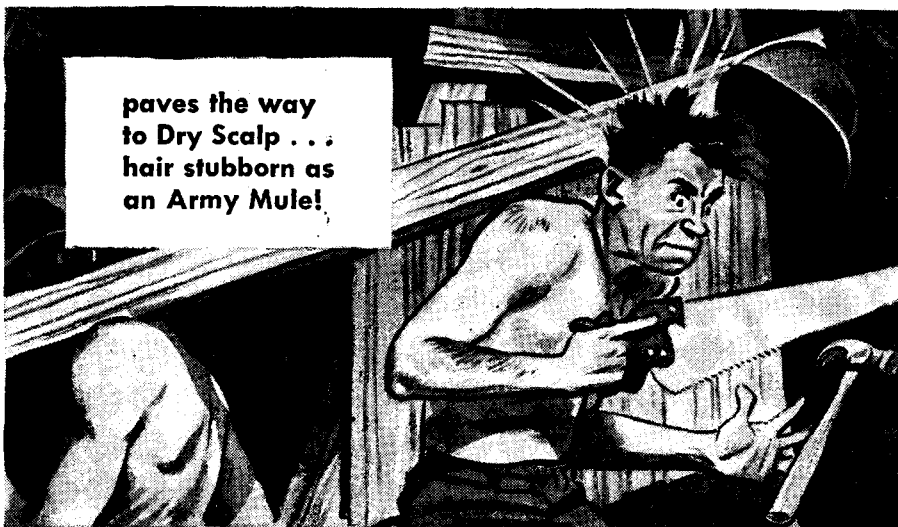
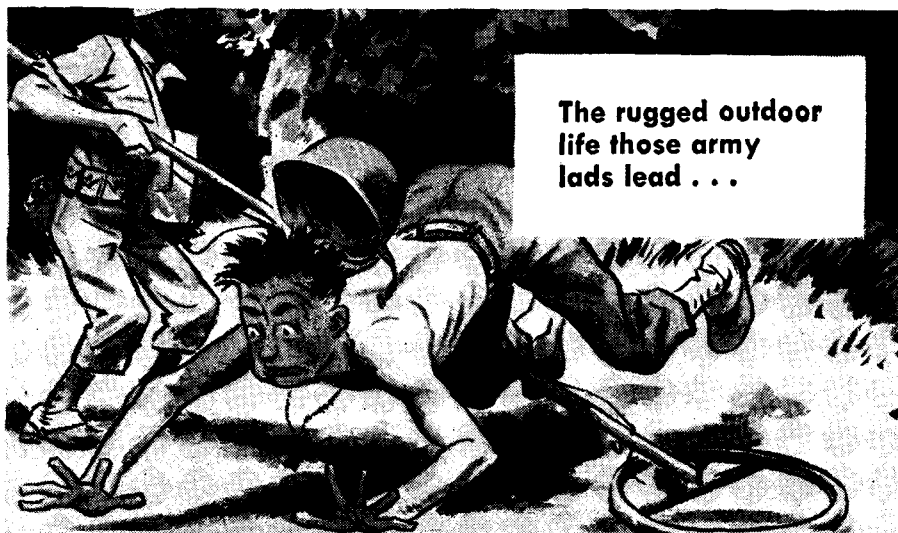


Newest and deadliest dive bomber in use by the U. S. Navy, Curtiss SB2C Helldivers spearheaded the Marianas attack of famed Task Force 58, in America's greatest victory since Midway. The Helldiver is powered with Wright Cyclone engine harnessed to a Curtiss 4-bladed propeller.



Only U. S. fighter plane in quantity production at the start of war, the veteran Curtiss P-40 Warhawk is still slugging away at the enemy. The extreme versatility of this plane, in its many improved versions, has made it the only plane of its type to fight the war from start to finish.

How an Army Engineer makes Dry Scalp disappear!



but...5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away

...MAKES 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC FIRST
WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!



Keeps your hair good-looking, too!

Here's the easy way to better-looking hair for you! Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just comb in a few drops daily, or rub directly on the scalp. Apply it before shampooing too, with massage. You'll soon discover that 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff, by supplementing the natural scalp oils... gives your hair that healthy, well-groomed look. Start today!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Keep up with the world
by Freling Foster

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The Dionnes' favorite dog certainly isn't starved for affection. Marie pets him while Annette, Emelie, Papa Dionne, Yvonne and Cecile look on

As the Dionne quintuplets have safely reached the age of ten, the chances of all five girls reaching sixteen years are 98 out of 100, of reaching forty-five 68 out of 100, and of reaching sixty-five 20 out of 100.—By Morelle Gipson, New York City.

Of the 83 past and present justices of the U.S. Supreme Court, five were of foreign parentage and birth, and one, David Brewer, was born to an American family living in Turkey; George Sutherland and James Iredell came from England; James Wilson from Scotland; William Patterson from Ireland, and Felix Frankfurter from Vienna, Austria.

An established custom of 18th-century Europe was for every married lady of quality to have a gallant whose connection with her was not only recognized and approved by society but also by her husband. In fact, it was an unpardonable breach of etiquette not to invite the paramour with the lady and her husband to such a function as a dinner, where she would be seated between them.

Diamonds are so individual that no two can be expected to react alike to radiation. For example, under X-rays and ultraviolet light, their fluorescence ranges from a faint to a brilliant intensity and may be in any one of various shades of blue, green, orange or yellow. Heat also causes different reactions in these gems. There are two, one colorless and one pink, in which heat produces an opposite effect, the colorless one turning and remaining pink and the pink one becoming and remaining colorless as long as they are kept at a certain temperature.

During the filming of a Grade-A movie that runs on the screen for an hour and a half, the amount of film that is taken daily and used in the finished picture has a playing time of from only 50 to 120 seconds, even when no delays disrupt the "shooting" schedule.—By Sidney P. Solow, Los Angeles, California.

Two-dimensional drawings are now made into three-dimensional drawings in half the time required by a draftsman, with a new machine called the Axonograph.

A recent study of the length of time served for felony in state and federal prisons shows that women serve an average of 15 months and men 19 months, that federal prisoners of both sexes average 13 months and state prisoners 21 months, and that these periods served in state prisons by men and women range from an average of 9 months in North Dakota to 54 months in Illinois.

Soviet Documents on Nazi Atrocities, an official publication of the U.S.S.R., contains hundreds of photographs, some taken from captured Germans, which show many forms of bestiality that have been perpetrated by the Nazis on innocent civilians, from mere hanging to rape plus torture. One revealing document is a protest by German prisoners against the inhuman treatment of Russian prisoners by the German authorities, the original copy of which was sent to the International Committee of the Red Cross in Geneva.

Electrically driven gyroscopes operate a number of instruments in the modern fighting plane, among the more important being the gyrocompass, the turn indicator, the artificial horizon and the automatic pilot, which contains two—the directional gyro and the bank-and-climb gyro—both operating in a vacuum.

The many families which once owned burial chambers in Westminster Abbey disposed of them several centuries ago, with the exception of the famous Percy family, the members of which still possess a crypt there and have the legal right to demand burial in this vault in the English shrine.

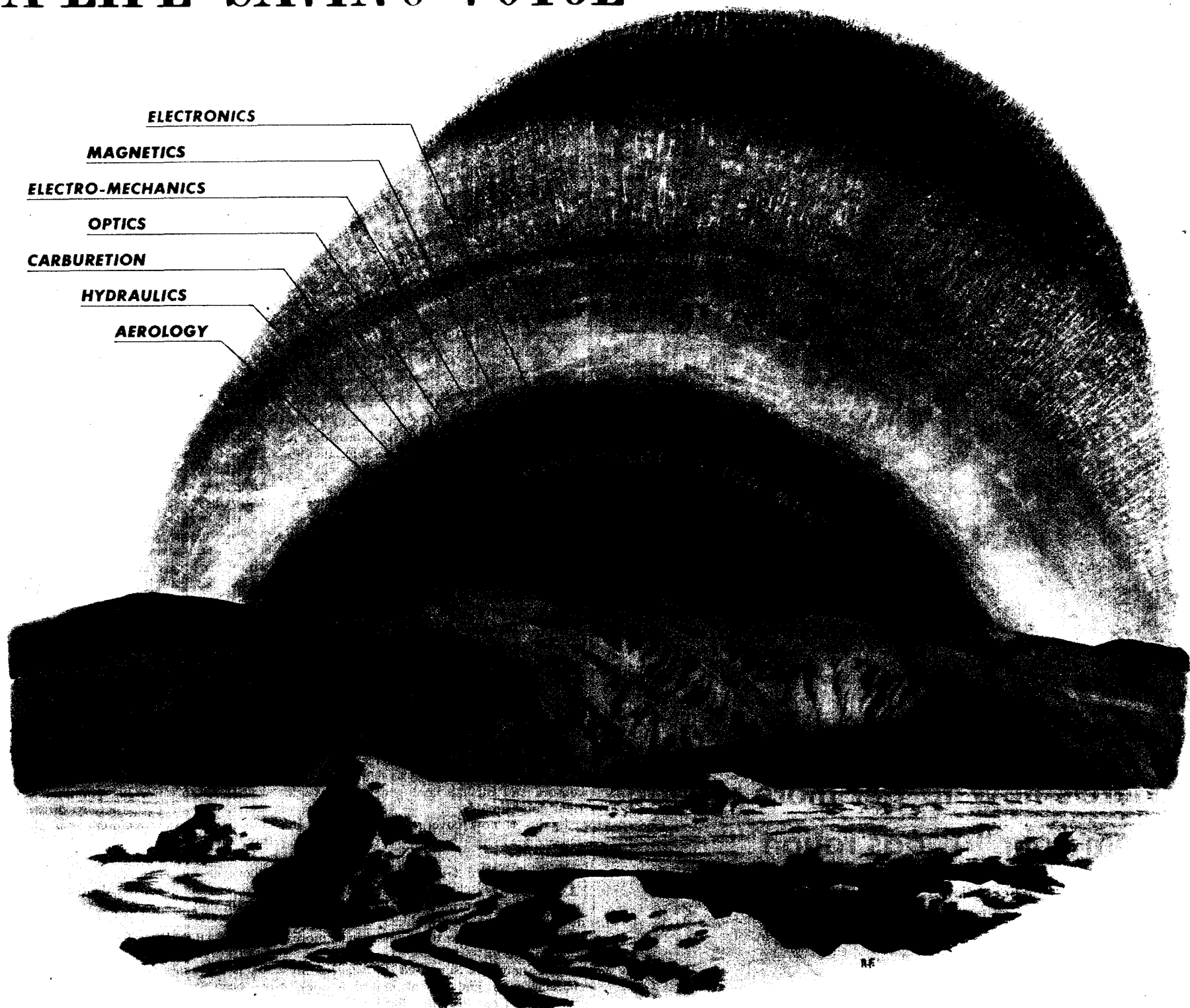
The U.S. Army and Navy are assigned and use a total of 4,387 radio frequencies, 2,646 of which have to be shared with other government agencies and private organizations.—By Nancy Millard, New York City.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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A LIFE SAVING VOICE

FROM THE HAUNTS OF DEATH!



THIS, TOO, IS BENDIX . . . world's leading organization specializing in scientific muscles and brains.

In the vast Arctic there's a glacial land where life long ago expired. Desolate and deadly, it would seem of no interest to man. Yet, *this waste is vitally important*, for it is there that *weather* breeds—and foreknowledge of weather's vagaries means the difference between life and death today to armies and nations.

How could this essential information be obtained accurately, frequently and without risk of life? That was the problem given Bendix—and solved by its *Friez Instrument Division*, foremost authorities on meteorological instruments.

The solution was a portable, *automatic weather*

station which broadcasts for months—*without human assistance—complete weather reports at frequent intervals*. Established on glacial wastes . . . remote mountain tops . . . wherever significant weather data can be obtained, *it is now helping the movements of our victorious fleet, air forces and army*.

Only one of hundreds of different Bendix scientific instruments and devices which your War Bonds are purchasing, it typifies Bendix special field—*Creative Engineering*—based on a profound knowledge of all modern sciences and skills and directed toward extending the powers

of humankind. Applied to your peacetime interests—transportation, communications, industrial processes, personal comfort—Bendix vast manufacturing organization and unparalleled research facilities will . . . but that's another big story. You'll hear it some day—*let us hope it will be soon*.

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Lady!

Here's how to get more mileage from your "A" gas ration

Get more mileage per gallon by replacing those worn-out piston rings. You can't replace your car or your engine, but you can have new Sealed Power Piston Rings installed—saving gas, saving oil, lengthening engine life.

Sealed Power Piston Rings (selected from 26 basic designs) are packaged in Individually Engineered Ring Sets for each popular make of car, truck, tractor or bus. Millions are being made for the Army and Navy, but your repairman can get a set for your car.

★ BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS ★

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Piston Rings, Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves,
Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

*The
Week's
Work*

Charles Lanius



CHARLES LANIUS, author of *Guerilla Girl*, p. 55, has led a movie-style foreign correspondent's life, including getting himself arrested on suspicion of being a spy.

After the usual run of newspaper jobs in this country, he went to Paris in 1933 to work for International News Service. Shortly after the French went to war, he switched to the National Broadcasting Company and a radio assignment in Rome.

"I heard Mussolini clinch his bad deal with Hitler," he says, "and stuck around Italy for about a year until I had a chance to go to Berlin. I traveled around the Russian frontier and parts of Poland, then went with the German army into Yugoslavia and Greece."

"I guess I didn't behave circumspectly after I saw what the Nazis did to Belgrade and Greek cities, because I got arrested at Semlin on suspicion of espionage. I got out of that, all right, and lived to fight with Nazi censors and officials and generally have a right good time."

Lanius is now covering developments in Turkey.

THE Campfire Girls did a fateful thing the day they christened one of their new members Niska, meaning Wild Goose. Niska, now Mrs. Luke Elwell, liked the name so much she kept it ever after, and what's more, tried to live up to it.

"The name is supposed to suggest my characteristics, and I think maybe it does," she says. "I certainly like the kind of country a wild goose likes—open and free and sparsely populated. Fortunately, I married a man who makes it possible to live in such places. Luke is a well-known Alaska guide."

"Our present home is our hunting and fishing lodge, on Upper Russian Lake, Alaska. You might call our place an airplane dude ranch, as all our customers fly here, either in their own private planes, or a load of five or six of them in a chartered commercial plane. The war has curtailed the business, so that only a few local sportsmen reach here now."

"Mail is a difficulty. Your check for my article, *The Private Life of the Arctic Tern* (p. 28), languished in Anchorage for several weeks before somebody happened to be

flying our way and brought it to me. We're an hour from town by air.

"Two of your contributors, Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain, have been up here at our lodge, and they had a good look at the terns who insist on living in our front yard."

Mrs. Elwell often illustrates her sports and outdoor articles with photographs she takes herself. She saves the film to develop and print during the very cold winter weeks when she and Mr. Elwell live in town.

CHARLES L. SAWIN, who for several years has provided *Collier's* with information about the girl swimmers who win All-America rating (p. 22), is an outstanding swimming coach himself. The teaching system he uses with the girls of the Indianapolis Riviera swimming team must be good, for his team has won the national outdoor women's championship three times in a row.

Mr. Sawin is strongly convinced that every American youngster should be taught to swim, and to carry his point, he cites the figures on war casualties by drowning. A child should start swimming at about age three, he says.

Mr. Sawin himself sometimes gets ducked. Whenever the girls of his team win a national championship, they throw him, clothes and all, into the pool.

HOWARD BRESLIN tells us that his story, *Corsair—Win, Place or Show* (p. 13), is a change from the type of story he has been writing—the type I call my "Irish whisky." With a heritage of revolutionary ancestors kicked out in the Fenian Rebellion, the Irish background comes natural. My wife claims I can turn a brogue on or off

Niska Elwell



at will, but I will fight anyone who calls me a professional Irishman. Anyway, the man and the woman in this story are called Lingo and Jan, not Pat and Bridget.

Breslin is a native New Yorker who migrated to the West Coast and, during the winter, writes scripts for the Lionel Barrymore radio show called *The Mayor of the Town*.

"I'm a nut about baseball, and as bad about football," he says. "Also like ice cream and rain. The last is a recent phobia, acquired since I came to California. As for Hollywood—well, why beef? The trains go East, too." . . . A. P.

WE'LL BUILD OUR HOUSE HIGH UP ON THAT HILL...

Let's follow our star...

And there, where it points to the top of the hill, where the tall pines are... that's where our new house will be.

Why, I can just see moonlight drift down through our trees, touching our windows as if to inquire, "Anybody in? Anybody home? Who lives here?"

And if you took my hand right now and said, "Come on!", I believe we could walk right out of here and up a stepping-stone path to our front door, to our new home... to a house meant to laugh in and play in and live in, just as we've dreamed it would be.

And when morning comes, you'd lean over to me and touch me gently and say, "Wake up, you sleepy-head. Can't you tell that marvelous smell means the coffee's on and the biscuits are brown and it's time to get up and go down?"

And down we'd go, down the winding stair, past the grandfather's clock and the old rocking chair, and all of a sudden we'd be... in our kitchen...

That will be an enchanted place!

The first thing we'll see is something that works

like magic—our new electric range! And on it will be a full and fragrant pot of steaming coffee and, inside, biscuits piping hot... ready and waiting because we flicked a switch last night before we went to bed... and our big, white refrigerator with its gleaming glass shelves chock-full of good things to eat...

And over there will be something you've never seen in all your life... a chest, all white and shiny—our new home freezer—and out of it will pop the strangest, most wonderful things... like strawberries and asparagus and peaches in the middle of winter!

And I'll find at the end of the day, I'll still not be tired...

We'll have time to explore in a world of our own... and plan for our future...

After the war!

This is no dream.

We believe your hope for a new and finer home can and will come true.

Here at Kelvinator, when Victory is won, all the

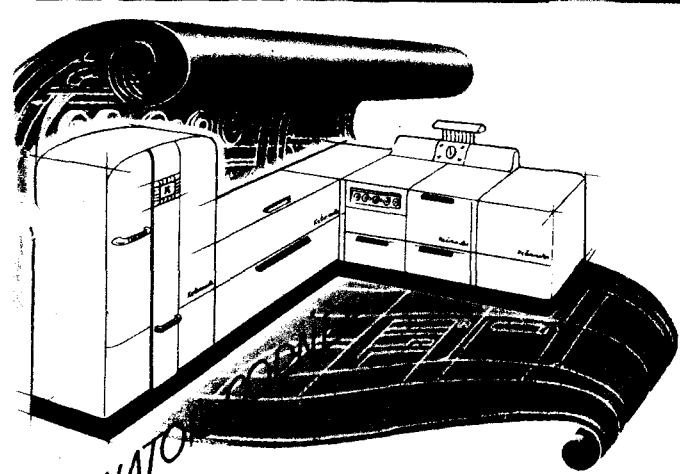
new strength, the new abilities and skills born of war, will be turned to production for peace.

That means that Kelvinator will build more and finer electrical appliances than we have ever built before. It means refrigerators, electric ranges, home freezers, and electric water heaters to make the kitchens of America the truly enchanted places they can be... it means appliances that will be a more useful, more intimate part of the home you want—when peace comes.

This will be our part in the building of a greater, a happier nation. For we believe all of us owe to those who have fought to preserve it, a strong, vital and growing America—where every man and every woman will have the freedom and the opportunity to make their dreams come true.



This booklet with pictures and floor plans for "Hilltop" house, and five other modern low-cost homes, together with details of their exciting new postwar kitchens designed for easy living, is offered to home planners without cost. See your Kelvinator retailer or drop a post-card to Department B, Kelvinator, Detroit 32, Michigan.



HEART of your postwar kitchen is the Kelvinator Corner with the new Kelvinator Refrigerator... the new Kelvinator Electric Range... the new Kelvinator Electric Water Heater... and the new Kelvinator Home Freezer that keeps foods at flavor peak indefinitely! Though now aircraft engines and propellers roll down Kelvinator assembly lines, the day will come and soon when your Kelvinator dealer will be demonstrating these magical new kitchen appliances for you!

KELVINATOR

of NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.

Refrigerators, Home Freezers, Electric Ranges, Electric Water Heaters, Beverage Coolers, Ice Cream Cabinets, Frozen Food Merchandisers, Commercial Refrigerating Units.



"LET 'ER GO!"

Over the telephone he directs the firing of big guns on one of the fronts. This is a vast war and communications are vital.

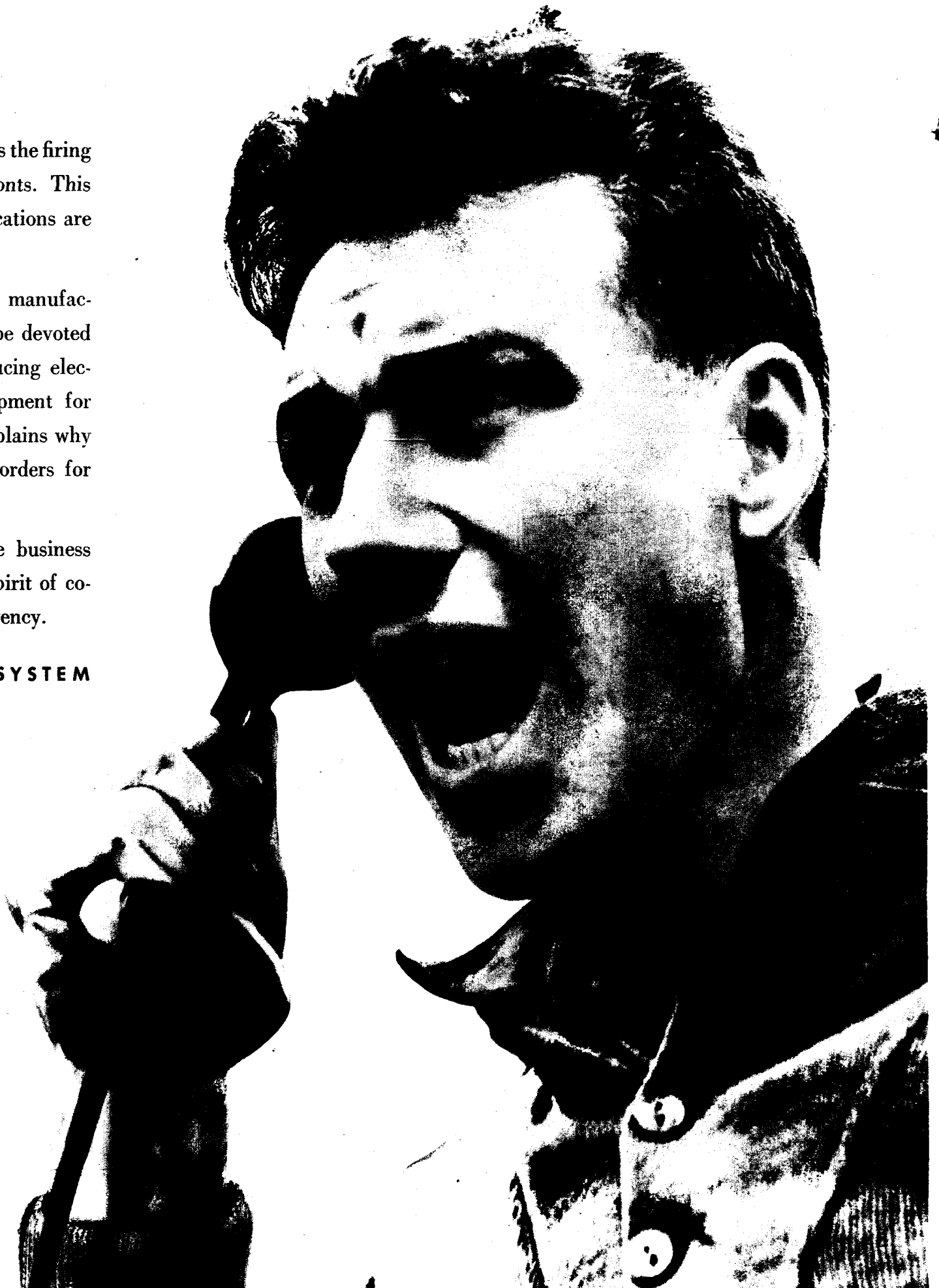
So the telephone industry's manufacturing capacity has had to be devoted almost exclusively to producing electronic and telephone equipment for our armed forces. That explains why there are delays in filling orders for home telephones!

All of us in the telephone business are grateful for your fine spirit of cooperation in this war emergency.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Please try to keep the Long Distance circuits clear from 7 to 10 each night for the service men and women.



THE BIG GUNS START BOOMING WHEN THE SECTION CHIEF OF A CANNON COMPANY GIVES THE ORDER TO "FIRE"

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY KNOFF-PIX

COWARDICE AT CONVENTION

By Wendell L. Willkie

The party platforms as well as the acceptance speeches of both Presidential candidates are evasive on the paramount issues of foreign policy and postwar security, says Mr. Willkie, and the candidates should take the lead in eliminating the possible seeds of another world-wide conflict

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, that distinguished statesman of Victorian England who was also a wit and a man of letters, once defined a practical man as a man who practiced the errors of his forefathers. One might, with justice, borrow the definition for those practical politicians who

drafted the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties.

Meeting at a moment the import of which for our country's future is scarcely less than that in which our government was born or that which saw the great crisis of the Civil War, these men and women chose to borrow from the past neither the bold, imaginative spirit which moved our forefathers to launch the untried experiment of a republic, nor the kind of courageous meeting of the issues and problems of the day which will make the name of Abraham Lincoln imperishable in our history. Instead, they borrowed from the past the timidities, the outworn doctrines and mistakes long since rejected by history.

In many respects the two platforms parallel each other, revealing the tendency of practical politicians to try to conciliate and win all elements of the population without offending others within or without the party. This characteristic of politicians has devel-

oped among students of American politics and voters alike a strong inclination to cynicism. One political writer has spelled it out in a piece of humorless understatement: "The task of maintaining an adequately non-committal position while appearing to assume a definite position on each issue is an extremely difficult one." Another summed up more briefly what many have felt when he described the usual party platform as "full of sound and fury signifying everything."

Since Dumbarton Oaks, the candidates have seemed much more cognizant of the public's interest, but it remains to be seen whether they will, in the manner of the platforms, attempt to evade the conclusions of that conference.

At the Republican Convention, the conclusions of the Platform Committee were so closely guarded, except from the leading candidate, that even Republican governors who were delegates could not get copies of the proposed platform to study. Their first

chance to know its complete text came when it was introduced and read to the convention. Furthermore, prior to any real knowledge of its provisions, they and other leaders were strongly urged not to discuss or debate it from the floor for fear that party disunity might thereby be created. Hence, the platform was adopted by a yea-nay vote within twenty seconds after it was read, with only a small portion of the delegates present and voting.

The Democratic platform, under the President's direction, was in all of its essential provisions drafted in advance of the convention. The meetings of the Platform Committee and the adoption of the platform by the delegates were merely ratifications of a preordained edict.

This cowardice on the part of both parties occurred at a time when millions of Americans were fighting on a dozen battle fronts and on all the high seas for the preservation of America's principles on which our

(Continued on page 77)

The idea of hobnobbing on the set with a glamor girl like Risé Stevens leaves Barry Fitzgerald quite unmoved, as does all the glitter and romance of life in Hollywood

write to Mr. Barry Fitzgerald until the veins stand out on your jowls and you will get no word in reply.

His lack of reverence for acting as a profession may arise from the fact that he came into it almost accidentally and made himself one of the great actors of the world with no formal training whatever. His real name is William Joseph Shields, and he was a junior executive in the Labor Exchange in Dublin when his brother Arthur talked him into coming around to the Abbey Theater. "Junior executive" means he was a clerk, and, the Labor Exchange is a place where the unemployed come to get jobs. He denies that he wore a bowler hat and a black coat in those days, but Arthur isn't so sure. "He wore them later when he was working in Liverpool," he says.

Arthur was going to acting school at the Abbey, but Barry had no time for that. He rehearsed during noon hour and after work, and started getting parts almost immediately. In time, Lady Gregory liked him so well she wrote *The Dragon* for him and also a new version of *Don Quixote* in which Barry played Sancho Panza. Best of all was a translation she did of Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (*The Would-be Gentleman*).

"He was great in that," says Arthur, who should know, as he was a fine actor himself and later became director of the company.

As Barry points out, the Abbey was a great theater because it was for playwrights instead of actors. First there had been Synge and Yeats and Lady Gregory, and later came Sean O'Casey, greatest of all. When O'Casey submitted his first play, *Cathleen Listens In*, he was working as a hodcarrier.

"He was so blind," says Barry, "that at rehearsals he could only see the players by coming down and peering over the footlights."

O'Casey's classics, *The Plough and the Stars*, and *Juno and the Paycock*, created riots in the theater. They came soon after the Easter Rebellion and depicted Irish character and events with no softening.irate spectators left their seats and climbed on the stage for combat.

Rough Days in the Theater

"One night when I wasn't playing," recalls Arthur, "I looked out from the wings and saw three people on the stage where only two should have been. I reached out, took this female by the neck, dragged her back into the wings, up a flight of stairs and into the alley. I dusted my hands, came back, looked out and there was another strange one there. One night Barry met the situation by knocking a man back into the orchestra pit when he tried to climb on the stage. Great days, great days!"

At the top of his success, Fitzgerald never made more than \$35 a week at the Abbey, and most of the players worked for as little as \$15 and \$20. Lady Horniman had given them the theater and a small subsidy but one of their greatest plays, *The Plough and the Stars*, was produced after two weeks rehearsal for a total cost of 28 pounds (about \$135). They lost Lady Horniman's subsidy by failing to cancel a performance on the night King Edward VII died, and they had to struggle along on short rations until the Irish government provided a subsidy in 1930. That was only 1,000 pounds a year and later was reduced to 750 pounds.

Fitzgerald had changed his name out of fear of losing his Labor Exchange job and kept the job itself for years. He finally burned his bridges when the famous Cochran in London brought him over for a season in a musical show and he became a full-fledged actor. But his views on acting never changed.

"You don't get to be an actor by studying acting," he says. "You do it by studying character. Three and four hundred people a week used to come through the Labor Exchange. I studied them."

When it is suggested that he must certainly have learned something at the Abbey—voice projection or things like that—he is unmoved.

"I've never had a good voice," he says. "It's me hard palate."

What got Fitzgerald interested in the

(Continued on page 79)

Barry Fitzgerald is that rara avis, a Hollywood actor who doesn't give a hoot for movie fame. Write him a fan letter if you like, but you will get not a word in reply

FOR years Barry Fitzgerald has conducted his Hollywood life with all the admirable persistence of a mole. He has been industrious, fairly successful and almost entirely underground. For all the great screen-loving public cared, he might have burrowed his singular Celtic way amid a horde of bit players, Hamlet-struck extras, and assistant directors until he was as old as an Irish joke. What brought him up from the subsoil was *Going My Way*, which he

made with Bing Crosby and which may turn out to be the biggest success of Paramount Pictures history.

This excites Mr. Fitzgerald almost no whit. When met with the news that now at last he may become as famous as Lionel Barrymore or Rin-Tin-Tin, he fixes his face with the one eyebrow half an inch higher than the other and the head perched approximately north of the right shoulder, and says, "Tis so, eh? Hum, hum, hum."

Fully interpreted, this may be considered as meaning that Mr. Fitzgerald doesn't give a damn and wishes you would join him in the matter. He has known fame in the theater for years as leading player of the great Abbey Theater in Dublin, and nobody in history was ever less stage-struck than Fitzgerald. Movie recognition was late in coming and might just as well have tarried longer on the way; he wasn't sitting up waiting for it.

However, when the repercussions of *Going*

My Way first evidenced themselves in a flood of fan mail, he had an uneasy feeling that he owed a duty to his admirers. He took the matter up with Paramount and suggested that they might care to handle the matter. He couldn't cope with the correspondence or afford the photographs. Would they be interested? They wouldn't. He next broached the matter to his brother Arthur Shields, and to Mrs. Shields.

Lifting his face from a plate of mashed potatoes and beef gravy, he said ingenuously, "You wouldn't be wantin' to answer a few of those fans, like, eh?"

"No," said the Shields flatly.

"And helpin' the cah-rreer of your own brither?"

"No," said the Shields.

"Ah-r-r-r," said Barry, in a combination of pain and relief, burying his face again in his plate and seeming to throw a weight from his shoulders. And that is why you may

WHO DOESN'T
BY KYLE CRICHTON

Corsair—WIN, PLACE OR SHOW

by **HOWARD BRESLIN**
ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Men have murdered their wives with many kinds of weapons and for varying reasons. This man set out to kill his wife with a motive as strange as the weapon he chose

THE idea first came to Lingo Crale in the bright sunshine at the Agua Caliente race track. It was as if that white glare, harshly lighting every detail of the ninth race, made Lingo's thinking sharper and clearer, in the same way that it aided his vision. Through his field glasses he had been concentrating on the race, watching the horse he had trained, Spanish Rose. When the horses turned into the stretch, their own dust a curtain behind them, Spanish Rose took the lead, and Lingo murmured approval. Then, he heard his wife beside him. Heard her screaming through the rise and fall of the crowd's roar.

Lingo lowered the field glasses and looked at her. Jan was pounding the rail of the box with both fists. Even with her mouth open, her lips contorted with the effort of shouting, he noticed the beautiful, clean-planned features of her face, and, simultaneously, Lingo wondered if he'd ever loved her.

"Come on, Rose baby!" Jan called. "That's my baby! That's my horse!"

Her voice set his teeth on edge, but the words were true. Spanish Rose belonged to Jan. The stables belonged to her, and the ranch and Lingo himself. There, in the noise and the heat and the glare, he realized with sudden clarity what he had known for some time . . . that all this was why he hated her. This was why he was going to kill her.

The knowledge didn't shake him into any great change. Outwardly, he was the same Lingo Crale—a wiry man, not tall, with a thin, tan face, and long, strong hands. He smiled at his wife's jubilation over Spanish Rose's win. Through the rest of the long afternoon, he limped along in his usual routine. He examined his horses; he placed Jan's bets; he spoke to track officials.

There was no strain in his voice when he gave his instructions to the jockey who was up on Solitaire in the twelfth. Solitaire was nervous and Lingo spoke to him, soothing the horse with that wordless, crooning whisper that had earned him the name Lingo. Yet even as he whispered he was not thinking of horse or race. He was adding up the reasons why this woman, Jan Elliot, to whom he had been married for six years, had to die.

There was no other woman. There had been others before Jan, and there would be others afterward. Lingo Crale smiled. Women didn't enter into his calculations. He loved them for the same reasons he loved his horses. They had lines and grace that he could master and own. They could be broken to his will. If they would not break they weren't worth looking at. A mean horse, a stubborn woman . . . one and the same thing.

When Jan gave him the money to bet on Solitaire, Lingo raised his eyebrows at the sum.

"On the nose," said Jan. "To win."

Lingo shook his head. "Across the board." His voice was patient; it was an old argument between them.

"But, Lingo," Jan said, frowning, "he's our horse."

Lingo made a fan of the bills in his hand. "Do we have to go into that again? A bet on a horse race is just if money. Too many ifs. If the horse is right. If he wants to run. If the jockey rides him properly. If. If. If."

"You'd think you never took chances!"

"Sure I did," said Lingo. "But I was riding. I knew my business. I had something to say while I was in the saddle. And even then—" He let the sentence hang and glanced down at his left leg.

Jan put a hand on his arm. "Sorry, Lingo."

"Forget it," said Lingo, smiling, but a flush darkened the tan of his face. Always he thought of his shattered leg with helpless anger. Lingo Crale (Continued on page 39)



Corsair shied, leaping sideways like a cat, then reared and pivoted on his hind hoofs. Jan used her crop, slapping it across his neck, trying to drive the forefeet down



Official Photograph U.S. Air Forces
Allied bombers knocked this bridge out behind the Germans at Saint-Lô so that reinforcements would be denied the Germans. The Eighth and Ninth Air Forces used 3,000 planes to stun the enemy

BREAK-THROUGH for PARIS

BY W. B. COURTNEY

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

The Nazis used blitzkrieg first, but in France the Yanks tripled the formula and really showed them how to do it in the battle for Normandy. A picture of modern war and American boys that you'll not soon forget

TOMORROW will be a great day. It will be the greatest day since D-Day. Tonight the whole American front is restless with expectancy. We stand outside our tents with unheeding cows in a damp Normandy meadow and listen to the guns. The artillery is a good index in ground warfare. From a given listening place, the sound tells you whether the battle line is static or really on the move.

A "break-in" or penetration is when you dent the enemy. But a genuine "break-through," the aim and purpose of all major pushes, the touchdown play of land war, does not come until you get past the farthest of his big guns and destroy, capture or compel them to withdraw. That usually means about a dozen miles. Then you can be said to be "in the open." Remember that and don't let the war news fool you.

Our guns this warm midnight clap sharp and clocklike and comfortably preponderant along the whole sector. Their bursts splash brief red dabs on the underbellies of the fat clouds.

Somewhere in the distance, a fire starts, and the tall wry poplar trees of the hedgerows are etched against its rouged pulsations. An enemy gasoline dump probably. However, our guns are firing from the same positions they have been in for some days now.

At lunch today, Generals Brereton and Royce briefed me on the plan of operation. It was basically the idea of General Omar Bradley, head of the First Army and he was full of faith that it would "break the crust," so that his ground forces could erupt demoralizingly out of Normandy. An eight-by-four-mile rectangle of country on the axis of the Saint-Lô to Périers road had been selected for the try. This highway route, Nationale Number 800, runs die-straight to the east and south from Périers, and then for the last half dozen kilometers into Saint-Lô, it curls like the burned tip of a match. It marked the present front except for some very strong German points still on the north side of its frizzled end.

The air bombardment preceding the ground jump-off

would last almost two hours and involve nearly three thousand planes, including the Ninth's fighters and its dive, medium and fighter bombers, plus the heavies and their fighter escorts of General Jimmy Doolittle's Eighth Air Force. It would be this war's keenest trial of a strategic air force in tactical work and of a tactical air force in support of ground troops.

This time our planes would use fragmentation bombs to kill or daze all living things within the area, without cratering the terrain too much for tank maneuvering. Our ground forces would be poised to move forward instantly on the dot of the timetable for the end of the bombing; indeed, before it had ended on the far side of the rectangle. And final insurance of full exploitation would be provided by continuing use of fighter bombers in small formations to spearhead the advance of our armored columns. It was a beautiful plan. How it was carried out and all that happened in its execution would make a very complex and, no doubt, very important story.

For days I had heard it discussed with grave words and phrases—"a new era in ground-air co-ordination," "a new chapter in military history." Nevertheless, for some of us it will always be the simple tale of how your American boys set out across the hedgerows and down the roads and by-paths on a summer morning; of how, in a matter-of-fact way, they broke loose from a province of France which critics had begun to say resembled another Anzio, and opened the race to Paris—and Berlin; of how they began a rout of the formidable German army, of which even the Russians would be proud. And that is the way I shall try to describe today's events, hoping that I can make you share this day with your soldiers.

All night long the artillery pounds methodically. It is still crackling when, after breakfast, a colonel of the Ninth Air Force examines a contour map with Major George Kirksey and me. We pick a spot where a back road is crossed by a cart trail. The ground slopes toward a little river. It should give us a good view of the German lines at the bottom of that swale—too good, as we were to find out later.

We put down the top of our jeep. That makes it easier to jump for the ditches if you are sniped at or strafed. In fought-over territory, further precautions are taken. The windshield is laid forward over the hood and covered with heavy canvas, and sandbags are put on the floor under your feet. This affords some protection against the mines you might run over.

There's no particular fuss about going to battle. Of course, it's not quite as humdrum as taking the car to drive downtown to work, but it is almost like that and quite as informal. You settle into the jeep. The Pfc. driver secures his rifle in the rack handily set above the dashboard. Everybody lights cigarettes, and the colonel says we had better hurry or we will miss the dive bombing by the fighters, which is the first stage of the attack. Presently we turn out into one of the numerous roads that stick into Saint-Lô on the map like hors d'oeuvres toothpicks into the centerpiece of a cocktail tray and we fall into place in the Big Parade. That's all there is to it.

The colonel and I, being veterans, say it's just like the last war—the same ruined French villages, girls with dirty bare legs filling pails at the town pumps, roosters and pigs on top of dung heaps, furtive old folks peering from behind doors and windows, the beautiful and merry French kids yelping for handouts, the boys in pinafores, the girls in very short dresses.

Our soldiers are the same, too—sleeping, eating or smoking as they lie on top of heavily laden trucks and other vehicles. They all have the same air of vagueness—everybody looking into the face of everybody else who passes, as if searching for some clue as to what the hell this is all about. Only the size and profusion and formidableness of our mechanized equipment are different. Major Kirksey and the driver, being young, look bored with our reminiscences.

Modern war has always had a definite complexion. That of the present war, however, is different from the others. It is a color for which you can't find a single word. It is a mixture of the soot thrown up by bomb-pulverized houses, the exhausts from scores of thousands of vehicles and the powder to which they grate the roads and fields, the dust from the feet and wheels of whole provinces on the move, the dirt and smutch and grit churned from the myriad craters of air bombardment and big-gun shelling, the oil fumes and gasoline waste that pollute the air from hundreds of single and multimotored planes.

It covers everything and everybody half an inch deep—faces, clothing, generals and privates, civilians, vehicles, farm animals, trees, fields—with a monochromatic anonymity. It is the death's-head cosmetic of civilization's latest fashion in wholly scientific and mechanized war.

The entire western half of Normandy must be on the move, you think. It is the greatest single forward movement of men and material in France since the blitzkrieg of 1940, and even then, nothing so big was crammed into such a relatively small area. The Panzer drive that I accompanied the Germans on through the Balkans in 1941 was a very little parade compared with this—a small-town, main-street parade compared with one on Fifth Avenue. To men in the airplanes overhead, it must seem as if all the roads are turned into rivers compounded of steel and armor and men steadily flowing southward.

Nearing the front, we turn our jeep due west on a road parallel to it. We cross at right angles through the traffic streams of several other big highways. The M.P.s keep everything and everyone moving. There is no confusion—only great dirt, crowding, dust and noise.

The Artillery in Action

But now within the zone of artillery, you do feel a sense of urgency. The guns so expertly hidden in the woods and fields that you seldom catch sight of one, are salvoing on all sides. The shells go over your head, making a sound like invisible zippers opening the tissue fabric of the morning sky. Moreover, the traffic on the ground as well as above it is all one-way now—southward—except for an occasional dispatch rider or a Medical Corps vehicle.

There is another purely American manifestation: All the soldiers in this area who by reason of their duties are not actually moving up yet, are climbing to vantage points. They want to see as much of the air bombardment as possible. Despite their quiet intentness, they remind you of kids in trees outside of ball parks.

We turn south again for a short distance on a highway and then at last slant off into a side road through the forest with a column of heavy tanks. In here is nearness to danger and excitement. In here is the revolting stench of death from the stiff and rotting carcasses of cows—the famous and handsome brown and white "douve," a breed of Normandy. Abandoned by their refugee owners, they are victims of the concussion of our guns or shells and the German counterbattery fire.

The troops you are now with are the first-assault men—infantry and tank men—moving into place, ready to take up where the planes leave off. There are some divisional advance medical units, too, drawn into the fields waiting. Signal Corps men are stringing wires in pace with the combat troops, a function of the utmost importance—and risk—in any push. Engineers are (Continued on page 73)

'AT LAST YOU HAVE COME!'

BY FRANK GERVASI
RADIOED FROM FRANCE

That's how the old Frenchman in tattered shirt greeted our correspondent when a new type of Yankee warrior invaded the vineyards of the Riviera, once a playground for the rich

YOU can smell the sweet scent of victory—final, total and all-inclusive victory—here in southern France. You can smell it in the wind that comes off the deep cobalt sea and caresses the tall pines on hills above that Côte d'Azur beloved by playboys and playgirls of long ago when there was peace, and life on the Riviera revolved around characters like Elsa Maxwell and the man who is now the Duke of Windsor.

Yes, you can smell victory and you can hear it and feel it on those beaches where Americans landed, and in the small familiar towns along the Riviera and in villages farther inland. There is a sense of complete mastery of the enemy and a sense of gladness and reasonableness and well-being that you have not known anywhere on the battlefields of this war, except perhaps at El Alamein, just two years ago, where Monty the Great dispelled forever the myth of the invincibility of the Hun.

Always before, the enemy rallied and struck back and you knew there was still a long road to victory. General Sir Bernard Montgomery showed us the Huns could be beaten and from El Alamein onward we knew we could beat them. But until now the Huns didn't know it. Now the road seems not so long.

Our troops behave like craftsmen who have learned to use their tools well and take joy in so using them. They fight with a flame in their hearts. They have a drive and purposefulness they had never had before, not even at the Volturno and at Cassino, and the German enemy, who seemed unbeatable until Montgomery proved otherwise, has lost his expertness, and this may very well be because the Valkyrian fires that burned in his heart have been extinguished.

Proof of our new expertness I had known as far back as D-Day minus five on the yellow-lit docks of our Italian embarkation point, when I watched our LSTs being loaded between midnight and 4 A.M. I saw our LSTs swallow a quiet of 22-ton bulldozers, 12-ton tractors, 10-ton rollers and 13-ton power shovels. I saw them gorge on tanks, trucks, jeeps, ducks, guns, ditching machines and ammo cases. LSTs, Liberty ships, big transports, and the little ones, took on mountains of supplies, weapons and equipment and seemed almost to inhale long pack-heavy columns of men. Convoys gathered and formed.

From the bridge deck of big Mike Mickelsen's LST (Mike was a soap salesman eighteen months ago back in Montevideo, Minnesota, and now is one of the best LST skippers in our amphibious fleet) I had a superb view of the intricate assembly and timing of a vast fleet, which struck an uppercut to Germany's exposed midriff. It was some show.

For days, ships gathered, each on a schedule measured in hours, minutes and seconds. Then the great battlewagons and cruisers, destroyers and patrol ships maneuvered into position. Finally, one morning, the fleet's mother ship blinked its go-ahead signal. The Diesels below began to sing a song of victory, and big Mike's voice came over the ship's public address system: "You're sailing for France—I thought you'd like to know. The journey will take several days. Keep your life belts handy. Eat heartily and take it easy." Right after Mike talked, somebody utterly unappreciative of the solemnity of the occasion, put a record on. It was Larry Adler playing his absurd little harmonica and the tune was *Begin the Beguine*. Onward, Christian Soldiers would have been better.

The days passed and were measured by breakfasts of flannel cakes and sausages and highly inspiring coffee, lunches of steak with onions and dinners of turkey and cranberry sauce. Then, one evening, our last on board, we made our final turn and sailed straight into a flaming sky in perfectly aligned columns of fours, with our escorts before us and on our flanks and shepherding our rear. Here was seamanship of high order, proof of the expertness of many American sailormen and one in particular, Vice Admiral Kent (Land 'Em) Hewitt, commander of our Amphibious Forces in the Mediterranean. He held in his fist as powerful a fleet as has ever been hurled at any enemy, any time, anywhere, and long before the first light of the next day—D-Day, August 15th at 4 A.M.—Hewitt hurled it.

Every skipper of the battle fleet, which included some British and French warships, had the best possible maps for the job they had to do. The Germans never laid a

mine, drove an impeding stake or mined a bridge, culvert or field without our Intelligence knowing about it. Every enemy battery, mine field, demolition, ammo dump, pillbox and observation point was plotted on our charts. Our gunners knew, thanks to France's underground, thanks to many Frenchmen who never went to Elsa Maxwell's and the Duke of Windsor's parties, and to some who did, precisely where to place their shells.

At 4 A.M. on the morning of the 15th aboard Mike Mickelsen's LST, idling some four and a half miles offshore, we heard the overture of what General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, titular boss of the show, had assured us would be a mortal symphony. For four hours until H-Hour, giants thumped gargantuan tubs. Our battlewagons' guns bored yellow holes in the night, and while they dumped tons of high explosives onto their assigned targets, our paratroopers and airborne troops landed far behind the German positions, on the crests of hills, in valleys, on towns and villages and into the welcoming arms of Frenchmen. To predesignated Maquis and others of the organized underground, our air soldiers distributed weapons and ammunition. They already had their arm bands. And an invasion became in truth a liberation.

Invasion Begins in Daylight

At the first light the warships elevated their guns and went to work on targets in the hills beyond the beaches. The beaches were left to the Air Forces. In at least one respect this operation was unique. Every assault on Europe until this was made at first light before sunrise or at night and, at best, by moonlight. Under usual circumstances the Air Corps couldn't provide adequate support for the infantry. Always some deadly pillboxes or other enemy positions remained whole, as at Salerno. On this job H-Hour was set for broad daylight, or at 8 A.M., to give our tactical bombers—mediums and heavies—and our

fighter bombers an opportunity to cauterize the beaches properly. They did. The unrhythmic thunder of our bombs was incessant for two hours, and at 8 A.M. there was an empty, vast silence and our G.I.s hit the beaches. We strained our ears to catch the familiar beach sounds of such moments—the rapid splurt of Hun machine pistols and the hated wowl of his *Niebelwerfers*. But there was only silence.

Big Mike Mickelsen aimed our LST for our beach, a gray, sandy gash between the flat blue sea and the brown-plotted green hills. On the charts the beach looked so big; now it seemed small. Our landing schedule called for us to hit at H-Hour plus four on D-Day.

But we were late.

As our shallow-draft craft slid over the sand bar and scraped onto the sand with a wet, sucking sound, I could make out long lines of prisoner-of-war pens containing strange folk—for every German there was a Czech, a Pole, a Russian. There were some Italians and a few renegade Frenchmen. These latter were sifted out of the motley mass and turned over to the French authorities. There were some evil-looking fellows with long arms, short legs and curiously shaped subhuman heads. They were ragged, poorly shod and barefoot. Some had shirts and many had none. Scores of the last eight hundred I saw wore only trousers, which were faded and torn, patched and incredibly dirty. They were the worst-looking soldiers I have seen in this war and the worst possible advertisement for the Nazi superman idea.

There wasn't a single item about the German defenses which demonstrated their skill at defensive war. What was done had been done hurriedly. They were profligate with mines, but the French warned us of the danger fields. Underwater obstacles on the beaches were walls of straw. German pillboxes were well placed with a good eye for terrain but their positions were known to every French peasant, villager and townsman, (Continued on page 74)

RADIO PHOTO-PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.



The children sang and saluted as the Yanks passed through and, though hungry, they didn't beg for food

Mrs. Loring looked up startled. "I must have been asleep," she said, feeling under the sofa for her pumps. "Was it a good show?" she asked. "Lousy," Ann replied



ON BORROWED

Youth

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

She was very young and very lovely—and very disturbing to the major's middle-aged heart. So once again he had to learn that love is a complex and bittersweet enchantment

THERE was something extraordinarily depressing about the company of one's contemporaries, the major reflected, standing all by himself in the corner of the crowded room. It was the way they gave back on every side the slackness or the strain that are the signs of middle age. The women talked too much and said nothing worth listening to. The men simply said nothing.

Watching them he felt shy and isolated and a little antagonistic, like a young person in a crowd of middle-aged strangers.

And then a young person did come into the room. She stood just inside the doorway for a moment, a slender, fair-haired girl dressed all in green, with an immense fur muff slung over one arm. The effect of her entrance, though it went unnoticed, was to make every other woman in the room look overwarm and overtrimmed. The crowd shifted between them and he moved a little to get a better view. And Mrs. Fontaine, all volatile gestures and floating ends of chiffon, came up suddenly and seized his arm. "You poor man! Who stood you in a corner? Don't you know anyone here?"

"Oh, plenty of people," he said hastily. "Don't worry about me. I'll get around after a bit."

"As a matter of fact, I don't know half of them myself," she said, looking flushed and jubilant. "I don't know how it is but I always start out by inviting half a dozen people in for cocktails and I always end up—" she waved a hand—"like this."

"Did you invite the girl in green," he asked, nodding toward the doorway, "or did she just see the door open and walk in?"

Mrs. Fontaine turned. "Ann Loring? Oh, no, she was invited. Isn't she charming? You must meet her." She seized his arm and dragged him across the room. "Ann, I want you to meet Major Gilford Lucas. He's in the personnel department. Get him to tell you about it; he'll fascinate you."

Someone joggled his elbow and he felt the contents of his glass trickle down the side of his hand. "Couldn't we find some place a little less crowded," he said patiently, "where

I could fascinate you without being trodden on?"

"There aren't any places," Mrs. Fontaine said triumphantly. "They're sitting on the edge of the bath, and someone just fell downstairs."

"It's a marvelous party," Miss Loring reassured her, and Mrs. Fontaine smiled happily.

"Well, I'll leave him to you, Ann," she said. She squeezed an arm of each and hurried off.

"Personnel work must be fascinating," the girl said. She was giving him dutifully all her bright attention, holding it up like a cup waiting to be filled. "I've often thought I'd like to take it up myself."

He shook his head. "I'm afraid I don't know much about it. You see I'm not in the personnel department. I'm attached to the headquarters staff here."

"Oh," she said, looking baffled. Then she brightened. "It sounds very important," she smiled. "It must be awfully interesting."

"Not particularly," he said, and was instantly ashamed of shutting doors so abruptly in the face of so much youth and beauty and touching politeness. "I'd a good deal rather be overseas but I haven't had much luck." And then he added, "But how about you? I've been wondering how you happened in here. It doesn't seem to be exactly a young person's party."

"Well, it was really more my mother's invitation than mine," she said, "and she couldn't come so I came instead."

"So this is just a token appearance?" he asked.

"I suppose so." She glanced about the room, nodded vaguely but brightly to an acquaintance or two and set down her glass. "I'm afraid I must run," she said.

He put his glass down beside hers. "Could I get you a taxi?"

She shook her head. "It isn't so very far. I think I'll just walk."

He hesitated. Then because his old-fashioned training insisted that beautiful girls shouldn't be allowed to wander about unescorted at dusk he said, "In that case, perhaps you wouldn't mind if I saw that you got home safely?"

"But I couldn't think of taking you away from the party!" she protested.

He laughed. "That's all right. The party and I will probably both be better apart."

She nodded sympathetically. "It isn't very amusing anyway," she said, and led him out of the room.

IT HAD begun to snow when they stepped outside, the thickly clustered flakes descending slowly through the darkening air. "It's going to be wet," he said. "How about your hat?" She glanced up at him and he could hardly keep from smiling; for how, he wondered, could anyone look so gravely enchanting with a veiled artichoke salad canted on the back of her head?

"Oh, I've got lots of hats," she said.

He laughed. "Well, maybe the fresh air will do it good."

The streets were almost deserted and the snow was thickening fast in the pale lemon-colored light of the street lamps. As they tramped along through the dusk the major felt his spirits rising and his expectation quickening. They came around a curve at the end of the street and then they were on the bridge leading across the ravine.

It hadn't changed, he thought, pausing suddenly and looking out across the valley. In twenty-five years it hadn't changed at all. The gardens, muffled in burlap and snow, climbed by trellis and terraces up to the tall old houses, and the streets curved away on either side in the whitening dusk. He remembered it all, and the girls he had danced with in the old houses and even the tunes they had danced to. They were suddenly more vivid to him than this girl beside him, though he could scarcely remember their faces or their names.

"I used to come here a lot when I was in training during the first war," he said, "with a chap named Matt Elliott. He was in love with a girl in the big gray house at the corner."

He had been in love himself that winter.

(Continued on page 30)

Fine Print

BY AMY PORTER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BALKIN-PIX

He feels that the emphasis on exclusiveness in fashion is silly. "America is an awful big place," he says, "and why should a woman care if some other woman has a dress like hers? I've sold hundreds of designs and thousands of yards of fabric to New York dressmakers in the last three years, and only twice in all that time have I seen my own prints walking down the street. So why do they all squawk about being exclusive?"

Cadwallader was born in the Philippines, where his father was in the lumber business. He attended American schools and the Boston Museum School of Fine Arts, and taught art for three years at his alma mater, the Phillips Academy at Andover, when he was so young he had a hard time making the boys say "Sir."

His interest in a gold mine provided him money enough to study in Paris under Andrew L'Hote. There he met his wife, who knew the technical side of the fashion business, and, with the aid of another art

student, he started his fabric designing. "We didn't know much, but we thought we couldn't do worse than some of the stuff we'd seen at the fashion openings."

By the time the Germans came, the Cadwalladers had been operating long enough "to build up a nice stock for Hermann Goering's wife to take back to Berlin." They didn't even lock the plant door when they joined other refugees on the heavily bombed road out of Paris.

"We went a little way and turned back to wait till the bombing subsided," said Cadwallader. "We rounded up as many of our workers as we could, took all the money out of the safe, and dealt out francs like playing cards. We couldn't take more than 50 francs out of the country, and we thought our employees might as well have the rest."

One worker gave Cadwallader a wrapped-up present, telling him not to open it until he reached America. Months later he found it contained a small bottle of the acid they

had developed to make dyes fast, some of the adhesive wax they used in the print tables, a metal black they used for stenciling, and a dye brush made to their order. The card said: "Wherever you go you can have these things duplicated for use in your new plant. Good luck!"

The good luck didn't come instantly. The Cadwalladers started making scarves in their small New York apartment, with makeshift equipment—and their first order for seven yards of a dress print almost flooded them. Now honors as well as orders are coming in. Recently Cadwallader won the Neiman-Marcus design award.

Cadwallader could, if he would, become a designer for one of the big roller-printing mills, but he prefers to operate this way, he says, making designs as radical as he wishes, experimenting, improving his processes. Someday soon he hopes to hear American women exulting in "those wonderful American prints." ★★★

Postwar fashion buyers may go to Paris to buy Cadwallader's designs, but he will produce and deliver them from a New York loft

IT WAS a French superstition that birds brought bad luck. So Brooke Cadwallader, a young American just setting up shop as a fabric designer in Paris, decided to play his luck backward by making his first creation a bird print. He scattered white doves against squares of rose satin, crossed his fingers, threw salt over his left shoulder—and waited.

The great Schiaparelli heard about, saw, and bought the doves, made them into scarves and introduced them as the Schiaparelli motif of the season. That was the beginning of Cadwallader's success as a supplier of fine prints to the Paris *couture*—and to American buyers as well. His business enjoyed a steady growth down to the day the Germans marched in.

Now, after three years back in this country, he and his French wife, Marie, have a thriving business in a downtown New York loft, making prints for top American designers, some of whom were his customers back in the Paris days. It amuses him, and worries him more, to hear smart women sighing for "those wonderful prints we used to get from France."

"The prints we're making now are better," he says, "partly because American tools are better than those we used in France. And an artist can design anywhere, in New York or Paris or Timbuktu."

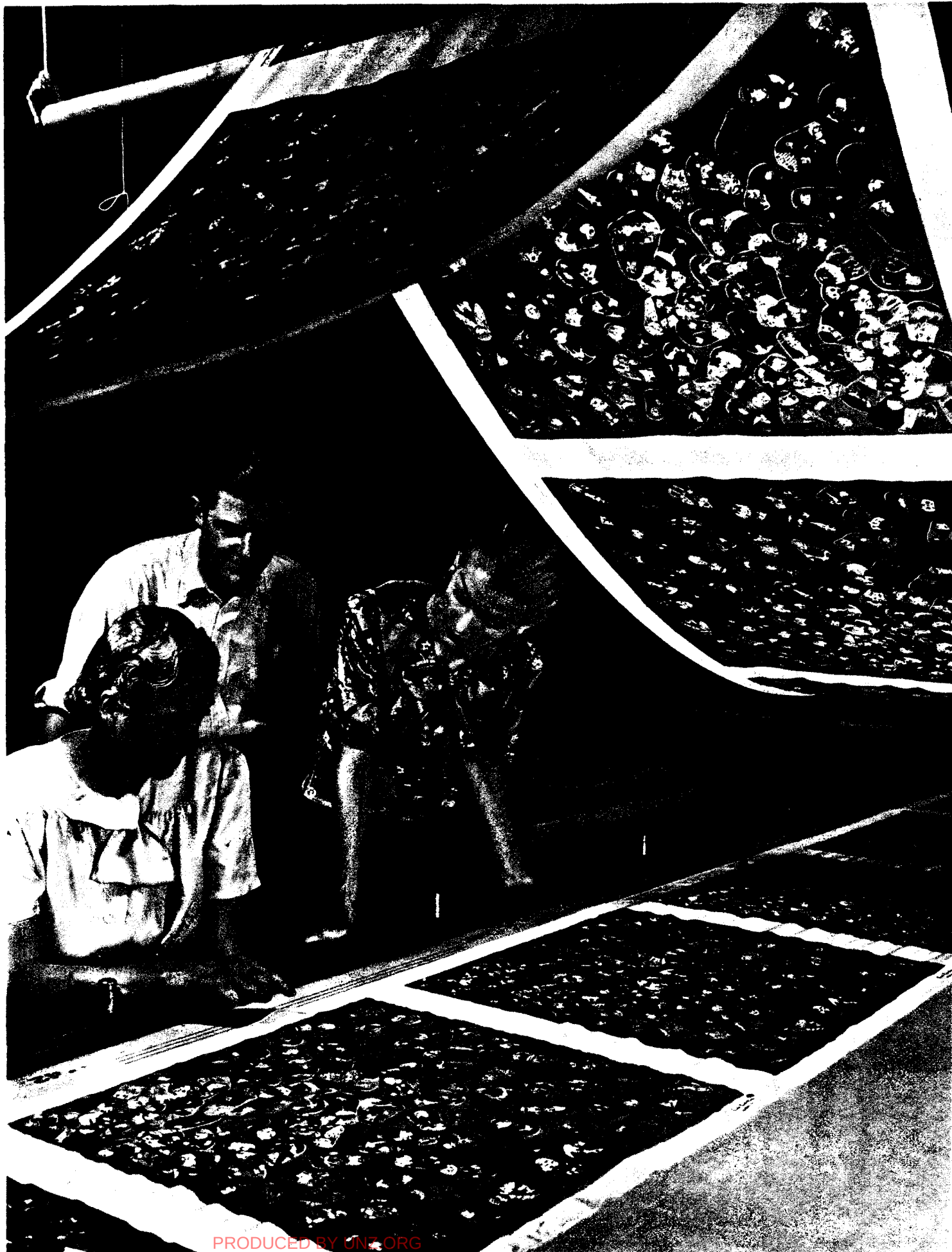
A Private Postwar Plan

But if, at the end of the war, Americans insist on going back to Paris for their fashions, Cadwallader has his own postwar plan.

"The crux of the matter is that the buyers always enjoyed those trips to Paris, and they'll be wanting them again after the war, or I miss my guess. So what we'll do, Marie and I will go right ahead with our plan to set up a printing plant in the country somewhere near New York, but we won't show our designs here. To see our stuff, buyers will have to go to Paris like always."

Cadwallader's business is small and personal. He makes all designs and mixes all dyes himself. He uses a photographic-screen printing process, which, he says, is a refinement of the hand-cut stencil process he used in Paris. His staff, all trained by him, includes a former truck driver, a farmer, a retired seaman and two boys who come in after trade school. He makes up 50 or 60 samples at the beginning of a season, and also co-operates with individual designers in developing prints to their order.

A "wonderful American print" in the making. Marie Cadwallader adjusts fabric to print table while her designer-husband looks on. The model at right is wearing a Mady Martell blouse of the same rich silk





The New Britain Bureau of Yank is housed in an office that is something less than plate glass and chromium, but the staff finds it pretty functional. The staff is shown above: Cpl. Ozzie St. George, correspondent, and Sgt. Dick Hanley, photographer. Yank has stiff competition from other service papers in the Pacific



In a setting straight out of a mystery novel Sgt. Burgess Scott, correspondent in the North African desert, gets out his daily stint of copy



Yank photographer Sgt. Reg Kenny, assigned to cover the Normandy battle, reaches for his camera to nail down a shot of the wreckage of Trevieres



A good part of Yank's current New York staff gathers for an editorial conference. Left to right are Sgt. Al Hine, Cpl. Tom Shehan, Sgt. Merle Miller, Cpl. Richard Harrity, Sgt. Howard Brodie, Cpl. Jud Cook, and seated is Sgt. George Myers. This staff can overrule even the officers on Yank's contents

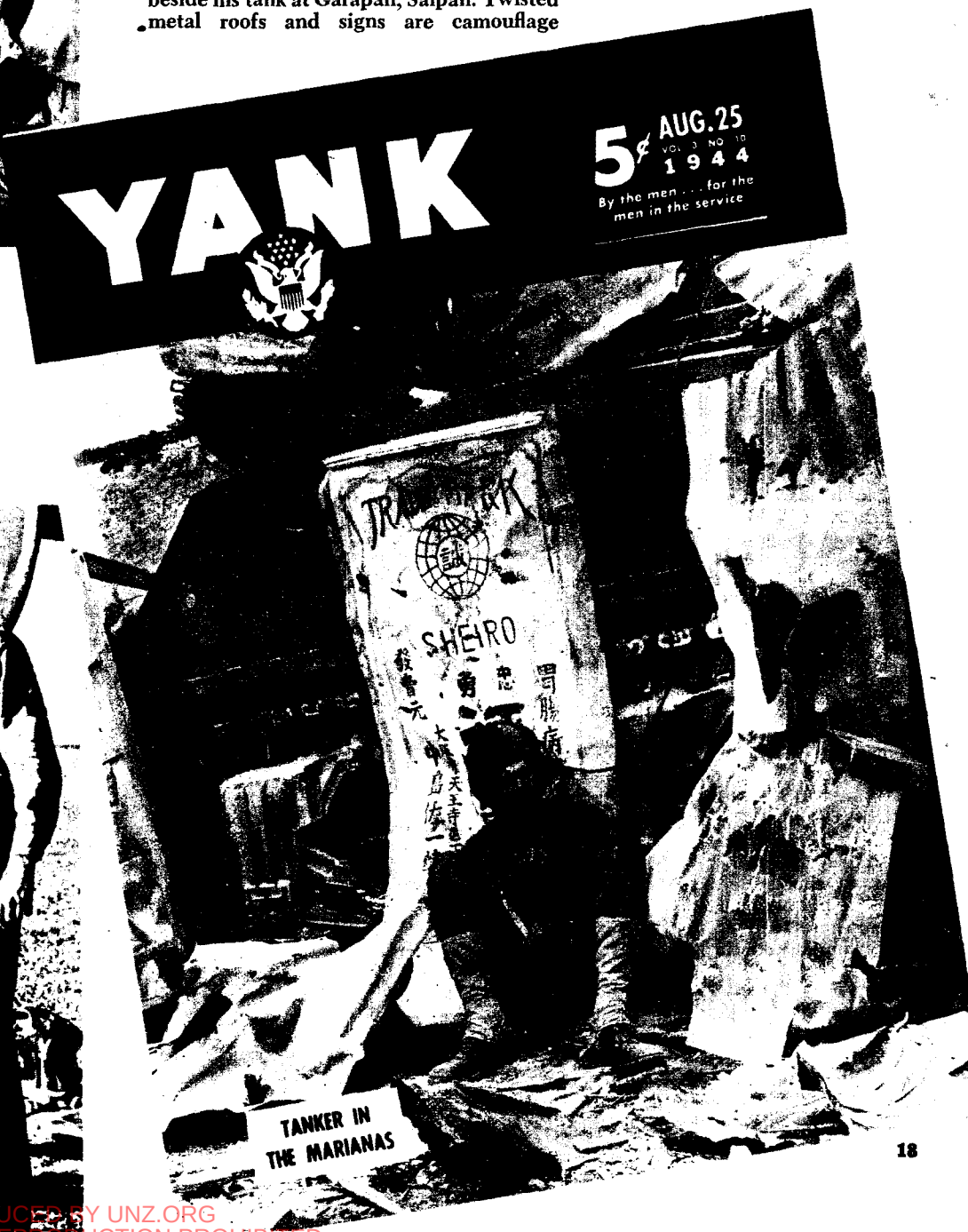
Sgt. Ed Cunningham, who spent 22 months as a correspondent in the China-Burma-India Theater, takes a look at the rifle of a Sudanese soldier in Africa near Khartoum. Cunningham, now in the New York office, was the man who set up the printing operation for the G.I. newspaper in Cairo and the Middle East



GLOBAL GAZETTE

BY ASHTON REID

Yank's August 25th cover shows Cpl. Thomas O'Neal, 2d Marine Division, seated beside his tank at Garapan, Saipan. Twisted metal roofs and signs are camouflage



The G.I.s cut loose in Yank, their own weekly, which not only bars gold braid, but is the first magazine ever to be published all over the world

PPRIVATE JIM LUCAS, who had been out on maneuvers that day, came back to camp, had a shower to cool off his dogs, ate dinner and proceeded to read a few comic thoughts thrown off by a man named Henry L. Stimson in Washington, D. C. Private Lucas roused himself from his bunk, got pen and paper and wrote to his editor: "Dear Yank: I fail to agree with the Secretary of War . . ."

This letter, with four or five hundred others that week, reached Master Sergeant Joe McCarthy, a soldier's soldier and ten million Yanks' managing editor. Sergeant McCarthy printed the letter in Yank, the Army's weekly illustrated magazine on a page titled Mail Call. In a few days, companies, regiments and armies of Americans all over the world—and not a few sailors, Marines, Wacs, Waves and Spars—knew all about the argument between War Secretary Stimson and Private Lucas—both of whom, at this writing, are sturdily holding their own.

Yank is a twenty-four-page weekly about the size of Collier's. It is by and for enlisted men. It is chock-a-block with news, cartoons, pictures, comment, letters, advice and war coverage. It has developed a score of new writers—and Sergeant George Baker, a cartoonist whose Sad Sack character has become world-famous.

Although it's only two years old this summer, Yank already is the first world-wide magazine. It is printed in eleven cities, from New York to Calcutta, and has a circulation "between one and two million," plus the fact that each paid-for copy has at least five readers. As a product, it is "strictly G.I." A few brass hats hover around the edges, but have little control over what goes into the book.

Yank has no editor and seems to be getting along swell. Even its managing editor, Sergeant McCarthy, is frequently overruled by his staff. What goes into the magazine is decided by half a dozen enlisted men, all with newspaper or advertising experience. This editorial board operates with a staff of about one hundred, including business and circulation men and correspondents and photographers on every battle front.

Starting from Scratch

The magazine got started in June, 1942, when an idea escaped from the Pentagon Building and caught up with Egbert White, an advertising agency executive. Mr. White was dubbed a lieutenant colonel and told to produce a magazine. He borrowed some money from the Army's Post Exchange organization and, without any correspondents and not much of a staff, proceeded to produce, building up as he went along. Pretty soon he was joined by Colonel Franklin S. Forsberg, formerly of Street & Smith, as business manager and executive editor, and Major Hartzell Spence, a best-selling author who was working for United Press. They started raiding the Army for a staff. Colonel White left Yank a few months after its start, to become publications officer in the Mediterranean, and Colonel Forsberg became officer-in-charge, a post which he still holds. Since Major Spence left Yank to join the Air Forces Office of Technical Information, no officer has held even an advisory position on the editorial staff.

Joe McCarthy had been a sports writer on the Boston Post. When the war started, he got into an artillery pack unit and valeted mules, writing a column for the Post in between jollying the jugheads into working. The Public Relations Office at Fort Bragg soon requisitioned him, and ere long he was running Yank. And running it so well that the Army gave him the Legion of Merit decoration for morale building.

McCarthy's editorial board changes, because its members fly off on overseas tours of duty to find out what readers want, and they keep in touch with printing plants in

foreign countries. This summer the board includes Leo Hofeller, a New York Daily News picture editor; Allan Ecker from the foreign desk of the Chicago Sun; Ralph Stein, a free-lance cartoonist once with the New York World-Telegram; Merle Miller from the Philadelphia Record, who has served a year as a combat correspondent in the Pacific; Marion Hargrove, of See Here fame. The art director, Arthur Weithas, is now away on an overseas assignment a mite different from his civilian job of concocting perfume ads. All members of the editorial board are sergeants.

Yank sometimes has trouble with other Army departments, which try to steal its experts. The Ordnance Department, for instance, would like to get its hands on Sergeant Stein, who knows more about enemy weapons than do most generals.

Yank does considerable trouble-shooting for its readers in a department called What's Your Problem? This is operated by Corporal Max Novack, who once worked on the New York Post and was an assistant district attorney in New York, and by Corporal George Barrett, formerly an assistant to Hanson W. Baldwin on the New York Times. Corporal Novack is completely soaked in Army regulations, past, present and to come. He straightens out G.I.s who have married Italian gals and want to get them back to Kankakee or Ogden; fixes up tangled marital complications involving allowances; instructs on Army customs and has never been stuck yet.

Where the G.I.s Talk Back

Mail Call is a page on which the G.I.s really let loose in a manner unknown in any other army—except maybe the Australian. Not long ago an infantry lieutenant wrote to Yank, intimating that it would be better if officers didn't fraternize with enlisted men because "this would be disillusioning the men by descending to their level." This viewpoint freighted the lieutenant's life with bitterness for some weeks, a considerable section of the Armed Forces foregoing the customary bunk fatigue in order to express opinions on the subject in short, hard words.

Another hot-and-heavy argument got under way when Private Ralph H. Luckey wrote to Mail Call, hinting that our men in the Pacific were, perhaps, treating the foe a trifle harshly. Practically the entire Army replied to Private Luckey, most of the Pacific veterans inviting him to join them and find out about Japs on the spot. He would, most of them forecast, last about ten minutes if he insisted on regarding the Nips as human.

Yank doesn't give much space to the usual Army gripes, which have been going on for centuries anyway and are merely rediscovered in each war. But it isn't afraid to tackle a social problem: There was the case of the Negro corporal who was forced to eat in a railroad restaurant kitchen in the South, while German prisoners of war ate in style in the dining room. G.I.s rushed in from all over to bawl out officialdom for this and to ask: "Is this what we're fighting for?"

An order for American enlisted men to salute enemy officer prisoners brought another blast of defiance from the G.I.s, most of whom wrote they'd be damned if they would. "I'll see myself in hell before I'll give such a salute," wrote Sergeant William F. Wenzel typically. Perhaps as a result of these letters, the War Department recently issued an order which made saluting of enemy prisoner-of-war officers unnecessary.

The magazine is operated as a section of the Information Branch of the Morale Service Division of the Army Service Forces. Mindful of this, the editorial board does its bit for morale each week with a full-page picture of a pin-up girl, a popular feature in all Army magazines, originated, it's claimed, by The Fort Ord (California) Panorama.

Yank has one of the most complicated magazine setups on earth. Three basic editions are published in New York: One for the United States; one for Alaska; another for foreign parts where there are no printing plants available. On top of these, other editions are printed in Mount Hope for Panama; in Calcutta for India, China and Burma; in Sydney for Australasia; in Honolulu for

(Continued on page 71)



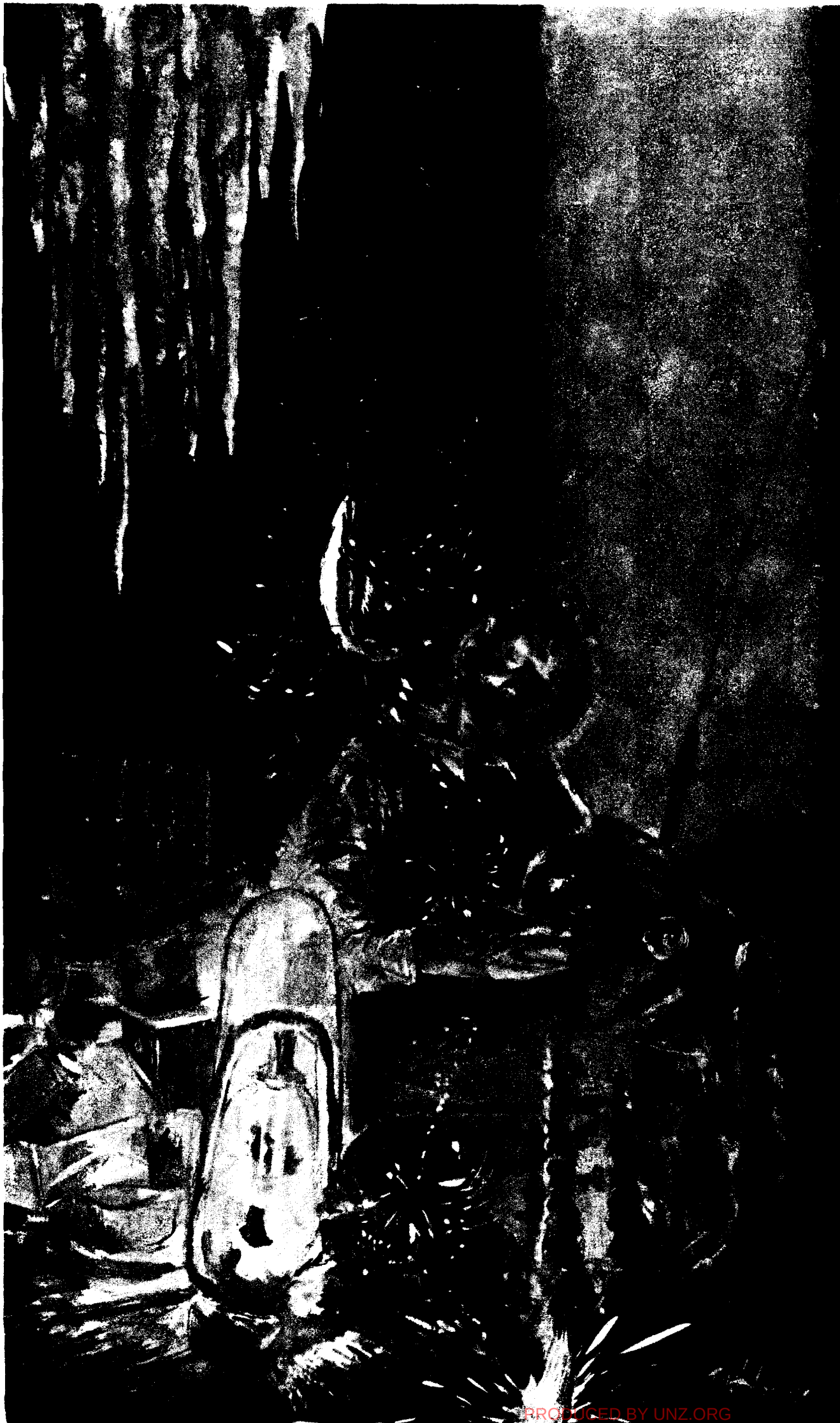
Boss of Yank is Sgt. Joe McCarthy, seated at left, a former sports writer for the Boston Post. Talking over a forthcoming issue with him are Major Jack W. Weeks, executive officer, and Col. Franklin S. Forsberg, commanding officer, New York branch of the Morale Services division, which oversees publication of the world-wide paper

Sgt. Marion Hargrove, who made himself a career, a small fortune and a reputation as World War II's perennial private, is now on Yank, too. Here he gives the once-over to a new comic strip by Sgt. George Baker, at right. Sgt. Baker is the creator of "Sad Sack," probably one of the most famous cartoon characters of the war



THE BEAUTIFUL BURIAL of Uncle Joe

BY ELI WALDRON ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



Every man likes to get away from his wife once in a while. And even though Uncle Joe wasn't prepared for his abrupt departure, he knew what to do with his new freedom

NOWADAYS they tell tourists that the Cantwell Caves here in Oconto County, Wisconsin, were discovered when a pig fell through the earth into them, but this is not true. The Cantwell Caves were discovered when Uncle Joe fell into them, and it was the finest thing that happened to him in his whole life.

He was at the foot of the long warm meadow slope that folded itself like a green blanket around the south half of the homestead when it happened. He had told Lina he was going down there to pick stones but he was really searching for a redstart's egg to add to the secret collection he kept in the barn. And then, as if it were the end of the world, the ground beneath him shook, and all the birds flew screaming into the air, and Uncle Joe, in the midst of all the sunshine and golden vapor that lay upon the meadow, was swallowed up by the earth.

When he awoke, he saw a chink of light high above him and he said to himself, "That roof needs fixin' and I'll fix it today," and he closed his eyes at once, intending to forget about the roof for at least a week and maybe two. But something troubled him in his mind, and when he opened his eyes again, he understood that he wasn't looking at the roof, and that he wasn't lying on his bed. He understood that his house and his roof and his bed were perhaps miles and miles and days and days apart from him now.

Understanding this, he sat up and a scatter of pain ran round and round his head and up and down his arms and legs. He held his head in his hands for a while and then he got to his knees and finally to his feet. There were no broken bones that he could tell, but there was a good deal of hurt all over him.

It was very dark and damp. He could hear water dripping somewhere and behind him he felt with his hands a cold wet surface of rock. He fumbled in his pocket for a match and struck it, but the yellow light that trembled at the tips of his fingers revealed nothing, and when he touched at the darkness here and there with the burning match he saw no more than rock with a gleam of wetness upon it.

"Hey!" he yelled, beginning to feel a little afraid, and at once his voice rose and yelled back at him, and he abruptly sat down with his head aching harder than ever. He shivered a little then and he looked up at the space of light that stood silent and distant in the black sky, and he wished that he was back in the meadow again, even to pick rock, and not to hunt for eggs at all.

He sighed and shivered again and closed his eyes. It was the loneliest he had ever felt, ever. He knew he had fallen into some sort of cave but it was so unnatural an experience that it was like being in another world, like being dead almost.

WITH these thoughts afloat in his disordered mind, it was to be expected that he would hear voices, and he did. He took them at first to be some kind of terrible subterranean creatures coming out of their pits and vaults to carry him away and murder him, but as he listened he discovered that the voices came from above and they sounded like the voices of people shouting. He kept quiet and listened to the rise and fall of the shouts, and at last when they seemed to come, as nearly as he could judge, from above him, he hollered, "Hey! It's me! It's Uncle Joe; I fell in a cave!" And he stopped his ears against the crashing echoes that ran after his voice.

In the heavy fall of silence after his cry, he peered up at the crack of daylight, and when he saw a shadow pass before it, he called out quickly, "Hi!" The shadow passed over him again, and then again, and each time he reached after it with his voice. Finally the shadow came and stayed, and a voice which Uncle Joe recognized as that of his nephew Alfred came down to him.

"Hi!" Alfred said. "Who's there?"

"It's me. It's your Uncle Joe."

"What are you doing down there?"

"I fell in," shouted Uncle Joe. "I'm in a cave."

"You fell in?" Alfred said. "How could you fall in through this little bitty hole?"

"Never mind," said Uncle Joe, getting angry. "I'm here, ain't I? Now get me out of here; I'm cold."

"It's warm up here," Alfred said doubtfully. "I dunno. . . . You sure you're down there?"

"You're damned tootin' I'm down here. Who's with you up there?"

"Aunt Lina. She wants to talk to you."

There was a shuffling of the figures above and a brief, unintelligible exchange of words. (Continued on page 44)

The flashing, jeweled trout came out of the onyx pool in a shower of fire. Slowly it rose into the air at the end of Timothy's line, and Uncle Joe fell asleep with the last of the flouncing before his eyes

A lot of little things and a few big ones made it possible for American railroads to lick the problem of moving a triple load

THE One-oh-nine, a blue and yellow Diesel-electric freighter with 5,400 horses under her hood, was lugging her 92-car drag of war material west from Winslow, Arizona, up past Canyon Diablo and over the hump west of Flagstaff. In the hot, sun-flooded Winslow yards, the Thirty-eight-fifty-six rolled through with a steady blast from her stub stack, hauling a string of yellow reefers full of fresh food, growling as she picked up speed for the long grade up to Gallup in New Mexico.

In her neat home, within earshot of the roar and clatter of the yards, Mrs. Pedro Martinez told Fred Gurley she had to have a washing machine. Mrs. Martinez's husband and two sons were working on the railroad, and Mrs. Martinez decided to keep them and five small children reasonably clean and neat. Fred Gurley said well, just have a little patience and they would get a washing machine for Mrs. Martinez.

Mr. Gurley is president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, a very large railway with about 20,000 miles of track. It has scores of passenger trains, hundreds of freights, thousands of cars and locomotives and scores of thousands of passengers fighting to get aboard for Chicago and Galveston and Fort Madison, Iowa, and Los Angeles and Denver and Wagon Mound, New Mexico.

Keeping war freight and passengers moving is part of Fred Gurley's job, and so is Mrs. Martinez's washing machine. The washing machine is really very important, because a railway is just a lot of men and women and kids, and if they are not happy the whole thing can break down, and we can lose the war, maybe.

It has become so commonplace to say that American railroads are "doing a magnificent job" in handling a war load three or four or five times their normal capacity that hardly anyone wonders *how* it is being done. The obvious answer is that the roads are running a lot more trains faster, and this, ironically enough, is correct.

But operating more trains and longer trains and faster trains over systems designed and powered to handle the modest business of three or four years ago is quite a trick. You have to remember that, when the war started, the roads were coming out of ten years of depression and had no great incentive to do anything except keep trains running and not go into the red—or too far into the red.

No one yet knows how far you can stretch a railroad, because no railroad ever has been stretched to the limit. Even today, most roads, especially the Western systems, are getting ready to handle an even bigger load than they're carrying now. Some roads are carrying from three to five times the load they were three years ago—and they still have something in reserve.

The trouble with making a railroad do more work than it was built to perform is that there is no one big thing you can do. You have to do a lot of little things at thousands of places—huge terminals and lonely desert sidings—and then make them all work in harmony.

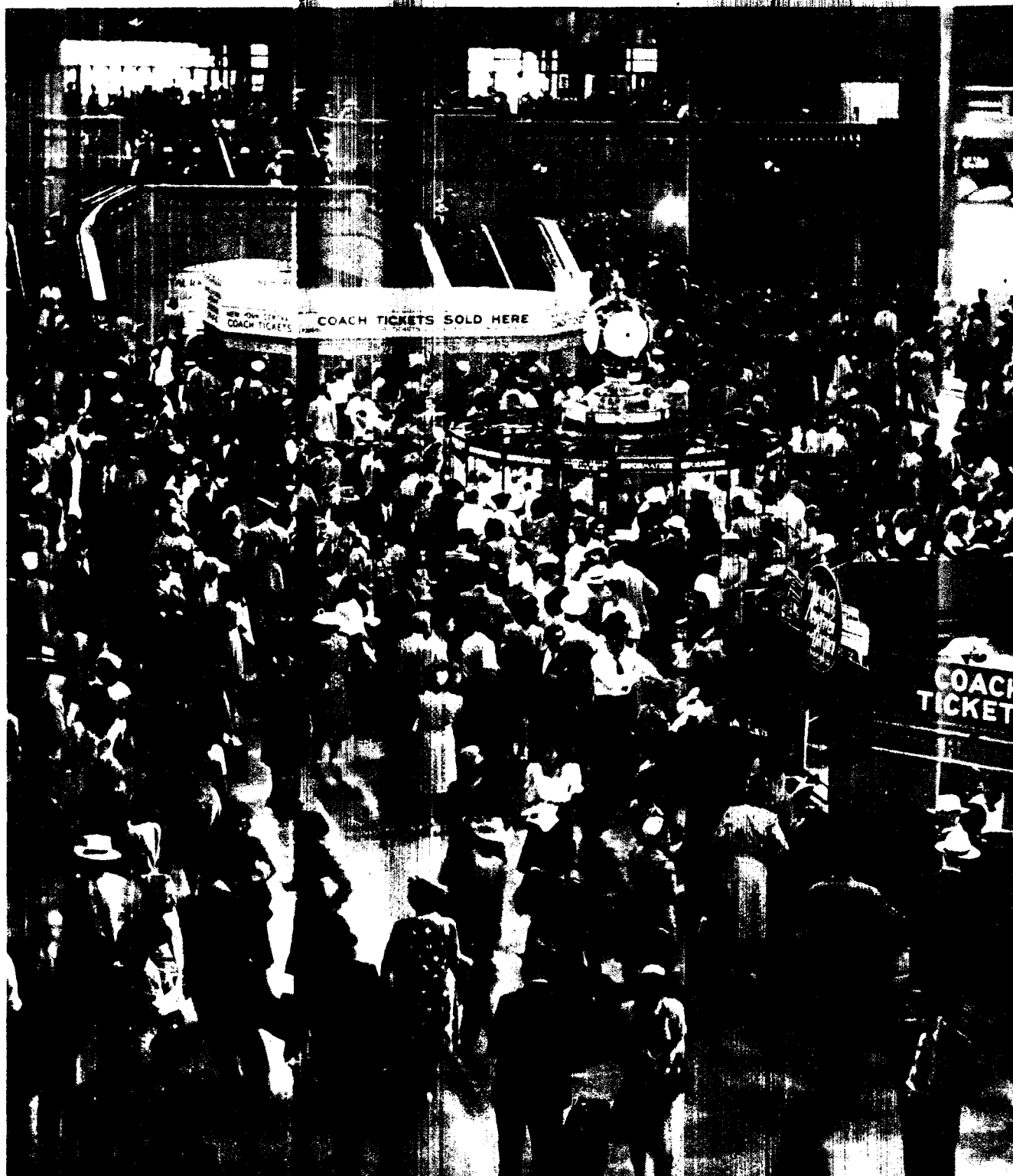
You have, for example, to save a little oil and a little manpower by abolishing a few thousand switch lamps and replacing them with red and green reflectors to pick up engine headlights. This saves some oil, and the lamp tenders who used to go around filling and cleaning the lamps can do something far more useful.

Or, at the other end, you can buy yourself a few dozen big Diesel-electric freight haulers at almost half a million

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

HIGHBALLING TO VICTORY

BY JIM MARSHALL



LOFMAN-PIA

The station above and the yards at left do not illustrate a peak holiday week-end load, they demonstrate the kind of volume the railroads have been handling day after day all during the war

apiece and so add a few freight cars to long drags, and not have to pump so much boiler water, and make better time and spend more time hauling stuff and less time in the repair shop. The Santa Fe has forty-eight of these babies working on the Western end; some of them have been operating continuously for months.

You can also build bigger and more efficient steam power and then rerail hundreds of miles with heavier steel to take the terrific pounding steam locomotives inflict on track. But that is just a start. Out on the long desert stretches, all this extra steam power may blow a million gallons of water up through smokestacks, and in that country you may have to spend a million or two for new dams and wells and pipe lines to get more water, and then spend a lot more dough to treat the water so it won't ruin boilers.

(Water still is a problem in many parts of the Southwest—states—but new wells and pipe lines, plus greater use of Diesel-electric power, have helped solve it. It isn't as if it were back in the '70s when trains depended on wind power. On a stretch west of Dodge City, Kansas, all the Santa Fe's

water was once pumped by windmills and a prolonged calm held up trains. "No. 4 two hours late—waiting wind," wasn't an unusual notation.)

You can build and operate the world's largest telephone and telegraph system, privately owned, and use it to save manpower and get more wheels rolling faster. The Santa Fe did this, and the old-time telegraph operator has been largely replaced by the teletype or the phone girl.

Along with all these jobs, the roads had to do a trifle of passenger education here and there. Thousands of people rode trains who never were on one before, and Pullman porters began to report cases where upper-berth patrons took the ladder to bed with them to be sure of getting down in the morning. There were cases, too, where traveling housewives started to make up their own berths in the morning, to the astonishment of veteran porters, who hadn't heard of such things since the fall of '78.

But if you can do a lot of little things and a few big things to save a minute here and an hour there—and do these things in the middle of a war—you can get an almost incredible amount of work out of a railroad and still have something tucked away for emergencies.

Stops and starts are what slow up mass movement, especially of freight. Today, American roads are making, actually, millions fewer starts and stops than they did five years ago. This is done by a small box of tricks called a Centralized Traffic Control board, known (Continued on page 52)



This high-school girl, Florence Schmitt, 13, is the youngest member of the team

Suzanne Zimmerman, an individual star, swims for the Multnomah Club of Portland

Ann Curtis, a newcomer to the team, is California's only representative. Last year she was voted by the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union the stand-out woman athlete of the Pacific Coast. She does volunteer work for the Red Cross and Marines



ALL-AMERICA Mermaids

BY C. L. SAWIN

THIRTEEN American girls from seven states have been chosen by a committee of seven experts of the Amateur Athletic Union as the Women's All-America Swimming Team of 1944. Ten of the thirteen were members of the 1943 team, when the number of selections totaled eighteen. If the world were at peace, the aquatic stars would represent the United States at the 1944 Olympic Games. Since the Games have been postponed, and international meets are out for the duration, the team has been selected primarily to keep the competitive spirit alive and to prepare for the future.

During the past season, most of the girls have been touring Army and Navy camps, giving exhibitions and helping teach the servicemen how to float, how to swim easily and tirelessly, how to tow a wounded comrade and, in general, how to take care of themselves in water. Some of the stars have worked out an exhibition routine which has been enormously popular—rhythmic swimming to the strains of Pistol-Packin' Mama.

Missing from the team this year are such well-known performers as Gloria Callen, who turned professional a few months ago; Helene Rains, who has joined the Wacs, and Betty Bemis, now in the Waves. The newcomers are Ann Curtis of San Francisco, Jeanne Kessler of Chicago, and Florence Schmitt of New York.

Miss Curtis, who is seventeen years old, won the quarter-mile and half-mile swims in the national championships this year, and also performed superbly in the relays. Last December, the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union voted her the outstanding woman athlete of the West Coast. Away from the water, she is vice-president

of her class at the George Washington High School in San Francisco and does volunteer war work for the Red Cross and the recruiting service of the Marine Corps.

Florence Schmitt of New York is the baby of the team, and the current sensation of the swimming pools. Although she is only thirteen years old, Florence has already established herself as the finest distance swimmer the United States has produced in several years—last summer she won the 1,500-meter swim at the national championships, and also took the long-distance event, swimming three miles in lake water in remarkably fast time. When she's not swimming, this talented youngster attends Port Washington High School, where her favorite subjects are science and mathematics.

Jeanne Kessler, also a high-school girl and a small one at that—she stands just one inch over five feet—is the new high-diving champion; she does acrobatic twists and spins from the high platform, that, experts say, are really extraordinary.

Four of the girls on this year's team are from Indiana, just one less than last year, and they wear the colors of the famous Riviera Club of Indianapolis. Three are from Oregon, all representing the Multnomah Club of Portland; two from New York, representing the Dragon Club of Brooklyn and the Women's Swimming Association of New York City; and one each from Illinois, Texas, Ohio and California. All national events this year were dominated by swimmers from the "Big Three"—the Riviera and Multnomah Clubs and the Women's Swimming Association. Riviera won the outdoor title, and Multnomah the indoor title, with New York W.S.A. finishing strong in both contests. ★★

1944 ALL-AMERICA TEAM SELECTION

Name	Merit	Club	City	State
Anne Ross *	Individual	Dragon Club	Brooklyn	New York
Jane Dillard *	"	No Club	Fort Worth	Texas
Ann Curtis	"	Crystal Plunge	San Francisco	California
Suzanne Zimmerman *	"	Multnomah	Portland	Oregon
Nancy Merki *	"	Multnomah	Portland	Oregon
Joan Fogle *	"	Riviera	Indianapolis	Indiana
Patty Aspinall *	"	Riviera	Indianapolis	Indiana
Ann Hardin *	"	Riviera	Indianapolis	Indiana
Jeanne Kessler	Diving	Lake Shore Club	Chicago	Illinois
Florence Schmitt	Distance Team	W. S. A.	New York	New York
Katherine Breen *	"	Firestone	Akron	Ohio
Brenda Helser *	Relay	Multnomah	Portland	Oregon
Mary Ann Walts *	"	Riviera	Indianapolis	Indiana

* Were chosen on last year's team.

THE SELECTING COMMITTEE

Mrs. Elsie Viels Jennings, New York, N. Y. Wood Hardin, New Albany, Indiana
 Mrs. Lillian Young Whiting, Des Moines, Iowa Herbert Holm, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. Catherine Meyer, Maplewood, N. J. Charles Stapleton, Goldsboro, N. C.
 Miss Katherine Dunnett, Cincinnati, Ohio

Jane Dillard hails from Fort Worth, Texas, and is the only member of the team not affiliated with any club. She was a member of last year's team

HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.





These splashing beauties, l. to r. John Early, Aspinall, Tom Fogle and Mary Ann Walts. They are all from Indianapolis, where they represent the famed Riviera Club

Brenda Heker of the Multnomah Club, who swam with Mary Ann Walts to represent the U.S. in the relays, is one of the finest swimmers in the country



The cute little trick on the ladder is Jeanne Kessler of Chicago. She's the new diving champion



Anne Ross, representing the Dragon Club of Brooklyn, was on the team last year. She is one of the best individual competitors in the country



Nancy Merki, also of the Multnomah Club, is another of the star individual performers



Katherine Breen, who swims for the Firestone Club of Akron, Ohio, is teamed with Florence Schmitt of New York in the distance events



Earth and

HIGH HEAVEN

by Gwethalyn Graham

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL



"I wish you could meet her!" Marc said. "You'd both like her. She's so straight. She knows exactly what matters. . . ." "Does she?" asked his father. His mother said, "Then she knows that her family matters."

what he's done to me.' It would have sounded nicer if you'd at least said 'After what he's done to you.' Better still if you'd said, 'After what I've done to you.' "

"So it's all my fault."

"Yes, it's your fault. Nobody has any right to be as stupid as you, and no one can afford to be so muddled. You don't care what happens to me, provided I still remain Erica Drake. You've proved that over and over again. If you had cared, you would have stopped all this long ago. Mimi was right. It isn't just Marc; it isn't only the fact that you don't want me to marry a Jew. You don't really want me to marry anyone, do you, Charles?" she asked. He did not answer and she repeated, "Do you?"

"No," he said.

"Good. Now we know where we stand."

HE WAS angry but not as angry as Erica. She moved a little nearer to him, seeing his lips move but deaf to what he was trying to say. She went on, raging, "My, how cozy it would be, Charles—how frightfully cozy with just the four of us together on Marc's last leave, you and Mother and Marc and me. What would you talk about, Charles? How would you keep him interested? Or hadn't you thought of that? And do you imagine that all you have to do is crook your little finger at Marc and he'll come running? What do you think he's been doing for the past three months—skulking around your door waiting for you to condescend to let him in?"

"I know what Mr. Reiser has been doing," Charles said at last. "All I have to do is to look at you, and I know what Mr. Reiser has been doing for the past three months."

"You ought to be grateful to him."

"Grateful!" he said hoarsely. "Grateful for taking my daughter away from me and turning you into what you are now."

"Oh, no. For whatever I may be now, you can be grateful to yourself. You've got something else to be grateful to Marc for. After all, it was very thoughtful of him to turn out to be even more of a swine than you expected—to settle for a couple of week ends instead of marriage. He would have been so much harder to get rid of if we'd actually got married, and if I'd held out for a license and made sure of his 'respect' instead of selling myself cheap."

"Erica, stop it!"

"You got what you wanted," she said, paying no attention. "He isn't going to marry a Drake. You fixed it." She went a little closer to him and asked, "Would you like to know how you fixed it, Charles?"

"Erica, I warn you, I'm not going to stand for much more of this."

Erica ignored his protest. "I'll tell you how you fixed it, Charles. You did precisely what Marc expected you to do, right from the beginning. Remember, you said once that you'd got his number as soon as you heard he was downstairs with René? Well, you hadn't. You never said one thing about him which was true. But he had your number—yours and everybody else's."

She stopped. It sounded like someone else, someone else using her voice, and after a moment she heard that person saying, "Listen to me, Charles. Listen to me very carefully so that after I'm gone, you'll know at last just how it all happened. Every time I told Marc he was wrong—wrong about you and wrong about everyone else—you, my father, my ex-best friend, you made a liar out of me."

(Continued on page 57)

Conclusion

The Story:

ERICA DRAKE, a Montreal society girl, and MARC REISER, a young lawyer who is soon to go overseas with the Canadian army, fall in love. Because MARC is a Jew, MARGARET and CHARLES, ERICA's parents, try to stop her marrying him. They even refuse to meet him, will not allow him to come to their home. ERICA, although torn by her parents' attitude, feels that the only reality left to her lies in her love for MARC, and would marry him regardless of her family. But MARC refuses, since he feels he'd bring her only unhappiness. Just before he is to sail, ERICA promises to spend his last leave with him. While she is preparing to go to him, CHARLES enters her room and tries to get her to break her promise. He argues, threatens, pleads, but now ERICA is beyond caring what he or anyone thinks; she is openly defiant. Realizing that he has lost, CHARLES suddenly changes his tack. "ERICA," he says with visible effort, "if your mother and I—if we agreed to have him here . . ."

FOR a moment, Erica could only gape at her father in amazement. Then she thought that she must have misunderstood him, for it could not be true; it was so utterly outrageous that it could not possibly be true. She said, "Wait a minute—I don't think I quite get it. You're not suggesting that you're willing to make some kind of deal, are you?"

He said despairingly, "I guess I'm willing to make almost any kind of a deal to keep you from going."

"Why?"

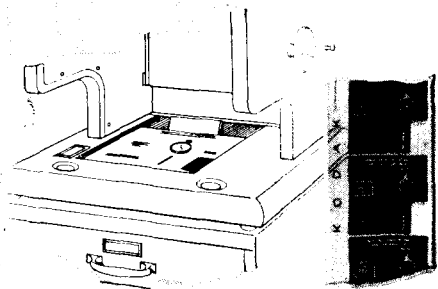
"Why?" Almost beside himself, he said, "Don't you realize that after what he's done to me, having him in the house is really more than I can stomach? The idea of you, my daughter, and that . . ."

"I see," said Erica, for now at last she did see all of it, including the motive which had been largely hidden by all the other motives and had remained unaccounted for. It was not what he was saying, or even the rasping tone of his voice, but the way he looked.

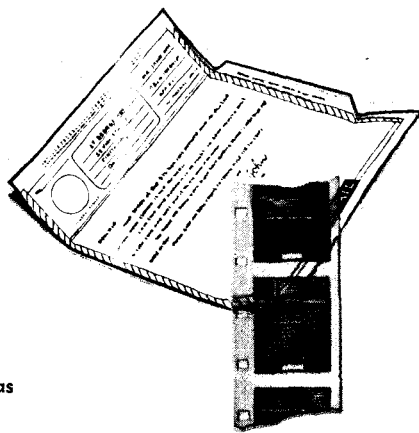
Her father managed to get hold of himself again, for the time being at any rate, and went on with a little less emotion, "You wanted us to treat him like anyone else. That's what you said, isn't it? That's what you've said all along. Well, he isn't 'anyone else,' now less than ever. But don't worry, we'll manage some way or other. You needn't worry about that."

"I'm not worrying about that." She was lost now and she knew it. She was going down for the last time, but before she went down, she was going to do the talking for once, she was going to make up for all the times she had sat and simply listened, in order not to have a row. She was finally going to tell her father what she thought of him.

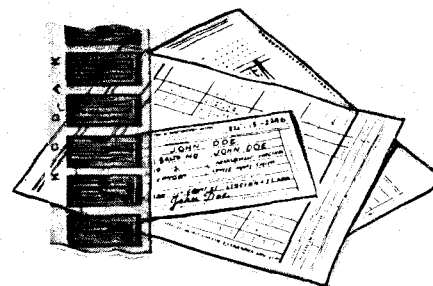
She said, "Not for the sake of my soul or even out of common decency and kindness, but for the sake of my virtue which you regard as your private property, you're going to start treating Marc as though he were anyone else.' You needn't look like that, Charles. You gave yourself away when you said 'After



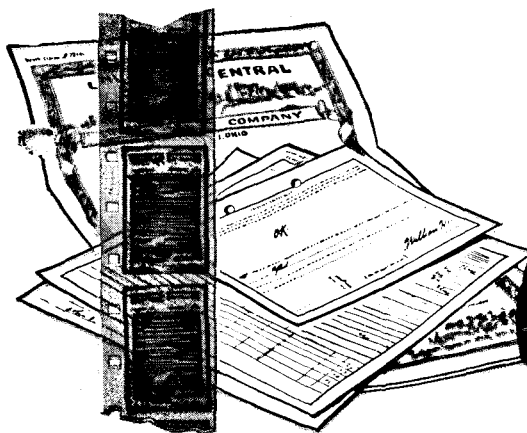
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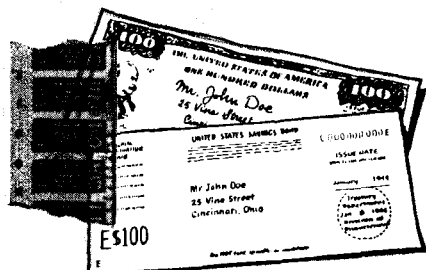
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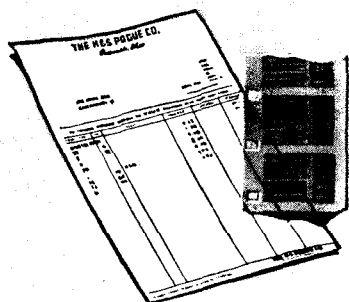
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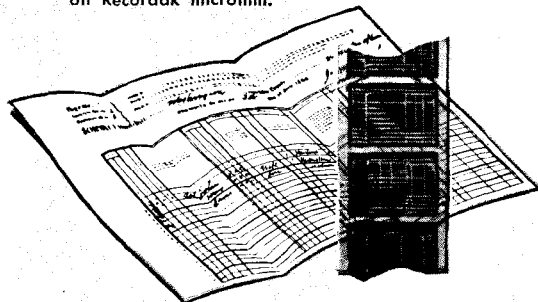
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policies, or the records relating to them, are filmed with Recordak by many insurance companies—thus files are condensed, made error-proof, tamper-proof.



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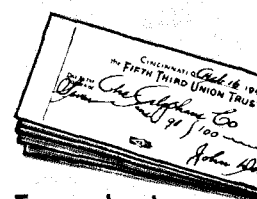


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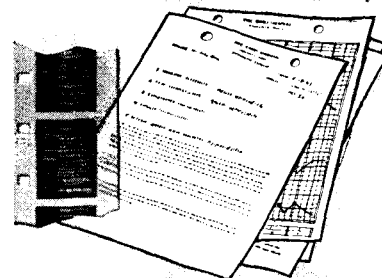


WHO...ME?

*MY
CAREER
IS IN
FILMS?*



Every check
you write —
if your account is in one of thousands of the country's progressive banks—is photographed by your bank, using Recordak... protecting you and simplifying banking.



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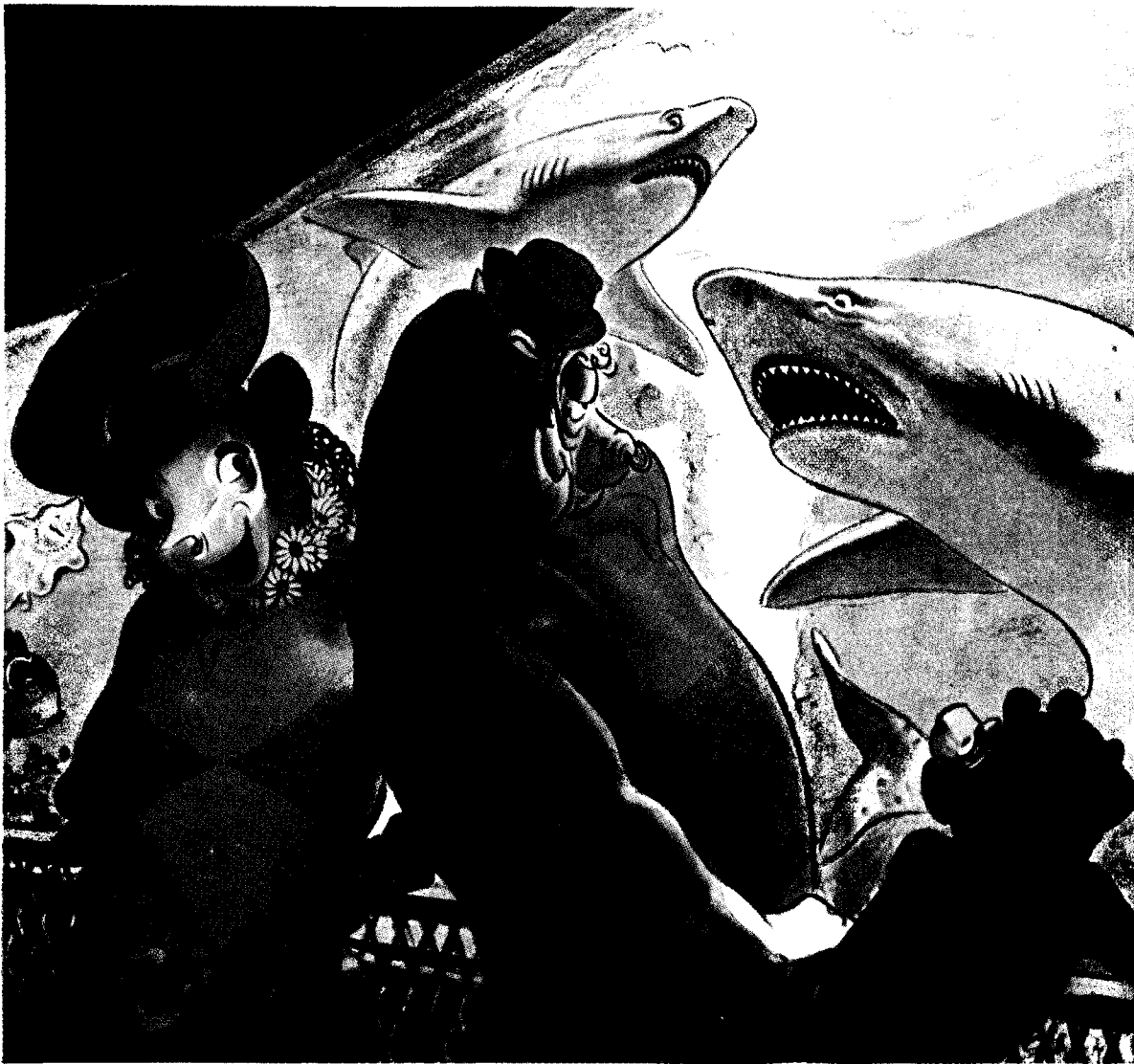
REMEMBER THE U. S. S. ALCHIBA... not a warship; just a cargo vessel?—how, landing desperately needed supplies in the Solomons, she was struck by a Jap torpedo—and with her decks a hell of flame—her crew stayed by and saved both ship and cargo?—A stern example for us at home.

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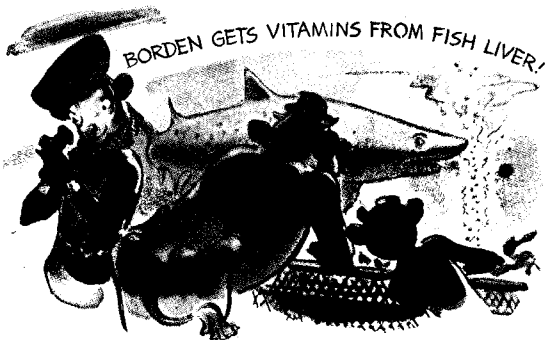




"But, darling, nobody's going to make you eat shark," coaxed Elsie

"DON'T TRY TO TELL ME," sputtered Elmer, the bull. "I read that report that Borden is in the fish business, and I know you. It means fish on the table three times a day, and I won't stand for it!"

"Silly," snickered Elsie, the Borden Cow. "You should have read more carefully. Then you'd know that Borden has taken over several big fisheries to get vitamins for *Borden's Feed Supplements*. Fish livers are full of vitamins. And that means better pork, poultry, and eggs."



"That doesn't make sense," complained Elmer. "You can't make a hen's egg out of a fish's liver."

"Naturally not," smiled Elsie patiently. "The vitamins from fish livers go into feed supplements and the supplements go into the animals and poultry. *Ration-ayd*, for example, is added to chicken feed for finer eggs and fatter fowl. In the same way, *Bospro* makes healthier, more productive cows, and *Hoppro* makes huskier pigs and better pork. All three are Borden products."

"Fascinating," yawned Elmer, "but whatever be-

came of that wonderful milk you used to talk about?"

"Why, more uses for milk are being found all the



time," Elsie replied hastily. "Lactose (that's milk sugar) made by Borden is used to make that marvelous germ-killer, penicillin."

"Gosh," marvelled Elmer, "the first thing we know,



Borden will be doing everything but shine your shoes."

"That's not so far off either," giggled Elsie. "Shoes

shine more easily and wear better because of *Borden's Protovac Caseins* which are used in leather finishes."

"What?" kidded Elmer, "...no notions, no dry goods?"

"Oh, dry goods are an old story to Borden," chuckled Elsie. "Bakers have been using *Borden's Dried Natural Fruit Juices* for years. And Borden's



Powdered Lemon Juice is an important part of the new Army Paratroops' ration because it's packed with Vitamin C."

"No matter what I say," complained Elmer, "your subject is Borden's and you certainly stick to it."

"In that case," quipped Elsie, "I'm lucky to have sticky subjects like *Borden's Glues* to talk about. *Casamite* glue helps make sturdier plywoods for air-



planes and for homes. *Casco* can be used to mend almost anything in the house."

"Seems to me that you're likely to become more stuck up than ever," jested Elmer, haw-hawing heartily at his own cleverness. "At least I can thank heaven for one thing. With all these marvelous Borden products, you won't be quite so swelled-headed about that precious milk of yours."

"Nonsense," beamed Elsie. "I'm prouder of my milk than ever before. For milk was what started Borden's business, back in 1857. And while Borden now makes many products that have nothing to do with milk, it was the purity of *Borden's Milk* that first taught people to know that: *If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!*"

ELSIE SAYS: "Every extra bond you buy may mean a boy won't have to die!"



© The Borden Company

ALL the way across the country, whenever somebody waved to us from the fields along the tracks, I'd think of Mom and my kid sister Ruthie. I'd remember how Ruthie and I used to watch the troop trains. Once, when we passed a little girl at a railroad crossing, I thought of how Ruthie always looked for someone she knew in the train windows. Sure, I knew we were going east toward the coast, but there were lots of ports of embarkation and lots of tracks that led to them. How could I have guessed?

So there I sat on the aisle, kind of dopey, next to Davis, who was hunched up next to the window, half asleep. We passed a big red barn that had Greenlawn Valley Farms painted on it. I came to, like a bucket of cold water had been poured over me. I let out a yell.

"Hey!" I said. I punched Davis in the ribs. I shouted in his ear. "Hey! Davis!"

He opened one eye and glared at me. "Aw, Jim, shut up, will you? What's biting you, anyway?"

"Listen, Davis," I said. "Move over. We're going right by my house. Honest. We're not more than fifteen, twenty minutes from home." I looked at my watch. My hands were shaking. "And my kid sister. She'll be out on the bank. I'll see Ruthie."

Davis was wide awake. I could see that even he was excited. "No kidding!" he said. "Well, I'll be—Say! What do you know about that! Sure, I'll change places."

I slid over and put my face against the window and got more and more excited as I saw the places I knew. Davis leaned forward to look out the window with me.

"Your sister might not be there," Davis said. "I wouldn't count on that, Jim. But you'll see your home. That's something. That's a lot."

"Ruthie'll be there. Don't worry. And is it going to knock her off her skinny legs when she spots me!" I laughed out loud. "She'll know someone on this train. all right, all right!"

I explained to Davis that our house was only as far as the length of the car from the tracks. Ruthie would run across the lawn like a streak of lightning when she heard the humming of the wires. She wouldn't bother with the locals, but the express trains—she wouldn't miss those.

Me, I liked the trains, too. I used to bet with Bud Miller, who lived next door to us, and the rest of the gang on how many cars there'd be in a train. We used to put pennies on the tracks and pick them up after the train had passed, all flattened out.

Then, a couple of years ago, when I went down to the bank with Ruthie, there'd be the tanks and big mortar guns and Army trucks. And the troop trains, going east, going west. We'd wave at the soldiers, and I'd wish I'd hurry up and get to be eighteen.

Mom used to like the trains, too, especially the dining cars, all lighted up and the people sitting there, eating and drinking.

But she didn't come down to the bank after we saw the troop train one day. We were waiting for the Buffalo express to come along, and this troop train went by, going east toward the coast. Ruthie and I waved and the fellows yelled and waved back to us.

"Gee, Mom," I said. "Bet they're going over. Don't you think so? Getting shipped out! Gee!"

Mom didn't answer, and I looked at her. Her face was twisted up, as though she were trying not to cry.

I said, "Hey! Mom!"

Her face got smooth again, and she smiled. She gave my hair a tug and said, "It's nothing. I'm like Ruthie, I guess. Only—I don't want to see someone I know. And I did. In every face."

I guess all women are like that—nothing but personalities, even when it comes to trains. Take Ruthie. Always staring in at the car windows for a face she knew. The dope! The only people she knows are a few neighbors and they don't do much traveling. She kept on watching, though, and hoping. Every time she came back across the lawn, we could tell she hadn't seen anybody. She would walk very slow and seem disappointed and ashamed. Mom would always say, "Now, Ruthie, there'll be more trains. Maybe

tomorrow." Right away, Ruthie would brighten up.

Then, seven or eight months after Bud Miller had gone in, Ruthie ran down to the bank as soon as she heard the humming of the wires. Mom and I knew she must have seen somebody by the way she came back—practically flying.

"Mom! Mom!" she yelled, long before she reached the door. She was panting so hard she could hardly get the words out. "Mom, I saw Bud Miller—on the troop train—going that way." She pointed toward the east. "He had a helmet on, Mom, and he waved to me!"

I was pretty excited myself, and I thought Mom would be pleased on Ruthie's account. But Mom stood there, white-looking and stiff, holding the cooking spoon in her hand. "Oh!" she said, "So soon! So very soon!"

"Mom," Ruthie tugged at her skirt. "Go tell Mrs. Miller. Tell her I saw Bud and that he must be going on a ship." She started to run out of the door. "I'll tell her. Let me tell her."

Mom caught her. "No!" she said, very sharp. She put her arm around Ruthie and said a lot quieter: "I tell you what, Ruthie. You wait for the train that brings him back. But the train that goes that way—she'll know soon enough. Those few hours, thinking he's still here, they count. Let her think it won't be until tomorrow." Mom sighed and went back to the stove. "Or the next day."

THE train was getting close to home now, and Davis nudged me. "How far now?" He tapped the fellows in front of us. "Hey! What do you know! We're going right by Jim's house."

They said "No!" and "Well! What about that!" and began looking out of the window.

"Listen," I said. "Maybe I'd better open the window, so Ruthie'll be sure to see me."

A cold blast of air blew in, and the fellows across the aisle yelled at us, but when we told them about my house and Ruthie, they craned their necks so they could see, too. The top sergeant came along and wanted to know what in hell we were doing with the window open. Was this a picnic, or something? When I told him, he said, okay, okay. I could see he was kind of interested, and he stayed there by our seat.

We were almost there. We were rounding the corner. I could see our house way down the tracks.

Davis said, "Yeah. Yeah. I see your house. But where's your sister? Maybe she won't come. Where is she?"

I put my head out of the window. I kept my eyes glued on our house and began to pray hard that Ruthie would come. I began to think maybe she'd been bad and Mom was punishing her by keeping her away from the trains. I began to call her a brat, a dope, to myself. Then I saw her, a tiny, flying spot, no bigger than a minute, shooting out of our back door. Gosh! In just about a minute, Ruthie would see me and wave like crazy, her dopey face all grins. Then, she'd run like the wind and yell to Mom—and Mom would . . .

Oh, hell! Mom! All of a sudden, I felt sick in my stomach, thinking of how Mom would look.

I jumped up from my seat and pushed Davis over to the window. I stood out in the aisle where Ruthie couldn't see me. Davis spluttered, "What the hell! What plays! Are you crazy? Get back here!" The fellows looked at me as though I'd gone nuts.

I felt my face growing red. "It's Mom," I said. "Troop trains. She doesn't like them."

Davis looked at me. He nodded his head and said sort of heavily, "Yeah. I guess you're right. Your mother. Yeah."

"Listen, Davis," I said. "Wave hard to Ruthie. Throw her a kiss. Yell to her. Oh, give her a break. Yell, 'Hello, you cute little kid!'"

When our car was safely past, I leaned out of the window and saw Ruthie looking in at all the car windows. I saw her walk back to the house. Soon, she'd be at the door, and Mom would say to her, "Well, maybe tomorrow, Ruthie." She'd say it in a comforting way, and Ruthie would brighten up.

"Or maybe not until the next day," Mom would say.



Alaska

ILLUSTRATED BY PING

Sometimes these birds seem to be most awful dopes, but in defense of their chicks they'll tackle anything from an owl to a mink. And they're lots of fun to watch

THE tern was still there, sitting on the sand in front of our cabin on the shore of a mountain lake in the Alaska wilderness. She didn't move when we walked down to the beach with the pilot and his wife, or when the plane took off with a backwash of air that kicked up a miniature sandstorm and deluged her with stinging spray. She merely hunched herself a little closer to the sand and looked a bit annoyed. She was busy. She was laying an egg.

This family of Arctic terns (which the natural-history books say is a variety of the common tern that breeds in the northern circumpolar regions and migrates to South Africa and South America) had nested in the same spot year after year, carrying on their family life in plain view of our front cabin window. We had grandstand seats behind the glass, and with binoculars could look the birds squarely in the eye and observe their every move. From the day the chicks were hatched, we missed very little of their life history.

The nest was bare sand with what little drift had accumulated. The only pretense at nest-making the mother tern ever made was to rub a circular depression in the sand with her breast, then pick up a few straws in her bill and toss them aimlessly over her shoulder. It seemed to be a matter of no importance whether one or more of them landed in the nest, and very few did.

Usually she laid two eggs, but sometimes three, and if she was not overly disturbed, every egg produced a chick. The male and the female birds changed places frequently in the nest, each taking its turn at incubation. They were generous about bringing fish to each other. The happy clamor that arose when one flew home with a tidbit was sure to send us rushing to the window to watch the feast.

Constant Battle for Life

Airplanes were not their only disturbances. It sometimes seemed that every hour or so their shrill screams brought us running to look for the cause of the commotion. They had many enemies. They fought the eagles. They fought the ravens. They fought the sea gulls, the savage hawks, the mink that made a daily hunting foray along the lake shore, and the otter which came out of the water to eat the refuse where we had cleaned our own fish.

They attacked anything and everything that disturbed them, and they were not gentle. They were as fast as the mink, and more than one of the hammer blows from their sharp beaks landed on his back. His tail puffed out like an angry cat's, but they always put him to rout. They chased the otter away, too, big as he was. Grabbing a fishhead, he dived into the brush along the shore. When he returned, he raced like mad along the beach and dived into the water with a big splash, the darting, screaming terns right behind him. They made it so hot for him that he finally quit coming.

As the twenty-first day of nesting approached, we were as curious and excited as some new father pacing the hospital floor while awaiting the blessed event. Sometimes nothing happened until the twenty-second day.

While the bird was off the nest, we went close and looked at the eggs. They were not yet pipped.

We went fishing for an hour and, as we reached home, the male bird came flying in.

(Continued on page 80)

A falcon swooped down and got the smallest tern. I could not grab a gun, but I ran to the rescue with a stick of stove-wood. The hawk was just beyond reach



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MEET the new lightweight champion of the insulation world. It's an amazing new plastic called Pliofoam. A whole cubic foot of it weighs considerably less than a pound.

Born in the Goodyear Research Laboratory, Pliofoam has already gone to war. For one thing, it is being used as a wing filler in airplanes. It is placed around the bullet-puncture-sealing fuel cells. If enemy bullets rip through these tanks, Pliofoam instantly soaks up the few drops of gas that might leak out before the tank seals the bullet-hole.

Pliofoam—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

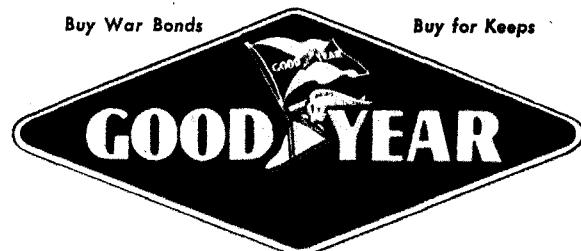
Because of its astonishing light weight—and its proved efficiency as a heat, cold and sound insulator — Pliofoam is destined for many important post-war uses. You may be finding it in homes, refrigerators, railroad cars, airplanes, automobiles, buses.

The development of Pliofoam is another dramatic demonstration of how Goodyear Research works constantly — in widely diversified fields — to bring Americans — in war or peace — new, more efficient, more economical, more useful products.

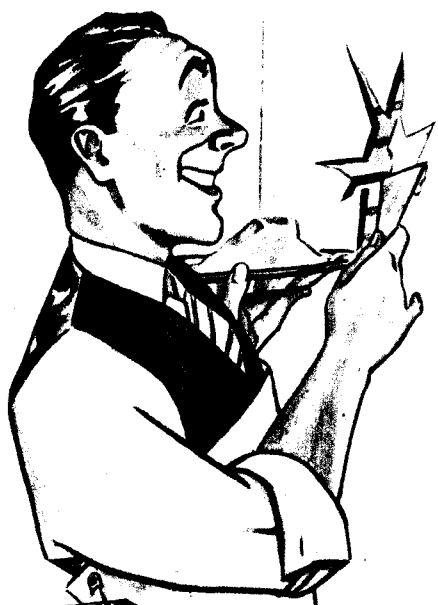
A pioneer in rubber, Goodyear for a long time has been a busy worker in many other vital fields — plastics, metals, textiles, chemicals, aircraft . . . and from the new Goodyear Research Laboratory "the best is yet to come."

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CRACKED WALLS

You don't have to be an expert to mend cracked walls with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix Rutland with water...

...wet the old plaster... and apply with knife or trowel. Rutland is the original ready-to-use patching plaster. Sets without shrinking or cracking. Extra fine and white. Makes a patch as smooth and lasting as the wall itself.



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continuously in love with half a dozen girls at a time. Falling in love had been part of the solemn ritual of death which they all practiced though none of them believed in it; rather they had enjoyed with the romantic morbidity of youth the special treatment it had brought them as the gods and victims of war.

"Were you really in the last war?" she asked.

He looked down at her with a curious smile. He was forty-six years old, a major attached to the headquarters staff of the reserve army. And a minute before he had been a young cavalry officer striding across the bridge, a swagger stick in his hand and a girl he couldn't even remember walking along beside him. "I was in France with a cavalry regiment," he said, "only we didn't fight on horseback. It doesn't go quite as far back as that."

"How marvelous!" she exclaimed, with the wide-eyed look of someone who has just been presented with a living piece of history.

"I mean it doesn't quite go back to Balaclava and the Charge of the Light Brigade," he went on.

She said with recovered tact, "You must have been awfully young in the last war."

He nodded. "Lord, but I was young. We all were."

They walked along closely arm in arm then, laughing and wonderfully at ease with each other. There was something oddly lightheaded about the adventure, a dream-like fusion with the past that had nothing whatever to do with Mrs. Fontaine's rather depressing little cocktails. But suddenly she stopped. "This is where I live," she said.

He could just make out an immense old house set back from a curving driveway. It was towered, turreted, battlemented, the sort of house that the money barons of half a century ago built out of their suddenly acquired sense of arrogance and splendor.

"Very feudal," he said. "Do you have marksmen on the battlements and trembling old servitors carrying torches?"

She laughed suddenly. "You look like a snow man," she said.

He smiled, still holding her arm, and looked down at her; her hair and the veiling of her hat and even her eyelashes were all starred with snow. She was a moment out of the past and he couldn't bring himself to relinquish her. "Maybe I'll just hang about in the middle of the lawn for a while," he said. "I'll get sleepy after a bit and you can send out a trembling old servitor with a bottle of brandy around his neck."

"We haven't any trembling old servitors," she laughed, "and it isn't our house. We just rent the lower apartment." She was withdrawing in spite of him, taking with her all the illusion of the past. Then she said unexpectedly, "You must come and see us some day. I'd like you to meet my mother. She loves anybody with a sense of humor."

"I'll telephone," he promised, and stood watching till, with a final wave of the hand, she disappeared under the dark portico.

HE TELEPHONED her a day or two later, curious to see if the enchantment still worked. Her voice over the telephone sounded far away and very young and polite. It made him feel suddenly shy and elderly and a little absurd. "I was hoping you would let me see you again," he said.

She hesitated, but only for a moment. "Could you come over Sunday evening?" she asked. "Sunday evening about nine?"

"Sunday evening at nine. I'll be there," he answered. But it had all been made up, he told himself as he hung up the receiver, the whole little adventure made up out of imagination and the past. He was old enough to be her father. I'll telephone her later and tell her I've been called out of town, he thought.

But he didn't telephone. He kept putting it off and in the end it seemed simpler to go and get the whole thing over with.

"So you did come! How nice!" she greeted, with perfect hostess brightness.

She was wearing black, the sort of thing he seemed to remember the girls wore during the last war, part veiled décolletage and part short-skirted audacity, and she was even more beautiful than he remembered her.

On Borrowed Youth

Continued from page 16

"I was beginning to give you up," she said, and then called suddenly past him, "Hello, Joan. Hel-lo, Stu! So you did come!"

There were half a dozen people there already, all of them dismayingly young, and more seemed to be arriving every moment. He stood on the edge of the group, ill at ease and irritated with himself for having come. The girls were pretty. The men were nearly all in uniform. None of them had seen service, and it was impossible to pick out one face from another and say this man or that had the makings of a soldier.

They were nothing but boastful school-boys, thought the major. Put them in a trench under shellfire and it would scare the pants off them. . . . Ann came up to him swiftly. "I want you to meet my mother," she said, and led him up to a tall, vivacious blonde at the other side of the room.

"This is my mother," Ann told him. "Isn't she marvelous?"

Mrs. Loring turned on him the full effect of her bold, gay smile.

"Marvelous," the major agreed. She was waved, groomed, tinted, the bleach of age had scarcely touched her. Yet looking at her he was conscious not so much of her good looks as of the miracle of their preservation.

"Everyone says we're more like sisters than mother and daughter," Ann said.

She put her arm around her mother and Mrs. Loring laughed and gave her a good-natured little push. "Now, darling, not the sister act." Then she turned to the young naval officer beside her. "Dickie, would you mind running into the kitchen and turning

off the oven?" He moved off obediently and the major and Mrs. Loring were left alone together.

The major offered her a cigarette and she took it, looking up at him with the most open appreciation of his soldierly good looks.

"So you're Ann's major," she said.

"Am I?" he smiled, a little disconcerted. Then he added quickly, "I didn't know—I wasn't quite prepared for such a party."

"Neither was I," Mrs. Loring replied. "I only hope the asparagus rolls hold out." She laughed. "They come in swarms and strip everything down to the last leaf of lettuce. And they're so sweet and helpful that I've hardly a whole piece of china left in the place."

A voice called from the kitchen: "Hey, Marge!"

"Coming, sailor," Mrs. Loring said. "He's probably burned himself," she added gently and hurried off to the kitchen.

LEFT to himself the major selected a cigarette and lit it with care. Now that he recognized the setup he felt a little more at ease. He glanced about the room which was spacious and solid yet unmistakably feminine. Everywhere there was an air of taste and selection, a certain elegance which didn't, however, rise to luxury. The Loring, he judged, had enough money for the kind of life they led, with probably very little over.

In a lull in the conversation he heard Ann say abruptly, "Ron, if I hear you say you take a dim view of another thing I'll scream."

The young flying officer beside her laughed good-naturedly. He was a tall, good-looking youngster with blue eyes and tousled fair hair. "I take a dim view of your screaming. Now go ahead and scream."

Ann only looked at him with an air of cold

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Isn't it about time we spoke to young Robinson about that beard he started at Tarawa?"

COLLIER'S



"Madam, I think you have just trumped my ace!"

Said the champion bridge-player, making a face!

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But he smiled and recouped with a brilliant finesse,
While all of Blue Ribbon Town's creme de la creme
Applauded the U.S.O. benefit game.*

*At last they implored him to tell them what he
Considered the game's greatest moment to be.
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TUNE IN { "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P. M., EWT
"DUFFY'S" with Ed Gardner, Fridays, NBC, 8:30 P. M., EWT

petulance. "I wish you'd try to be a little more adult," she said.

She was spoiled and unlovable after all, thought the major watching her. Her beauty was just a matter of surface and device, like the beauty of the little carved Chinese figure on the wall shelf behind her. It was a lovely piece and so was Ann, but the truth was he had as little use for the one in his life as for the other. That, at least, was one of the solid advantages of middle age and a reasonable habit of propriety, that you could see a lovely piece without wanting to make off with it.

He stayed till after supper, then, getting up to leave, looked about for Mrs. Loring. But she was off at the end of the room dancing with Dickie, the naval officer, her head drooped dreamily against his shoulder. So he went up to Ann instead.

"But you haven't been near me all evening," she protested.

"I haven't been able to get near you," he said.

She raised her eyes to his, lovely eyes of the deepest, most confiding blue, and he seemed to feel something close in his heart, like a door closing softly on escape. "Aren't you ever alone?" he asked.

"I'll be alone tomorrow—no, Tuesday evening."

He thought quickly. Dinner, the theater and a supper dance afterward. Nothing seemed bright or good enough. "Let's go to the movies," Ann said.

THAT was the beginning of the gayest winter the major had had in years. It was an extraordinary period, enchanted and unreal, at the same time exasperating and tedious beyond words.

For he was in love and there was nothing, he soon discovered, that he could do about it. He had fallen in love instantly, helplessly, without the faintest calculation, like a sleepwalker falling off a roof. And though he was perfectly aware of the jolt and the indignity he couldn't shake himself free of the dream. There was no use telling himself that he had no place in Ann's world.

He went back and back again, and every evening in the Loring apartment was a painful repetition of his first disconcerting visit with its swarms of gay, respectful young people. There was, of course, Ann's mother. But Mrs. Loring, though invariably cordial and gay, was of very little use to him. Mrs. Loring was one of the crowd.

The only thing to do if he wanted Ann to himself was to carry her off from the crowd. He carried her off to theaters, night clubs, hockey games, fights and supper dances. And every week and sometimes twice a week they went to the movies.

Ann loved the movies and would sit enchanted through the most interminable double bill, while the major sat beside her, bored, irritated and tortured by drowsiness. She always cried at the movies. Then she would reach out a hand in the darkness for his handkerchief, and he would feel himself moved by the most fatuous, the most exquisite tenderness.

It was all intensely real to Ann. . . . "I think she should have known he was in love with her, even if he didn't feel free to tell her so," she said one evening as they came out of the theater. "What do you think?"

He laughed a little irritably. "I think the movies were probably dropped on their head as an infant industry." Ann looked thoughtful. "I mean they're very big and handsome but a little weak mentally," he explained.

"Yes, I see what you mean," Ann replied, and added after a moment, "Still we couldn't get along without them. I mean, they're a form of escape after all."

"My dear Ann, you don't need escape any more than you need a hole in your head," he said.

She glanced up at him and laughed, a little doubtfully. A pair of soldiers saluted briskly in passing and she moved close and tucked her arm in his. "I love being out with a major," she said.

That was the sort of thing the war meant to Ann, he sometimes thought—walking down the street with a major in a flourish of salutes. She didn't have to escape the war, the war simply escaped her. She would dance all night long with the youngsters from the

local air-training center—she "adored" them, she said, they looked "marvelous" in their uniforms. But what the uniforms stood for in terms of sudden flaming extinction never seemed to occur to her. And she would work all day on committees to assist the Chinese, the Russians, the Fighting French. Yet the awful predicament of the people for whom she so tirelessly sold tickets and decorated booths never seemed to enter her beautiful head.

Well, she was young, he told himself; and he forgave her, keeping his feelings to himself. He was forty-six years old and he had the patience and self-discipline for his predicament. He carefully avoided all the pitfalls of middle age—the counsels, the anecdotes, the fits of jealousy—and he was painfully and humiliatingly jealous—the inappropriate slang, the exaggerated gallantries. Outwardly he was always gay and sympathetic, amusing and amused. And Ann repaid him with a naïve affection that warmed and at the same time dismayed him, since the last thing in the world he wanted was to be regarded as a kind substitute father. . . .

Mrs. Loring was usually at home when he brought Ann back in the evening, sometimes alone, and sometimes with young Ronnie Harrison. She was invariably gay and hospitable. "Anyone else hungry? I'm simply famished," she would say. Then she would go off to the kitchen to reappear presently with astonishing concoctions of cheese flavored with anchovy and scarlet with paprika, which the major ate with misgivings that were usually justified by morning. But Mrs. Loring's digestion, like everything else about her, seemed indestructible and timeless.

She was living on borrowed youth he sometimes thought. Her attitude toward him was at once easy and alert, and the effect was to make the major stiffen. He was never quite at ease with her. She was neither a girl nor a contemporary and he disliked these ambiguities. There were even times when her cheerful complacency made him dislike Mrs. Loring.

Young Ronnie Harrison was in love with Ann, too. He hung about constantly, watchful and harassed; and Ann treated him abominably, with a mixture of possessiveness and ruthlessness that sometimes shocked the major deeply. But Ronnie submitted almost as helplessly as a child, suffering under the snubs and brightening under the endearments. At times he almost envied Ronnie his moon-calf infatuation. He himself had no illusions about Ann. He saw her quite clearly, with the special detail and enlargement that comes at a certain stage of intoxication. Yet it did him no good. Merely to recognize your condition, he had long ago realized, was no help to sobriety.

SHE telephoned him one evening shortly after dinner. "What are you doing tonight, Gil?"

"What do you want to do?" he asked patiently.

"Oh, I don't care. I'd just as soon go to a show," Ann said.

The major sighed. He had had a difficult day and he had to make an early morning start on a week's inspection tour of the district military camps.

"How about the Hipp?" Ann went on. "They're changing the show there. . . . You don't need to call for me," she added kindly. "I'll meet you inside the lobby at eight."

It was a dull and raucous comedy and the major had a desperate time keeping himself awake. His eyes would close and his head jerk forward. Then he would draw himself together cautiously with a sideways look at Ann, who sat with her gaze on the screen, completely absorbed and utterly unaware of him.

Afterward he was moved to one of his hopeless, half-humorous protests. "The plot kept sending me to sleep and the noise kept waking me up," he said.

They were sitting at the sandwich bar next door to the theater and he could see her in the long mirror that ran behind the bar. She was wearing a tall fur hat like a coachman's hat and her face looked rosy and childish underneath it. She picked up the menu and laid it down again.

"I guess I'll just have coffee and a three-decker chicken sandwich."

The major glanced over the menu. The print swam a little before his eyes and he held it a little further away to read it; when he was with Ann he could never quite bring himself to the sensible middle-aged practice of hooking on his glasses. "Just coffee," he said at last.

"Do you ever have days when absolutely everything goes wrong?" Ann asked, and without waiting for him to reply, went on, "This morning Lorna Reed telephones that she can't get anyone to usher in the Junior Scandals. They all want to be in the show." She sighed, "So I spent practically the whole day telephoning, and then I was late for a date with Ronnie and we had our usual fight. And to make things worse, Kay, the girl who usually does my hair, had to have her afternoon off and the other girl persuaded me to try the new flat-top effect. And now I can't wear a single one of my hats except this old fur wreck."

She stared gloomily into the mirror. Then she turned to her sandwich. He watched her sink her strong little teeth into an enormous section of sandwich and the sight of her young enjoyment and appetite gave him the curious familiar feeling that was part pleasure and part rueful reminder.

She needn't feel too badly, he told her. Ronnie would undoubtedly get over it, and the old fur wreck was remarkably becoming.

Ann smiled at him gratefully. "Anyway, you can see why I simply had to see you," she said.

He drank his coffee and lit a cigarette and then another, waiting for Ann to finish. She was as lovely as ever, he thought, watching her in the long mirror. Nothing about her had changed. And certainly he was fond of her, within reason. But was it enough? he asked himself, picking up the check and reaching into his pocket for change. You should love her without reason to make the thing come off, and this was one of the evenings when the enchantment simply failed to work.

He was preoccupied and silent as they crossed the bridge on the way home. This was the place that had been his undoing, he was thinking. He must have been carrying it about with him for years, with all its ghosts and memories intact, like one of those curious dreams that haunt us with their mood when we have forgotten everything else about them.

They crossed the bridge and passed the big gray house on the corner where he used to go with Matt Elliott to see the girl Matt was so desperately in love with. He had met the girl after the war—still the gay soubrette Matt had talked of—and he hadn't been able to speak to her about Matt, who had been killed in France in 1917.

"I get so furious at Ronnie," Ann was say-

ing. "I don't see why he can't be a little more adult."

He was silent a moment. Then he said with a sharpness he had never before used to Ann. "No, you're wrong, Ann. It's you who aren't adult."

She looked up at him, a little startled. "I? What do you mean?"

"You nag him," the major said. "Why do you want to spoil the little time he has left?"

She pulled her arm away from his. "I don't spoil things. It's Ronnie who spoils them. He's absolutely unreasonable."

"He's in love with you," the major said, "and he's going off to a war with a pretty good chance he may not come back. It isn't a reasonable position. For heaven's sake, Ann, use a little imagination."

He spoke out of weariness and impatience rather than any sense of magnanimity toward Ronnie. And it was no use, he thought; there was no power in words to make her what he wanted her to be—wise, aware and generous-hearted.

"I shouldn't have mentioned it," Ann said in a stiff little voice. "You simply don't understand."

They walked along in silence. And suddenly he realized that Ann was crying. In the light of the street lamp the tears were pouring down her face. "Why, Ann!" he exclaimed. She turned away from him, feeling in her pocket for her handkerchief and he stood looking down at her, wrenched with remorse and all his returning love.

"I'm sorry," he said unhappily. "I guess I had one of those days when things go wrong, too. I didn't mean to hurt you." But she moved away from him.

"I'd simply rather not discuss it," she said in the same stiff voice.

WHEN they reached the apartment Ann walked in ahead of him, with no more gesture of hospitality than to leave the door open behind her. But he followed her in as usual. He was leaving in the morning and couldn't bring himself to part with her without the right reconciling word between them. She waited, still turned away, while he took off his greatcoat. Silent and embarrassed he followed her into the living room.

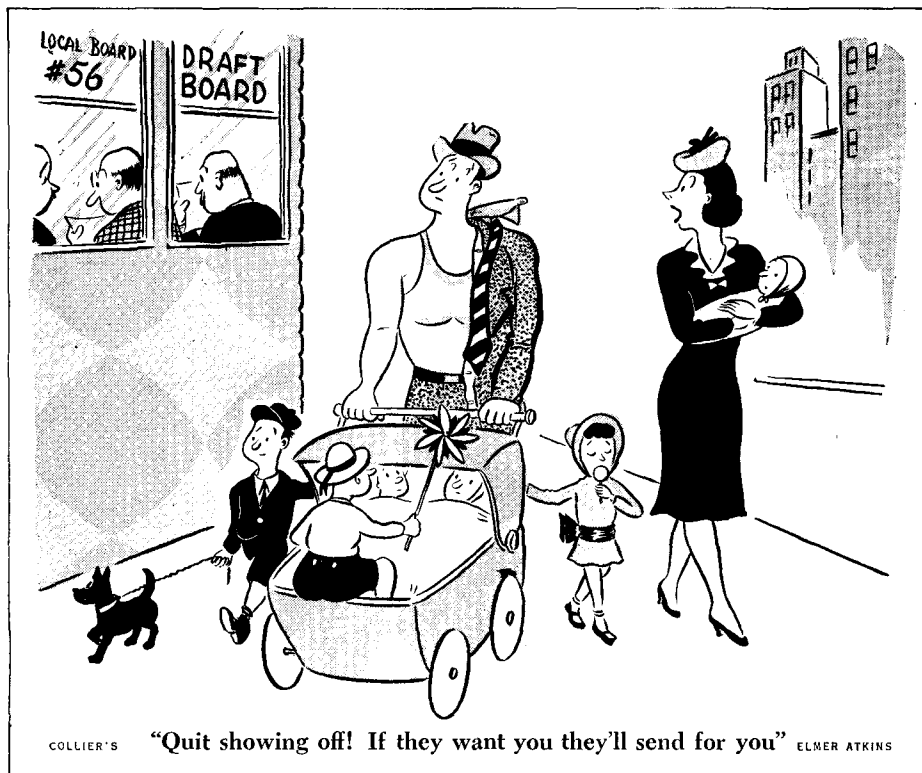
Mrs. Loring was sitting comfortably with her shoes off and her feet tilted up in the opposite chair. She looked up startled when they came in and swung off her reading glasses.

"I must have been asleep," she said. She felt under the sofa for her pumps and slipped them on. "Was it a good show?" she asked.

"Lousy," Ann replied.

"Darling," Mrs. Loring said, "I get so tired of that word."

Ann sat down. "Does everyone have to criticize me?" she asked. She looked, he thought with a pang, like a mutinous, tear-



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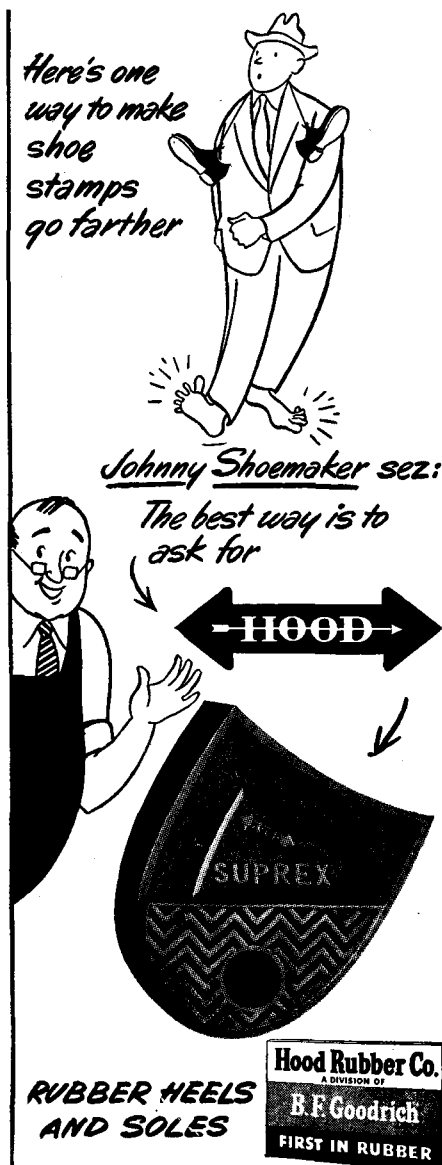


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stained child in the presence of two disapproving adults.

Mrs. Loring glanced quickly from her face to the major's. Then she got up. "Does anyone feel like a cup of coffee?" she asked.

"We had coffee downtown," Ann said, and got up suddenly. "Will you excuse me? I've got rather a headache. I think I'll go to bed."

Their eyes followed her as she crossed the room. Then Mrs. Loring turned to the major and her face wore a look he had never seen there before—disturbed, rueful and oddly defensive. For the first time since he had known her she looked like Ann's mother.

"I'm afraid Ann's been behaving rather badly," she said as the door closed across the hallway.

He shook his head. "It was my fault. I said something to her on the way home that seemed to upset her."

He made a movement to leave, but she said quickly, "No, sit down, Gil. There's something—I'd like to talk to you."

Then she hesitated, frowning a little. He sat watching her curiously. He had never seen her at a disadvantage before and her uncertainty put him suddenly at his ease.

"Was it about Ann?" he asked.

She nodded. Then she said hesitantly, "Gil, wouldn't it be wiser not to—just to give the whole thing up?"

He smiled a little grimly. "I'm afraid wisdom has never had much to do with it."

"No, I suppose not," she answered. She picked up her glasses from the table beside her and swung them around slowly by one flange. That was unlike her, too, he thought. She never fiddled with things. She had always known what to do with her hands. "It isn't easy living with the very young," she said at last.

"Easy!" he said. "It's the seven labors of Hercules rolled into one." And suddenly the irritation of the evening, the accumulated irritations of the long winter exploded into an outburst that was part self-mockery and part desperation. "Look, I don't like movies, but I've been going to them twice and sometimes three times a week. I'm too old to dance but I've learned how. Lord, I've even learned to rumba. And the hours I've had to spend waiting for Ann! In lobbies and at soda bars and even in front of beauty parlors!" He paused, then he rounded up indignantly: "And can you tell me just why she needs to go to beauty parlors twice a week when she always comes out looking exactly the same as when she went in!"

She had been listening to him gravely, but suddenly her face twitched, and she began to laugh. "Oh, Gil, I'm sorry. It's heart-breaking. I know, but it's funny, too." She was shaking with helpless, uncontrollable laughter, but when in spite of himself he joined in, she put up a quick, warning hand. "Careful! She'll hear us!"

SHE got up and, crossing the room softly, closed the door. Then she came back. There was still laughter in her face but it was rueful laughter.

"You've only just begun, Gil," she said. "I've been going around with Ann's crowd ever since she was old enough to drag them in from the street for milk and graham crackers. Only it can't go on forever."

"Why not?" he asked, watching her. "You have always seemed to me to belong to Ann's generation. The first time I came here—"

"Oh, I have a life membership in Ann's generation," Mrs. Loring said, "but I don't belong." She paused and the laughter had quite gone from her face. "I'm forty-two," she stated simply. "Why should I pretend to belong to Ann's generation?"

He considered this for a moment in silence. Then he asked with genuine curiosity, "Then why do you?"

"I can't break up the sister act," she answered with her old flippancy, and added the next instant, "No, that isn't true. I've had a fine time. Only it's been going too long now." She hesitated a moment, then she said resolutely, "You see, as you get older you lose your sense of certainty, and that's the bad time. You're always afraid of fumbling in some absurd way—like tonight when you and Ann came in and caught me as you did. . . . Ann can't bear to have anyone see me wearing glasses."

"It's too bad about Ann," he said indignantly, but she shook her head quickly. "No, it isn't Ann's fault. She just doesn't understand."

He sat watching her soberly. "So this is a warning," he said at last.

She nodded. "This is a warning." And the look on her face, gentle and grave and touched with mockery, was exactly the look he had always wanted to see on Ann's face. He got up, smiling a little awkwardly.

"Thank you," he said. "I'll promise to think it over."

HE WAS away for almost a week—a crowded official week that scarcely left him a moment to think of Ann. But when he came back and found her telephone number waiting for him in his room he felt the absurd, familiar glow of expectancy. The light of my life, thought the major grimly. There was something in the old romantic phrase after all. The catch was that you couldn't control either the dullness or the glow.

Ann answered the telephone. "When did you get back?" she demanded. "Oh, Gil, I want to see you so much."

"Look, Ann, I've just got in," he said. "I haven't even had time to clean up."

"Well, hurry, it won't take you long," she said, her voice sharply impatient.

"All right. I'll be along," he promised, and Ann laughed. "Oh, Gil, I'm so happy!" she exclaimed, and hung up while he still held the receiver to his ear.

But he had been away only a week, he thought, standing disheveled in the center of the room, in his stocking feet, his braces dangling. Surely a week's separation couldn't bring that note into Ann's voice! But if it had, if she really were . . . "Good Lord!" the major said; and every other feeling he might have had was swallowed up in a profound dismay.

"I wanted you to know before anyone else," Ann told him, "because it was you who straightened me out." She went around behind him to help him off with his greatcoat. "I couldn't make up my mind and we

were always quarreling and miserable. And then Ronnie came back on his last leave and it was all suddenly perfectly simple."

He turned around toward her sharply. "When did all this happen?"

"The day before yesterday," Ann said happily; "no invitations, no bridesmaids, no anything. Just Marge and a couple of Ron's fellow officers."

He stood looking at her blankly. So it was all over, the uncertainty, the enchantment, the exasperation. It was over, and all he could honestly feel was a sense of astonishment and relief that he had got off so lightly in the end.

"Come on in," Ann said impatiently and taking him by the hand, led him into the living room.

Ronnie was standing in the center of the room with a woolen scarf about his neck and his fair hair ruffled. The major hesitated a second, then came forward holding out his hand. "My congratulations," he said.

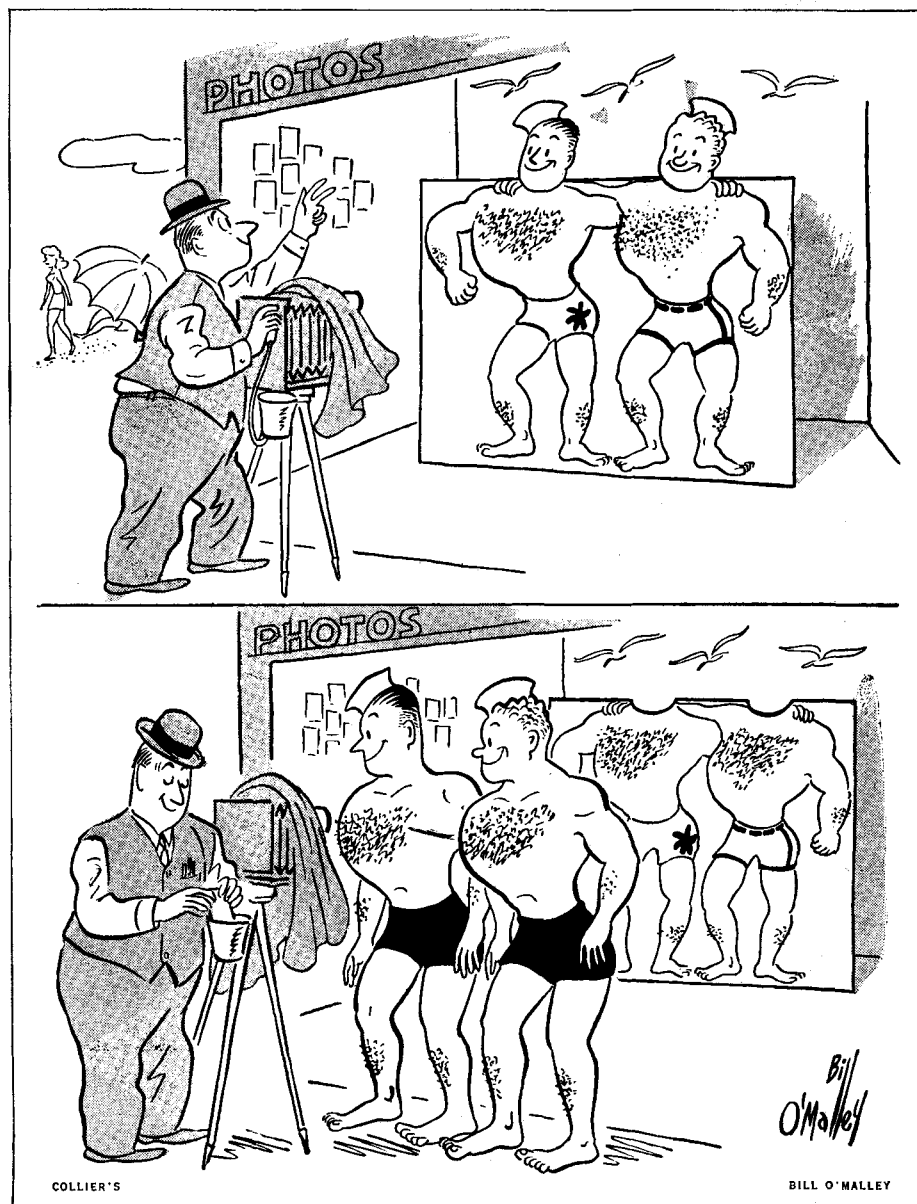
Ronnie took the hand, and triumph struggled in his face with a desperate young embarrassment. "It's your privilege to kiss the bride, sir," he said.

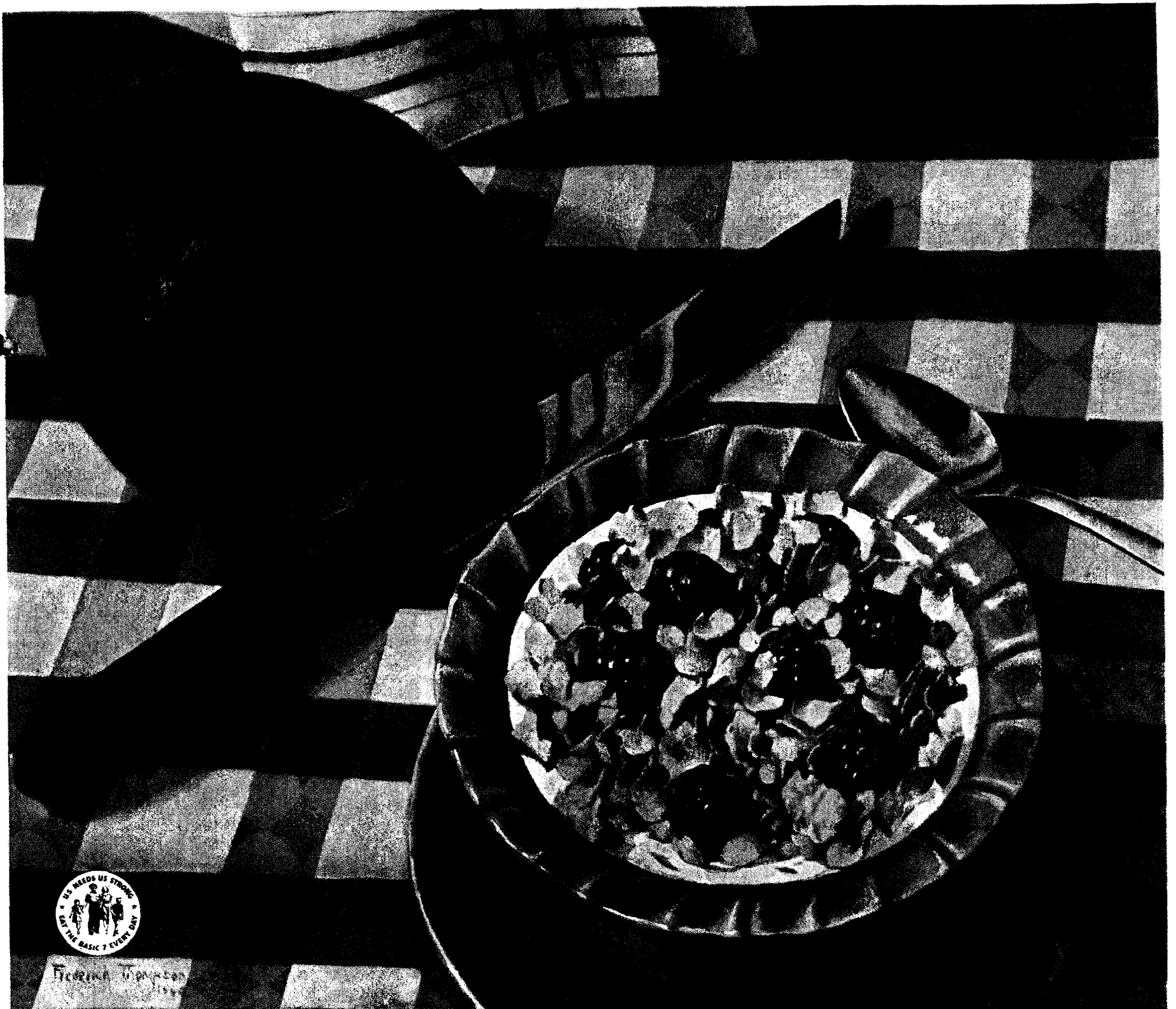
The major stooped to Ann's smooth young cheek. It was the first time he had ever kissed her, but Ann didn't seem to notice. "I feel like an old married woman already," she was saying radiantly, her arm in Ronnie's.

He stood looking at them for a moment, wishing he could tell them how honestly and generously, now at the last, he wished them well. Only there was nothing he could say, he realized rather sadly, that would reach through their obliviousness or add to their happiness. Then the door at the far end of the room opened and Mrs. Loring came in. "Oh, hello there, Gil," she said in the old casual way.

"If you'll excuse me," the major said ceremoniously. He went toward her, and it didn't matter to him now that before he reached the end of the room they would have forgotten him entirely.

THE END





Staff of Life : American Style

FOR centuries people in Europe have looked to coarse "black" bread to bring them the nutritive values of *whole wheat*—man's ancient staff of life.

Here in America people need whole wheat, too. But most of them prefer to get it in crisp, light, golden-toasted flakes—in such a delicious cereal as the dish of Kellogg's Pep you see above, topped with cool milk and fresh fruit.

It has come as a surprise to many breakfast-lovers that any cereal so incredibly good to eat as Pep is actually the equal of the whole, ripe grain in the protective food elements that have been declared essential to human nutrition.

That's a good thing to know next time you stand before your grocer's cereal shelf—or next time the youngsters say: "Let's have Pep for breakfast."

"The Grains are Great Foods"—W.K. Kellogg

So Right for Laura

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

When a guy makes a practice of taking his brother's girls away from him, is he a philanderer or a philanthropist?

LAURA uttered a little squeal of surprise and delight when she opened the door and saw him standing there, and he laughed and quickly put his arms around her. He kissed her, not hungrily as he wanted to, but briefly and affectionately as befitted a prospective sister-in-law; then he glanced around the apartment, looking for his brother.

For a moment she clung to him and then she stepped back, holding his arms and inspecting his face and his infantry captain's uniform and telling him how wonderful it was and why hadn't he let her know.

He said he hadn't known himself. He said he had flown from Pearl Harbor to San Francisco two days ago and hadn't expected to get East so soon. "I got a ride with the Ferry Command this morning," he said. "Where's Steve?"

Laura Chapin walked over to the divan.

"Why—I don't know, Mike," she said. "I stopped at his place," Mike Lambert said, watching her sit down, "and he wasn't there so I figured he'd probably be here at this time of day." He frowned. "What do you mean, you don't know?"

"I mean, I don't know," she said. "I haven't seen him in a week." She stopped and picked lint from the arm of the divan. "As a matter of fact, Steve doesn't come here any more."

He stared at her, bewildered, hearing a cadence too light and brittle for Laura. She laughed and stood up.

"Sit down, Captain. Relax. I've got something for you."

He was still bewildered when she came back and handed him a tall, iced glass.

"Scotch," he said. "You angel."

"I have a little," she said, "that I keep for very special people."

He drank and was happy. "Get your war paint on, baby," he said. "We're stepping out."

"Well—" she hesitated.

"Git!" he ordered. "It's Mike's first night."

She laughed and went out and he sat there with his drink, wondering about his brother. If Steve hadn't been around, it must mean

that Steve had another girl. He lingered over the idea. He examined its various facets and his mind went back a year and a half, to his last leave.

When he first met Laura he hadn't known how she felt about Steve. She was Steve's girl, actually, but Mike thought it was just a question of dates and he managed some dates himself because he hadn't much time and then, one night because he couldn't help himself, he had told Laura that he loved her and he had found out then about Steve. She had been sweet about it. She told him something that he remembered now. He was, next to Steve, her favorite person. She hadn't said it in those words but he knew what she meant, and if she still felt that way there was a chance for him and that was all he ever asked.

HE FINISHED his drink and smoked three cigarettes and finally Laura came out. She stood for a moment, letting him look at her, her red mouth softly smiling. She wore a simple black dress with a filmy yoke and the shortest of sleeves. It made her skin glow and her eyes sparkle and it did something for her neatly rounded figure and her slim sweet legs.

They had dinner at a little place on East Fifty-third and later they had a drink at the D'Arcy bar. After that Mike made inquiries at two other clubs leaving Laura in the cab and saying he wanted to find out if they were crowded but asking instead about Steve. They finally caught up with him at Louie's.

Steve had a table across the dance floor and Laura did not see him at first. Mike felt her falter as they went forward but his hand was on her arm and he kept moving, seeing now the slim blond girl next to his brother. Even sitting down she looked tall and poised and coolly beautiful and Mike could understand a little what had happened.

Steve saw him and jumped up and said, "Mike . . . and Laura," Steve said, finally, only his flush betraying him. "Say, this is great." He turned to the blonde. "This is Mike," he said. "And Laura Chapin—Miss Holden . . . Isabel."

Mike said hello and Isabel Holden gave him a proper smile and put a cool firm hand in his. She nodded to Laura and said wasn't it nice that they had been able to run into Steve. Then they sat down and Steve had to know where Mike had come from and why hadn't he let him know and how long did he have.

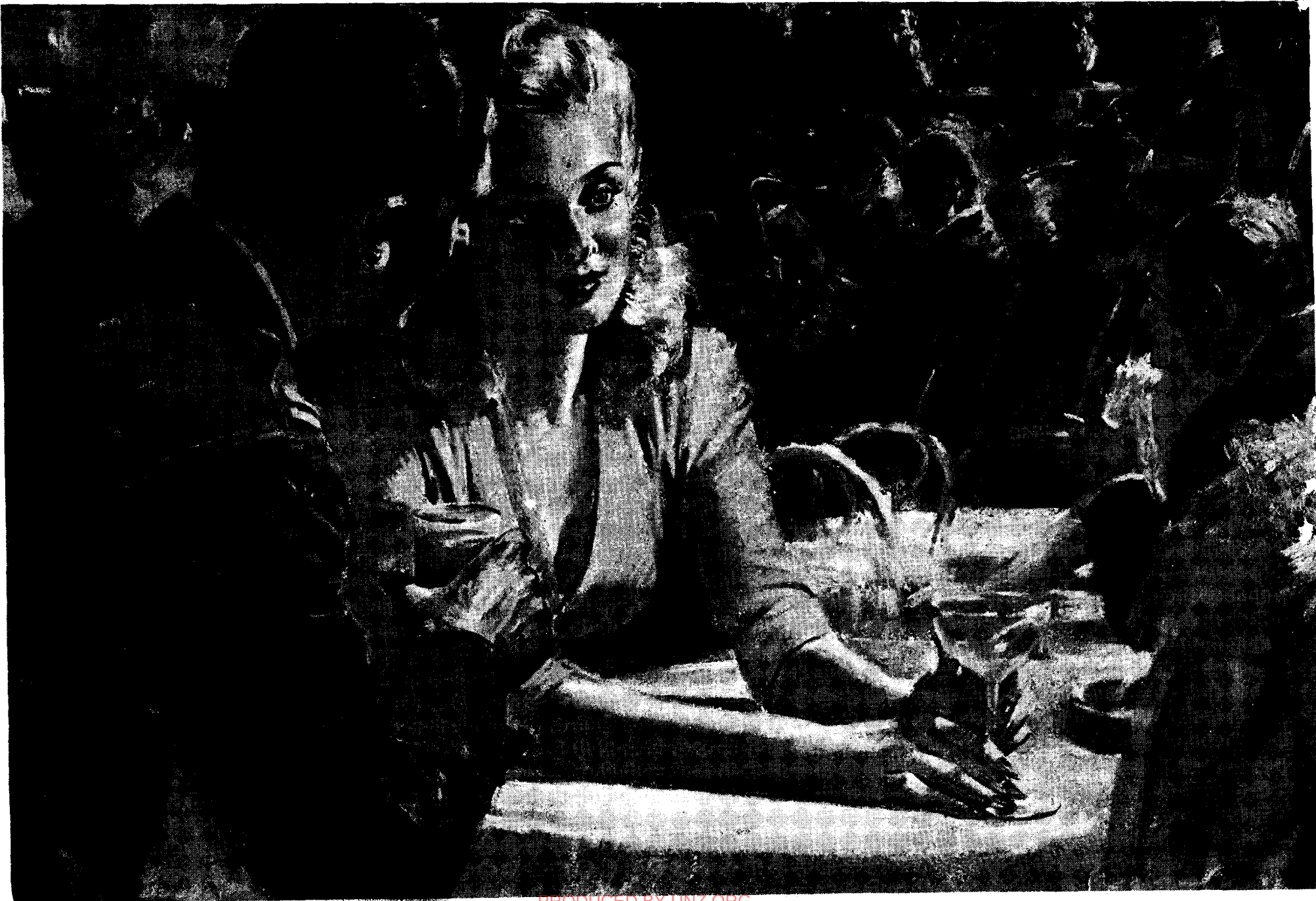
Mike said three weeks and told him the rest as briefly as he could. "I stopped by Laura's, looking for you," he said.

"I'm helping him celebrate," Laura said. "I'd forgotten how much fun it was."

The waiter brought more drinks. Steve wanted to talk some more about Mike but Laura demanded attention. She wanted a cigarette and then a light. Mike eyed her curiously, listening, watching her find people she knew about the room and nod and wave to them. And he did not understand all this sudden brightness and gaiety. The Laura he

(Continued on page 48)

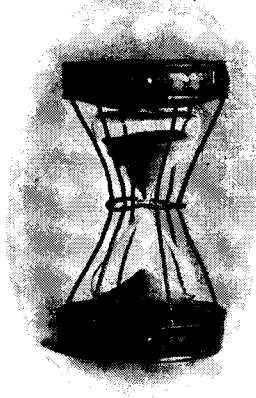
Mike told Isabel about the Aleutians and Kwajalein. Then he switched the talk to Steve. "How come you picked a guy like him?" he asked



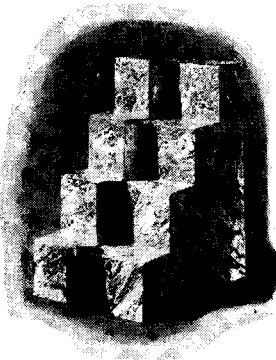
How times have changed!



1
Man's first timepiece was probably a stick or tree, set so it marked the passage of time by the length of its shadow. From this came the sun-dial, which served in various forms for many centuries. There is an amusing record of a Roman poet who complained that his stomach was "a sun-dial, truer and more exact than any of them!"



4
Candles burned unevenly, water-clocks froze in winter, sun-dials had to have sun—so man developed the sand-glass or hour-glass. Its principle is really the same as the water-clock, with fine sand (or mercury) flowing from one bulb to another in a given period of time. A two-minute sand-glass is still used to time the bell that announces a vote in the British House of Commons.



2
Since sun-dials were useless on dull days or at night, some shrewd soul devised a water-clock, based upon the flow of water through an opening. These were of many types. Shown is a replica of a Chinese water-clock, some 3000 years old. Water dripped from one copper jar to another, while a bamboo float in the bottom jar slowly rose to mark the passage of 12 hours.



5
The earliest actual clocks, with gear wheels and weights, seem to date from the 13th century. Spring-driven timekeepers came a couple of centuries later. The first of these were watches called "Nuremberg eggs." Use of a tightly wound spring to drive clocks was the only important development in clock-making for more than 400 years. And spring-driven clocks had to be wound regularly to give time.



3
After the invention of candles, man's ingenuity used them, too, for telling time. They were marked into sections, each of which burned about the same length of time. King Arthur of England is supposed to have improved such a candle-clock by slipping over it a case of horn, scraped thin, to shield the flame from the wind. From such a case, called "lanthorn" in old English, came our word "lantern."

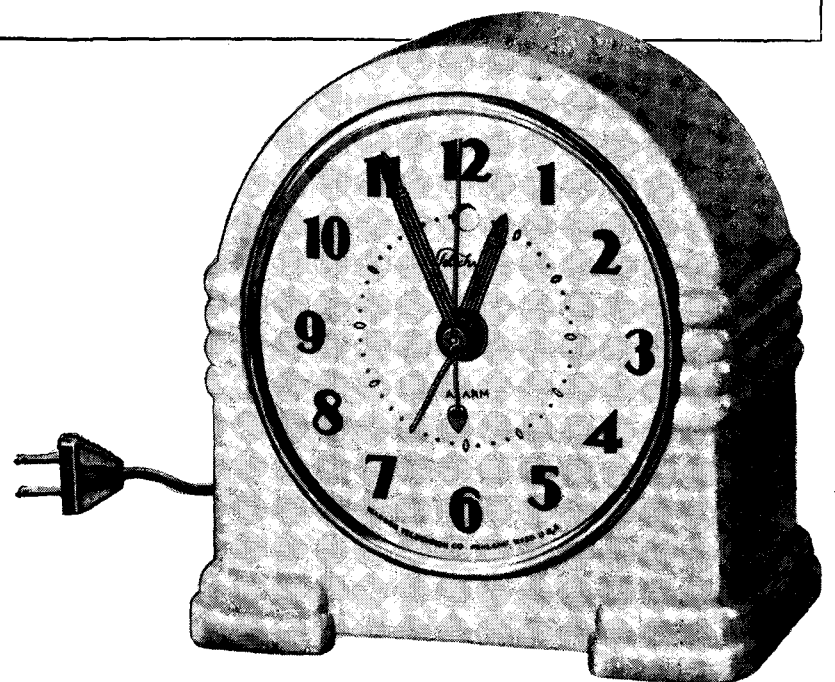
THE MOST MODERN, ACCURATE TIME TODAY IS ELECTRIC

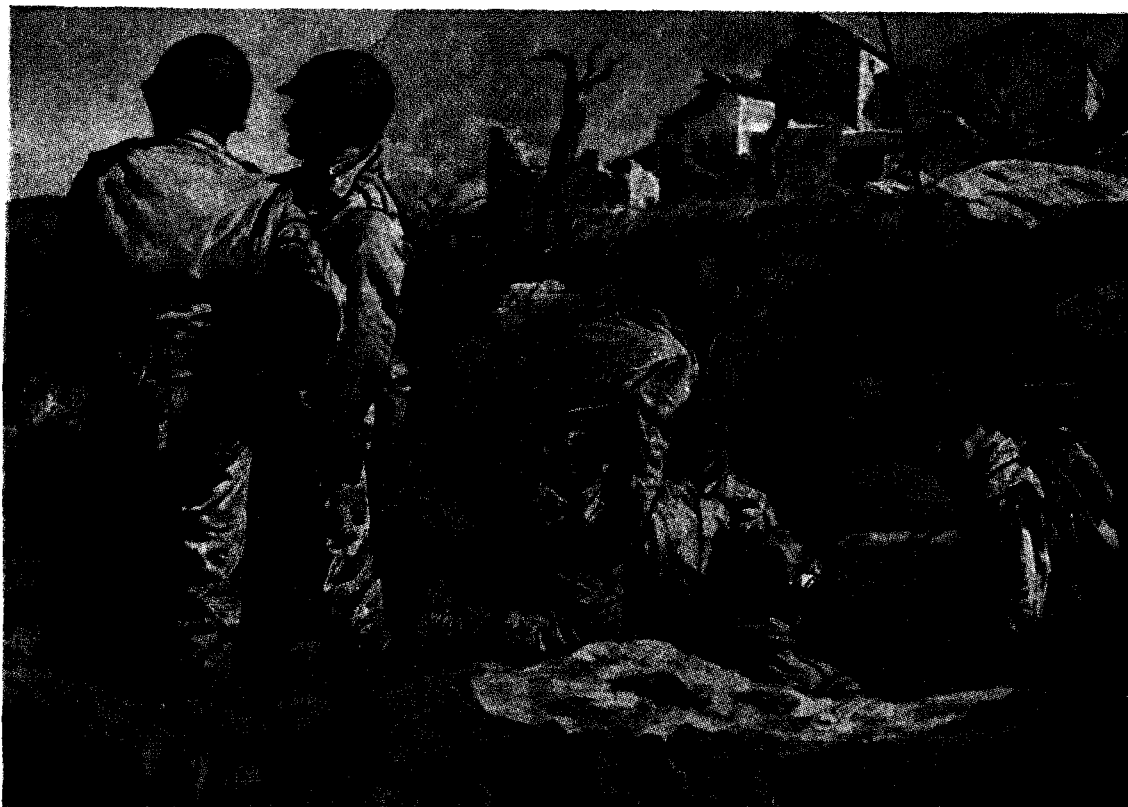
Timekeeping was revolutionized in 1916, with the invention of a clock run by household electricity and regulated by controlled current impulses from the powerhouse. This electric clock was called "Telechron," meaning "time from a distance." It was silent, precise, dependable. No winding, no oiling. Millions were bought by people who needed the right time *all* the time. . . . Today, of course, Telechron is still busy with war work. But handsome *new* Telechron clocks will be back before long to give you a trustworthy, trouble-free timekeeping *system* as modern as your post-war home!

Telechron
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY • ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS
Also Makers of Telechron Synchronous Motors for Industrial Uses

Twelve million Americans need alarm clocks, WPB surveys show. Limited numbers of war model electric alarms are now being made, but the demand is far greater than the supply. If you have an alarm clock that can possibly be repaired, please leave the new clocks for war workers who have none.

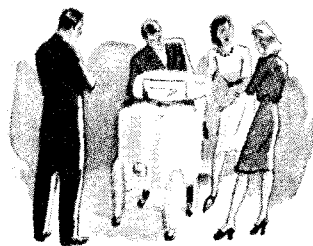
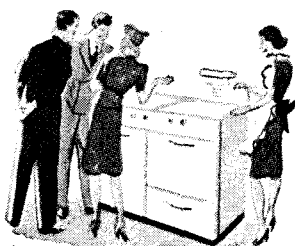
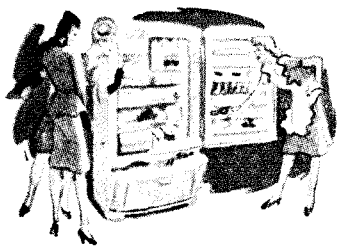




INFANTRY COMMAND POST stands by on hill crest during artillery barrage, waiting for radio orders to move in on enemy-held village below.



REMEMBER when the Crosley Floating Jewel* first brought records to vivid life without surface-scratch, hiss, needle-noise . . . when the Rainbow of Sound brought the world of music into your living room exactly to your tone-taste? Crosley Radios and Radio-Phonographs will be back—better than ever—after the war.



ADD A CROSELY Refrigerator with the **SHELVADOR***, a Crosley Range and Washer to your post-war plans for a more convenient, more comfortable, more enjoyable home life. The Crosley full line of home appliances will be ready as soon as possible after the tasks of war production can be laid aside, when victory is won.

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Over There... This is a war of fast, accurate, reliable communication—and on scores of battle-fronts radio is the all-important sender and receiver of orders. There, quality is more than a point of satisfaction—it is life or death—victory or defeat.

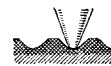
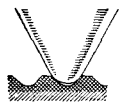
Today, every whit of Crosley engineering skill . . . every bit of Crosley production facilities are bent to the sober and exacting job of putting the finest radio equipment that can be made into the hands of our fighters.

Over Here... When Victory turns American progress to peaceful ends again, civilian radio will offer the many and amazing advances of its wartime experience.

From your own radio-phonograph will surge a new purity and beauty of sound never before deemed possible. You will know and appreciate such Crosley inventions as—

The Floating Jewel*, the patented and exclusive Crosley Tone System which makes the most of every phonograph record, new and old.

This permanent sapphire point takes its tone impulses from the sides of the groove which are untouched by the old-fashioned sharp-pointed needles.



The result is virtual elimination of hissing and chatter. Goodbye, surface scratch! Needle-noise, Goodbye! And Goodbye to the bother of changing needles!

Master Tone Control, another Crosley development, brings to your fingertips complete tone control of whatever you are hearing—either radio or phonograph. You have sixty-four different tone combinations, easily selected to bring the most pleasure to your ears.

The Crosley Floating Jewel* and the Master Tone Control combine to bring you music and speech just as you like best to hear them—the Crosley “*Rainbow of Sound*.”

Naturally when again you can buy a new radio or radio-phonograph you will seek the additional enjoyment which is assuredly yours—by saying “The Crosley for me!”

CROSELY

THE CROSELY CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Peacetime Manufacturers of Radios, Refrigerators, Household Appliances and the Crosley Car. Home of WLW “The Nation’s Station”.

Corsair—Win, Place or Show

Continued from page 13

was still remembered as a great gentleman jockey. He had won the Maryland Cup three times, and he would never ride again. Even after eight years he raged at the senselessness of it. A jam at the water jump, a careening riderless horse, a tangle of men and horses.

Jan said, "You forget it."

"Sure." Lingo knew the word was a lie. The memory that plagued him most was that he had done nothing wrong. As his horse went down, he had kicked loose and fallen clear as a good rider should. He never saw the horse that struck him, the one they found him under, pinned and unconscious.

"There isn't much time, Lingo. You'd better hurry."

Lingo nodded and limped toward the betting windows. He resented the way Jan gambled; it was reckless, unplanned. Too many ifs. Dividing the bills into three piles, Lingo recognized that money was one of the strongest reasons for killing Jan. He said: "On Solitaire."

"Si, señor," said the Mexican teller. "Solitaire."

"Across the board," said Lingo. "Win, place and show." He took the tickets with a feeling of satisfaction. It was a safer bet.

WHEN Solitaire ran third, Lingo made no comment. Jan, hoarse from yelling, turned swiftly toward him. "Lingo," she accused, "you knew!"

He shook his head. "A bad start, and then he was blocked in that pocket. Just the breaks." Jan could afford to lose, and he ignored her disappointment. Now that his decision was made, it didn't matter. Besides he knew her mood would soon be over. The horses were hers and therefore she expected them to win. What else could you expect of Hood Elliot's daughter? And yet if they didn't—it was of no immediate consequence to Jan. There were always other races to be won, and only her pride was hurt.

He turned toward her now, watching her closely. She shrugged, and smiled ruefully, accepting his explanation.

"Well, I guess it couldn't be helped," she said. "We might as well leave now." Then she rose and began to walk from the box, her thin shoulders held straight and a little stiffly.

Lingo Crale frowned as he moved to follow her. Her nonchalance, her light dismissal of loss was infuriating to him. He knew what

it meant to fight to win, and he knew too that he was better bred than the Hood Elliots, and stronger. Lingo's father had been forced to sell his Maryland acres—land that had been held by Crales since Lord Baltimore's time, and Lingo had turned to riding other men's horses only from necessity. Soon he would have Hood Elliot's horses—not because he was Jan's husband, but because he would be her heir. His mouth slit into a smile and he hurried after his wife.

At dinner in the hotel grill, Jan was very gay. They were leaving Caliente the next morning, and she insisted on celebrating. It was the only meeting they had been to that year and two of their three entries had won.

"It's like old times, Lingo."

"With a stable of three?" asked Lingo.

Jan made a face. "I tried to get you to bring more."

Lingo shrugged. "No gas. We couldn't even have brought the three if we hadn't been delivering remounts for the cavalry. Lucky for us Camp Lockett's near the border and isn't completely mechanized yet."

"I know," Jan grinned. "A little makes you want more. You miss the old circuit, don't you, Lingo? Havre de Grasse. Pimlico. Saratoga. Hialeah..."

"I even miss Santa Anita," said Lingo. "And that was practically around the corner for us."

"Me, too."

Lingo looked at his wife. She had not bored him quite so much when they had been able to tour from track to track, from one meeting after another. The war had ended that. And instead of the excitement of training and racing the Elliot Stable's string, Lingo had settled into the dull routine of Rancho Yucca. As one white California day succeeded another, Jan got on his nerves. It was nothing that she herself did, but the days were as alike as calling cards. He lived well, worked hard, had never felt better. He hated it, conscious always of the fact that all this belonged not to him but to his wife.

"—and then in summer go east for Saratoga," Jan was talking. "You'd like that. We could spend more time in New York. Take in all the shows." She was leaning forward, gazing at him earnestly.

"No," said Lingo. "I can't leave the ranch."

"But, Lingo, it would be a vacation."

"No," said Lingo. He wouldn't go East to

stand around at the tracks with his hands in his pockets. He knew what he wanted to do. What he had to do. He had known since the ninth race that afternoon.

Jan said: "You're funny tonight."

The tender note in her voice pricked him into instant wariness. "Funny?" he asked.

"Quiet. Like when we first met."

Lingo grinned. Maybe Jan was right. The thing that he'd decided that afternoon might have started that other afternoon when they'd met. He had gone to the cocktail party late and hardly noticed Jan when introduced. A slim girl with wide shoulders, and long straight legs, one among many tall, smooth girls at the party. He'd not been impressed.

"Remember?" Jan was grinning too. She reached a hand across the table and twined her fingers in his. Jan would never forget her first sight of Lingo, pale and gaunt, hobbling on his cane. He was fresh from the hospital, still taut with the memory of pain, and his smile brought a lump to Jan's throat. She wanted to comfort this man.

"You chased me shamelessly, you hussy."

"Of course."

Of course. She was Hood Elliot's daughter and used to getting anything she wanted. Lingo Crale kept meeting her wherever he went. She knew horses and talked them well. The third time they met, Lingo saw her hatless and was startled to learn that her hair was the color of a chestnut mane. And when Lingo kissed her, holding her with those long horseman's hands, Jan found how quickly tenderness can flare into passion.

Lingo Crale closed his fingers about his wife's hands and squeezed. He did it deliberately, sure of his power. He smiled at the brightness of Jan's eyes. He said: "Jan."

"Yes?"

"Don't worry if I'm quiet," said Lingo. "I've a lot on my mind, darling."

"Solitaire?"

"Other things, too." The other things were more important than a horse. Lingo knew he was going to kill Jan, but he had not yet decided how or when.

AS THEY drove north the following morning Lingo still did not know how. He had thought about it, lying awake in the dark, smoking. Several times he had planned and rejected. Lingo had no intention of being caught. Jan's death must be a sure thing.

Once across the border Lingo swung the car toward the old highway along the sea, El Camino Real. He drove as he had once ridden, hands easy but firm on the wheel, eyes watchful, always in control.

Jan, huddled in her corner of the front seat, only began to wake up when the ocean appeared. She sniffed and said, "The sea smells good."

After one glance at the ocean, Lingo Crale watched the road. There were high brown bluffs on one side, and that flat blue expanse on the other. Swinging out from behind a truck, he saw another car coming toward them. He judged the distance, stepped on the accelerator. The big car surged forward, weaved in front of the truck and swept on. Lingo let the car settle back into its former steady speed.

"Neat," said Jan.

"Thanks," said Lingo. He was thinking. A sudden turn, not here on the straightaway, but on some hairpin mountain bend might do it. If he was ready for it, and Jan wasn't. He rejected the thought. Too chancy.

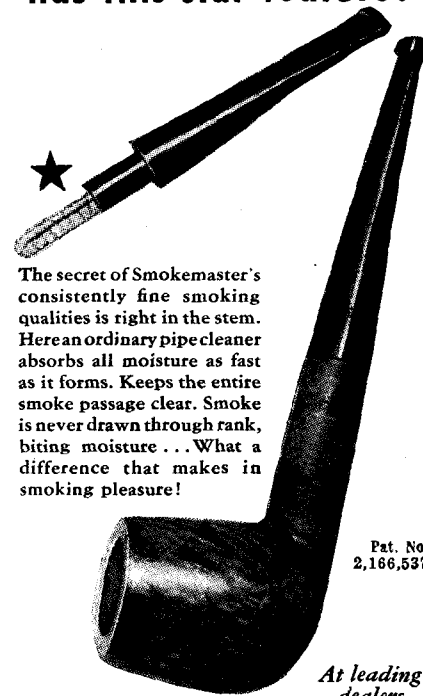
Jan leaned forward and snapped on the radio. Without waiting for the tubes to warm up, she began punching the buttons for the various stations. Her fingers skipped along the row of buttons, jabbing nervously, without system.

No patience, thought Lingo. The metallic clicking of the radio dial annoyed him. His lips tightened.

The voice of a commentator blared forth with the already stale morning news and, with a click, changed to a whining woman. Words, phrases, voices were poked in and out of the car with grating abruptness.

At each change Lingo winced. He gripped

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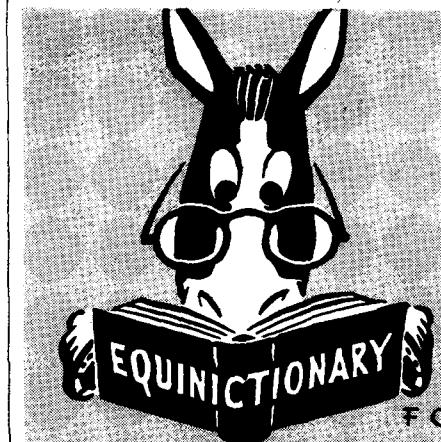
BUTCH

by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



"Could I borrow it? My bag's too small for the loot I got"

Collier's for September 16, 1944



IT'S PLAIN horse sense

Those unsightly flecks are a business and social handicap. Banish loose dandruff completely... relieve unpleasant scalp itching and keep your hair lustrous and easy to groom by massaging daily with

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for Loose Dandruff

at all drug stores and barber shops



After the war you can fly to thousands of towns and resorts in your Piper Cub . . . with utmost safety and economy. Your pleasure trips will be full of fun—your business trips fast and enjoyable. Then every wide-awake community will have landing facilities.



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"We worked out a code. If he calls me 'Dearest' that means he's in England or Australia or Africa or New Guinea, or someplace like that"

COLLIER'S

MARTIN GARRITY

the wheel so hard that his knuckles were white. For a moment he had to fight back the rage shaking through him. He hated Jan. She always tuned a radio the same way, and he hated her for it.

Jan snapped the switch off. The silence was like a blow.

"Thanks," said Lingo. He hated that word too, and the number of times he said it a day—a year—six years.

"No music," Jan shrugged. She began to talk about the ranch and the horses.

THERE was little traffic and they made good time. Lingo let Jan talk, answering briefly. It did no harm to let her think her suggestions were important; they both knew he ran the ranch. Lingo wasn't even listening when she mentioned the new exercise boy. Jan had to repeat the name.

"Jose. I don't think much of him." Lingo said: "Jose's all right. For a kid."

"He can't handle Corsair." "Who can? That horse is poison."

Jan laughed. "I could ride him." "The kid should never have tried him. Corsair's only half broken and—"

"Nonsense. I could ride him." "You stay off that horse," said Lingo, automatically. "He's too wicked for any woman." He was serious.

"I'm not any woman, Lingo! I never saw the horse I couldn't ride!"

"Look, we have twenty horses you can ride—why pick out Corsair?"

"Because I want to!" Jan was almost pleading, but now a stubborn, proud note rose in her voice. "I can handle him."

Lingo looked at her. Her chin was set. "Don't be a fool," said Lingo. "Do you want to break your—"

He stopped the sentence, his mouth open.

Jan laughed and slid her arm through his. "Oh, Lingo, stop worrying. I'll break the horse, and that's all I'll break! I know I can ride Corsair! And I'm going to! I'll show you! I've been riding since I was six!"

Suddenly she sat up straight. "Lingo. You're speeding."

"Oh?" Lingo realized suddenly that he had pressed the accelerator to the floor and the speedometer needle was creeping up toward seventy. He eased the car back to its former speed. "Sorry," he said, but the grin that flashed at Jan was completely joyous.

Jan's self-assurance on a horse had always been a little dangerous. But now he knew how. Jan herself had told him how.

"You needn't grin," Jan said. "I'll prove to you that I can ride Corsair."

"We'll see." Lingo was deliberately casual. He watched her eyebrows rise. "We'll see," he repeated.

"Okay!"

The word crackled. Got her, sang Lingo

to himself. Got her! Hook, line and sinker! Her own stubbornness will kill her! That thing she got from old Hood will never give in—will cost her life. Pride goeth before a fall. And Jan's pride as a horseman wouldn't believe that a fall from some horses was fatal.

That was how she would die. When did not matter. The horse Corsair would settle that. Lingo could handle horses.

North of La Jolla they turned inland again. The road twisted its way through the brown hills that looked on the sea, then curved down into the valley beyond. Lingo drove silently as the orchards on either side slipped past like so many matched boxes on a conveyor belt. Even the mountains, etched so clearly against the sky, seemed unreal—paper cutouts that drew no nearer in spite of their speed. Then, suddenly, they were close, shifting dimension almost visibly, changing from flatness to slope, and hill, and hollow.

Barbed-wire fences bordered the road now, and a group of horses, grazing, raised heads at the sound of the motor. A mounted man, walking his horse, waved his hat as they passed.

Jan was sitting forward eagerly. "There it is," she said.

"It always has been," said Lingo. But he glanced ahead at the white buildings of Rancho Yucca. The drive had been an interlude and he was glad it was over. He took in the whole scene with satisfaction. The sprawling, one-storied main house, with its white walls and red-tiled roof; the outbuildings huddled around it. The ranch nestled into a hill, a slope dotted with the yucca that made its name obvious. Lingo could see a corner of the stables jutting out from behind the shoulder of the hill, and the white fence rails, like chalk lines on the brown turf, that marked the turn of the track. This was the arena. This was where he would goad a horse to kill.

LINGO spent the afternoon at the stables. He checked on routine, he visited a sick mare, he spent twenty minutes handling a bowed tendon that the vet had already treated. Stablemen chatted, nodded at their orders, went away. It was not until late in the afternoon when there was no one around that he sauntered toward Corsair's stall.

The big roan watched his approach. Corsair had wicked eyes, and he rolled them at Lingo. The horse's nose hung low over the stall gate, and when Lingo stepped closer, Corsair's head swung suddenly, teeth bared.

Lingo slapped the wide nostrils. "Back," he said.

Corsair withdrew into the shadows of his stall. His eyes, white in the gloom, glared.

An ugly customer, thought Lingo. A mean devil.

Lighting a cigarette, Lingo stared thoughtfully at the roan. He had never used his trick to enrage a horse, only to correct, or soothe, or urge to greater speed. But he had heard tales of Irish gipsies with his strange gift of power over horses—a power to tame or make wild.

He blew smoke into the stall, and Corsair shied.

Lingo leaned against the door, still watching Corsair, and began to whisper. He summoned all his rage and hatred and boredom. The whisper was wordless, a string of sounds, but the voice shook with evil.

Corsair's head tossed; he whinnied, shrill and frightened.

Through clenched teeth Lingo spoke to the horse again.

Corsair reared then, his hoofs thudding against the stall. He hurled himself at the door, eyes wild, teeth and mouth widened to bite.

Lingo stepped back. The door of the stall shivered under the impact. Lingo smiled and kept whispering.

The big roan whirled, his heels lashed against wood. Again and again he kicked. His whinny was more like a whimper now, a sob of rage, and his mouth was flecked with foam.

Lingo turned and walked away. He was still smiling. "Can do," he said aloud. "Can do." In spite of his limp he swaggered a bit. But he checked it when his foreman came out of the tack room and looked down the long street between the stables, frowning. Corsair was still making noise. The man waited for Lingo to come close. "What's the matter with Corsair?" he asked.

"Temper," said Lingo, shrugging.

A nod accepted the statement. The man pushed his hat off his forehead and swore. "We're wasting time and money on that horse, Mr. Crale. What do we keep him for?"

Lingo picked his words carefully: "Sentiment. He was born on the place. And he's got Gambler blood. You know how Mrs. Crale feels about Gambler's colts."

"Gambler was a champion," said the foreman. "But Corsair's just a hay-burner. We can't race him! We can't even train him! And the Army wouldn't have him as a gift!" He scowled over Lingo's shoulder at the noise.

"You know how women are," said Lingo. He left it at that, changing the subject. The other would remember when the time came.

Over the dinner table that evening Lingo repeated his foreman's remark. He brought it out casually, in front of the maid. He didn't look at Jan, but he heard her put down her fork.

"That's ridiculous. Corsair can be ridden," she said.

"Sure. Sometimes."

"I'll ride him regularly!"

"I'd wait a while, Jan. Maybe—"

"I'll ride him tomorrow. You'll see."

Lingo bent over his plate to hide his eyes. He was afraid the triumph he felt might show.

Lingo was out early the next morning. He liked that part of the day best—the workouts, the bustle as the stable came awake, and busy. A time trial in those first chill hours of dawn was the same no matter where it was held. It was the one thing that had never changed. Lingo sat on a fence rail, stopwatch in hand, and studied his horses. In the still air the voices of the exercise boys and the slapping of hoofs sounded clearly. The foreman leaned on the fence close by, his chin on his crossed arms.

FAR off down the track a rider shouted. The foreman turned his head, glanced at the watch nestling in his palm. Lingo raised an arm, brought it down. As the horse moved both watches clicked.

Neither man spoke until the watches clicked again. The foreman said: "That colt's coming along all right."

Lingo grunted. He slipped his watch into his pocket. He was counting the men and horses on the track. The stables were nearly deserted. Lingo lit a cigarette and climbed down from the fence. "Cool him, and check his shoes," he said. "I'll be back, and we'll try him at the distance."

Limping toward the stables, Lingo looked back. The foreman was beckoning; the boy on the colt was turning him. The sun was already warm through Lingo's sweater, but he didn't hurry. Jan wouldn't be up for hours. There was no need for hurry.

Once more Lingo talked to Corsair. The results satisfied him. When he turned from the stall, the roan's eyes were glazed with fury.

Waiting was the hardest part, but he kept busy, hiding his impatience while he worked. He supervised groomings, checked feed, gave orders. It was after eleven when the summons came. Lingo was sure it would come. He knew his foreman, and he knew Jan. When the Mexican boy told him they wanted him, he nodded, not smiling.

Lingo found them arguing in front of the tack room. One glance told Lingo all he wanted to know. Jan was calmly superior; the foreman's frown was disapproving. The man swung toward Lingo with relief.

"She wants to ride Corsair."

"Saddle him," said Jan.

"Now, Jan," Lingo said, using the tone of

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a patient husband. "I wish you'd forget this crazy idea. Corsair's been acting up."

"That's right." The foreman's agreement was quick.

"Well," Jan said, "that means it's out of his system, doesn't it?"

"Jan, listen. You never know what that horse will do. Won't you take our word for it? After all, we both know what we're talking about."

"And I don't."

"I didn't say that. But you're just being stubborn."

The foreman blew his breath out, a snort more forceful than the words he wouldn't say.

Jan flushed. "I'm riding Corsair," she said quietly.

Lingo patted her arm. "Maybe some other day," he said. His smile was smug. He saw Jan's mouth tighten and played his ace before she could speak. He said to the foreman, "Bring out Sepoy for her."

"Lingo, I don't want Sepoy!" Jan's voice rose. She whirled, stamped into the tack room and yanked a bridle from its peg. She said, "I'll saddle Corsair myself if none of you will help me."

The foreman looked at Lingo. "All right, Jan," said Lingo. He turned his hands palms up. The foreman muttered an oath and began shouting for the stable boys.

IT TOOK four men to saddle Corsair. The big roan was wild, but he seemed glad to be out of the stall. Two handlers stood at his nose, each gripping the bridle firmly. Lingo limped forward to give Jan a hand up. "The exercise ring," he said.

"All right," said Jan. She put a toe in Lingo's hand and swung into the saddle. Corsair tried dancing away, but the foreman shoved him back. They were all being very careful.

They ran Corsair to the ring, moving him fast, never letting him get set. When the gate swung open he tried to break loose, but the men at the bridle were watchful. They led him inside, let go and backed away.

Lingo shut the gate himself. The bar didn't slip into its socket and he had to punch it home. He leaned on the fence, staring. He didn't expect the accident to happen on this first trial, but he wanted to study horse and rider.

Corsair stood still, at first, tossing his head several times as if to make sure it was free. Jan tightened her hold on the reins, and the roan swung his head back to bite. She jerked the reins and clapped her heels against his sides.

"Hup!" cried Jan.

The roan bounded forward, and Jan instantly pulled him in. Corsair wheeled, puzzled. Jan quieted him. When he was perfectly still, her heels again rammed his sides. Corsair started, and again Jan stopped him after two strides.

Lingo nodded. She was trying to show the horse that she was boss. Jan rode well, easy in the saddle, and cool. But a refrain beat like a pulse in Lingo's head. I could show her, he thought. I could show her. If I could ride again I'd show her. He had never tolerated a jockey who had his own ideas about riding. He hated them. And when it came to horses, Jan took orders from no one.

Jan was finally letting Corsair out. The big roan galloped, gathering speed. He circled the ring effortlessly, turning as the fence turned. Each time he passed the gate Corsair rolled his eyes at the men outside, but Jan, intent, kept him working.

I hate them both, thought Lingo. His cigarette tasted hot and bitter on his tongue. He spat it out. But he waited until Jan and Corsair came around again before he took out his handkerchief. He blew his nose.

Corsair noticed the flutter of white. He shied, leaping sideways like a cat, then reared, and pivoted on his hind hoofs. Jan used her crop, slapping it across his neck, trying to drive the forefeet down.

As Corsair's pawing hoofs came down, Lingo made a clucking noise in his throat. The roan's ears flattened, and he landed stiff legged and bucked twice. The sudden violence of it nearly unseated Jan. Corsair charged the fence, legs driving hard. Just when a crash seemed certain, the horse

swerved sharply, but Jan was ready, and stayed with him. Grim-faced, her lipstick like a red scratch, she was using all her strength.

Abruptly, Corsair quit. He stood still, trembling, breathing with great sucking gulps.

"Enough," said Lingo.

The foreman swore with relief. The others were through the fence and around Corsair before Jan could straighten in the saddle.

She tried to argue with them, but Lingo waved her down. She flung her crop at the fence, slid off the horse, and ran forward.

Lingo let her come right to the gate. He opened it for her, and spoke first. "Satisfied?" he asked.

Jan was panting. There was a smudge across one cheek, and her hair was wild. Her face was wet and shining.

"I tried to tell you," said Lingo.

"I was riding him," said Jan. Her voice was tight. "I rode him to a standstill."

"One ride doesn't mean anything."

Jan said, "Something frightened him. Just before you chirped at him."

Lingo stiffened. She had noticed that. He wet his lips, but his reply was ready, unworried: "I tried the lingo on him. Thought it might quiet him down. No dice." He looked past Jan at the roan and shook his head.

"I'm sure something frightened him," repeated Jan.

"All right. If he's that jumpy you'd better scratch the whole idea." He waited, sure of her reaction, but anxious. Jan was stubborn but no rider liked a mean horse. And Corsair had a mean streak, even when left alone.

"No," Jan said. "I'll bring him all the way! I'll break him right if it kills both of us!"

The words hit Lingo like a blow. He'd been so careful not to utter them, that they seemed to echo across the hills. His eyes shifted, glancing quickly at the men. They weren't even listening, and Lingo relaxed. Then he saw that Jan was staring at him, and knew his face had shown something. He said, "If that's the way you feel, I'll quit arguing. But you'll find out you're wrong."

"Oh, no, I won't," said Jan.

But her eyes were still surprised, and Lingo put his arm around her. "Lunch time," he said, turning her toward the house. She walked too fast for his limp, and his fingers tightened on her shoulder. Jan slowed instantly.

"Sorry," she said. Her arm went around his waist.

Lingo grinned. The old hands, he thought. When the tongue can't rule them, the hands will. He was confident again, ashamed of his moment of panic. They walked the rest of the way with their arms about each other.

Twice during lunch, Lingo caught Jan gazing at him, a thoughtful gaze. It didn't worry him. She might suspect; she'd never admit it. He was her husband as Corsair was her horse. Failure with either was defeat. But she kept looking at Lingo.

GOING back to the stables, Lingo went straight to Corsair's stall. He didn't want the big roan to settle down. He found Corsair quiet in a corner. At the first sound of Lingo's crooning whisper the horse jumped as if spurred. Half a minute later Corsair was a whirling bundle of rage, smashing his heels against each wall in turn.

That afternoon Lingo measured Corsair for racing blinders. Half a dozen men were needed to help when he tried the hood on the horse's nose. One groom lost a sleeve and some skin to Corsair's teeth.

The foreman didn't think the blinders would help. Lingo said: "They helped Whirlaway."

"He ain't Whirlaway!"

"You saw what happened this morning," Lingo said. "I want Mrs. Crale to have all the help she can get. These might keep him from shying."

"It's an idea," said the foreman.

Jan came into the tack room while Lingo was working on the blinders. She was pleased when he told her.

"You said something frightened him. But with these on there's not half the chance."

"Swell," said Jan.

But she stayed with him, talking. Lingo paid no attention. There was time. There

was a lot of time. He was amused at her watching him. Corsair didn't need another treatment before morning. And in his hands, smelling of him, was something the roan hated. Lingo had talked to Corsair while the mask was fitted. To the horse the blinders went with the whisper.

Lingo Crale worked hard that evening. There was no sense in taking any chances, and he put a lot of effort into removing the worried frown from his wife's forehead. There was no telling how many days it would take Corsair to find his chance to kill. Lingo wanted Jan's suspicions scotched now. He had no doubt of the final result.

"Gin," said Jan, putting down her rummy hand. She laughed and reached for the score pad.

Lingo made a face. He said, "Thirty." She liked to win, and he was letting her, and being careful about it. He watched her while he shuffled the cards, dealt.

Corsair would kill her. Jan was good all right, but no rider was good enough to pit his skill constantly against a horse keyed to a murderous pitch. Lingo would see that Corsair stayed at that pitch. The big roan hated everyone now. And the first slip Jan made it was over. Even if by some chance she escaped death, she'd never ride again.

Lingo laughed at that thought, out loud.

Jan raised her eyebrows. "A good hand?"

"Yes," said Lingo. "This time I'd say I held cards."

IN THE bright sunshine of morning Lingo still thought so. He watched his horses with plans for the future, the future when they'd be his. But he made sure everyone was busy before he went to talk to Corsair.

The big roan was backing away from the hated voice when Lingo heard Jan behind him.

"Lingo!"

His back muscles tensed. He had left her asleep. Not turning, he said: "Morning, Jan."

"What are you doing?"

Lingo turned then and saw her standing, tall and thin in her riding clothes, her dark red hair neatly tucked into a net. "Talking to Corsair," he said.

Her face was puzzled. "Why?"

"Trying to calm him down for you."

Jan looked at the empty stables, looked at Corsair. "You—you're upsetting him."

"It never upset the others."

"No, but—"

In Jan's face Lingo could see worry, suspicion, doubt. There was fear there, too, and he struck at that.

"What brought you out so early, Jan? Too

nervous to sleep?" Lingo's voice hesitated before he said nervous.

Jan slapped her crop against her boot. "I woke up, that's all!"

Lingo smiled. "Look," he said. "I was only trying to help. If you don't feel up to it, we can let the ride go for today."

"I'll ride him!" Jan blazed out at him, her chin thrust forward.

"Okay. And as long as you think I'm bad for Corsair, I won't even go near the ring." He chuckled silently at Jan's look of relief. Today he didn't have to go near the ring. The hood would take his place. He shouted for the foreman.

Lingo put the blinders on Corsair himself, the horse fighting every movement. Just to be sure, Lingo handled the bridle, too, and slipped the bit into the roan's mouth.

Jan checked everything: Girth, blanket, bridle, reins.

"All right?" asked Lingo.

"All right. I'll mount in the ring when he's quieter."

"Good luck," called Lingo as they moved away.

Jan said: "Thanks."

Lingo sat on a bucket and watched them disappear around the corner of the stable. He lit a cigarette and leaned back against the wall. He inhaled the smoke with pleasure.

The cigarette was almost finished when he heard the shout. Lingo's head lifted, he listened. So soon? There was more shouting. Looking toward the corner that hid the exercise ring, Lingo Crale, smiling, reached into his pocket for a second cigarette.

A man suddenly burst around the corner, running wildly, yelling: "Corsair! Lookout! He's loose!"

Lingo froze. He thought of the bar to the ring gate, the bar that didn't fit. Then, with a quick clatter of hoofs, Corsair galloped into the stable street.

The big roan wasn't bucking. He had the bit in his teeth and he was racing. Jan was still on his back, sawing at the reins.

Lingo rose so fast that the bucket rolled. It hit the stable wall with a tinny rattle.

Corsair heard it, and charged. When the horse saw Lingo Crale he screamed.

Lingo leaped for the nearest stall. But he'd forgotten his bad leg. When he landed on it, it buckled under him. If he hadn't fallen so heavily he still might have made it. Or if Corsair hadn't come so fast.

Lingo Crale heard Jan and Corsair both screaming. Then, Corsair, hoofs thrashing, reared between him and the sun.

THE END



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The Beautiful Burial of Uncle Joe

Continued from page 20



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After that, Uncle Joe's wife, Lina, spoke, and her voice was high-pitched and accusing.

"Joe," she yelled down at him. "Do you hear me, Joe? What's come over you? Have you gone completely out of your mind? You come out of there this minute, do you hear? It's time to milk and it's time for supper. I won't stand for this foolishness, Joe, do you hear? Do you hear me?"

With her first word Uncle Joe winced and clutched at his stomach. He had been half expecting this outburst but somehow he had hoped she would understand his helpless predicament and believe in his innocence. He knew now that he had dreamed a wild dream.

"You'll never change," she half screamed into the void. "Just when I begin to think I've put some sense into your head, off you go on a tangent again. Now, Joe, you listen to me . . ."

Uncle Joe listened and groaned and sank back weakly against the wet wall of the cave, and when his wife paused for breath, he summoned all his strength and said, "I can't come up."

"Why not?"

"My leg's busted," he said baldly, picturing to himself the shrewish nose, and the angry black eyes looking down toward him through the hole. Then he smiled and he said to himself, "Yes, my leg is busted."

"Which one?" asked Lina.

"I don't know," said Uncle Joe. "They both hurt like fury."

"You're lying," she said.

"I fell a hundred feet," said Uncle Joe. "Maybe they're both busted."

"Are you lying to me?" she asked.

THERE was a minute or two of silence, and Uncle Joe filled it in by moaning a little, taking care to direct his voice up the shaft. Again the light flickered above, and Lina called to him.

"Joe," she called, "are you hurt?"

"Yes, Lina," he answered, smiling in the dark. "I'm hurt bad."

"What should I do?" she asked. "Should I send Alfred for the neighbors?"

"Send Alfred for a lantern," Uncle Joe directed; "and a blanket, and something to eat. Tell him to get a rope to lower them down."

"Are you all right?" Lina asked. "If you're all right, I'll go with him and make you some hot coffee."

"You'll what?"

"Coffee," she said. "I'll make some for you. Are you sure you're all right?"

"Well, fine," Uncle Joe shouted. "You go make me some hot coffee, Lina. And . . . and hurry up," he added.

"Yes, Joe," she said. "I'll hurry. You lay still there."

Uncle Joe smiled again and settled back against the wall and now he didn't mind the damp a bit. He began to hum a song and when it was finished he practiced groaning, testing different keys and tremolos until he found one that expressed the right shade of suffering mixed with sorrow. He was in the middle of one of these groans when they returned.

"Hi!" Alfred sang out cheerfully. "You still there, Uncle Joe?"

"Shut up," said Uncle Joe. "Send that stuff down fast as you can."

He heard Alfred scraping around above him, and a little shower of dirt and stones came down and fell with a splash somewhere near him.

"Take it easy," Uncle Joe cautioned. "Don't forget, I'm down below here."

"Here comes the lantern," Alfred said. "Watch it, Uncle Joe."

Alfred had lighted it and it came bobbing down like a ball of soft fire, swinging and dancing, descending. Uncle Joe reached for it and loosed the rope and, with the light high in his hand, he saw a curve of still water just a few inches below him, below the narrow ledge he stood on. The water disappeared through a hole to the right, and to the left it went away, with the ledge following it out of sight. The hole above him was nearly

straight up and down, but narrow enough to have let him down gently upon the ledge. He couldn't see much else except a greenish face of rock on the other side of the water.

"Here comes the blanket," Alfred called out, and when he had pulled the rope up again, he said, "Boy, you're 'way down there. Uncle Joe. I can hardly see the lantern."

"Where's the coffee?" asked Uncle Joe.

"Aunt Lina's getting it ready. It's all coming down in a basket."

After the coffee had been lowered, Lina said, "We'll get you out tomorrow, Joseph. How does the coffee taste?"

"Not strong enough," replied Uncle Joe. "Make it stronger next time."

"There's a big rock here," Alfred said. "We'll dynamite her out tomorrow."

"You can't do that," said Uncle Joe. "You'll bury me alive."

"We'll get you out," Lina said. "Alfred's going to do the milking now and then he's going to the neighbors to tell them you fell in a hole. I'll stay with you all the time."

"Don't tell them I fell in a hole," Uncle Joe answered. "Tell them I fell in a cave."

He had placed the lantern beside him on the ledge and taken the basket in his lap. There were some cold pork sandwiches, pickles, and warm barley soup in addition to the coffee, and he ate it all. It was good coffee, it was the best he had ever tasted, but he couldn't help complaining, now that he had the upper hand. A peculiar feeling of elation came over him, knowing that he had the upper hand at last. He took the last swallow, eased back, and groaned a little just for fun.

"Joe," Lina said at once. "Are you all right, Joe?"

He didn't answer right away. He sat comfortably, sucking his teeth, the blanket pulled around him and the lantern standing close for warmth.

"Joe . . ."

"Get me my pipe," he said.

"Where . . . where is it hid?" she asked.

"It's on the shelf in the woodshed. In that Four-X coffee bag. Bring the bag and all."

"All right, Joe. Rest easy. I'll get it."

It was all he could do to keep from laughing. Of the innumerable things that Lina disliked, the pipe was first on her list, and now she was taking it from where he was forced to hide it and bringing it to him. . . .

With a chuckle, Uncle Joe rose and took up his lantern. The ledge widened a little as it led away to the left and he went along it carefully, his feet stirring up little echoes that seemed to hang outside the fringe of yellowish light that clothed him like a cocoon.

The cave itself grew wider and higher as he proceeded, and the rocks began to assume strange forms, with strange lights playing about them. Before him he saw an arch and, when he passed through it, he found himself in a circular room that was as large as his living room at home, but higher, and around it rose a weird array of elements and shapes that gave off a lucent, greenish color when the lantern-light touched them.

There were icicles that went down and icicles that went up and something white and heartbreaking that looked like a wedding cake. There were scrolls and panels and friezes and pillars, and unaccountable geometrics that seemed to move among them in tempo with the gentle and enthralled breathing of the yellow lantern.

The floor was level and dry, and beside it stood a pool as black as onyx. Beyond this, the stream ran on, but Uncle Joe could go no farther. He sat down with his heart beating excitedly and in a little time he lay back and turned down the lantern. Soon he was asleep.

AWAKENING in the darkness he shivered a little. He thought at first that it was the same awakening after his falling into the earth. In the air, in almost the same position as the other, an eye of daylight stared at him and it took him some time to realize that it was another hole he looked at. He lighted the lantern, stretched his stiff muscles, and went back along the ledge to where he had started. "Hey!" he shouted.

"Oh, Joe," Lina answered immediately. "Oh, Joe. I thought you had died." "What day is it?" asked Uncle Joe. "It's Wednesday. It's the next day in the morning," she answered. "Are you all right?" "Lost consciousness," said Uncle Joe. "Feel better now. I want some breakfast." "It's right here," she said. "How does your leg feel?"

Uncle Joe had forgotten about the leg. At once he began groaning and kicking stones in the water to make it sound as if he were threshing about in pain.

"Joe!" Lina cried helplessly. "It's all right," he groaned. "I can stand it. Where's Alfred?"

"He's here with the team. He's going to pull this big rock out. There's lots of people here and there's more coming."

"Well, send me down my breakfast. I'm hungry."

As he ate, he watched the flickering of the light above where Alfred worked at the rock. After some time, the flickering ceased, and Uncle Joe knew that the chain had been set, and the team was tightening against it. For a moment, then, the crack of light grew larger, but something slipped and the rock fell back. That set Uncle Joe to thinking and, with each movement of the big stone, he thought harder and harder.

AT LAST Alfred stuck his head in the hole and said, "Can't budge her, Uncle Joe. Chain keeps slipping. Anyway, the team's too light for this. John Stackpole just went after his bays."

"Alfred," said Uncle Joe. "Listen to me: I think I can get up there and set the chain right. You wait right there; I'm coming up."

"With a busted leg?" "Busted leg and all," said Uncle Joe. "I'm a strong man."

Wasting no more time, Uncle Joe reached and pulled himself into the shaft and began to work his way up. It was hard climbing, but Uncle Joe was grim and desperate and in no time he was perched beneath the rock in a little crevice.

"Let loose the chain, Alfred," he said. "Why, you're almost here, Uncle Joe," Alfred said.

"Never mind that," said Uncle Joe. "Let loose the chain."

Slowly he hauled the heavy chain into the shaft and supported it on his legs which he braced against the other wall. Then he pried several slabs of stone from the crevice and sent them tumbling down. There was a loud splash.

"Uncle Joe!" Alfred yelled.

"Lost the chain," said Uncle Joe. "It got away from me."

"I thought it was you," said Alfred. "I'll go after another."

When Alfred returned, John Stackpole was there with his bays. They sent the new chain down to Uncle Joe and he pulled the big loop around the stone. Then he passed his chain through the loop and pulled it tight about the jutting upper lip of the crevice where he sat.

The lip was more than four feet through, and solid. In order to get the rock out now, they'd have to take the whole top off the meadow. Uncle Joe waited until they had tightened the top chain, and then he went down the shaft again.

He took his lantern and went back to the big beautiful room again to rest, and when he returned at the end of an hour, the rock was still where it had been.

"Hi!" he said.

"Uncle Joe," Alfred called down.

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Joe.

"Can't move her," said Alfred. "Tom Wilson is going after his blacks."

"Fine," said Uncle Joe, smiling. "Fine." "We'll get you out. Don't worry."

"I'm not worrying, Alfred. But look here, though. There's another hole about a hundred yards east of where you are. Should be near that big oak. Send Lina over there, will you?"

"How'd you get there and back?" Alfred asked.

"I crawled," said Uncle Joe. "I can stand a lot of pain."

He returned to the room and started to groan loudly. Pretty soon Lina called out to him but he didn't answer at once. He let her call to him a dozen times. At last he said, "Is that you, Lina darling?"

"Oh, Joe," she said. "Why did you crawl away from where you were? I was scared to death I'd never speak to you again."

"Too wet there, Lina," Uncle Joe said. "It's better here; it's dry."

"Is there anything you want, Joe?" she asked plaintively.

"Yes, Lina," he said. "Some more blankets and coal oil and something to eat. And my pipe. Have you got it there?"

"Right here, Joe. Do you want me to fix something special to eat?"

"I'll take some of that high-bush cranberry jelly of yours," he said. "Two or three jars."

She hesitated a moment. "You . . . you sure you want cranberry jelly?"

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"I am," Uncle Joe answered at once. "I'm a dying man, Lina. I want what I want." And he groaned a little for emphasis.

"All right," she said. "All right, Joe."

Uncle Joe nodded with satisfaction and looked about him at the icicles and the wedding cake, and he couldn't stop grinning. After he had that high-bush cranberry jelly, he could have anything. Lina held it dearer than life, for the taste of heaven was in it.

When it came down with the rest of the food, he ate the first two jars in three minutes and he smacked his lips and blinked his eyes and said, "Mmmmm." Then he gathered up the blankets and the oil, and made a bed beside the glittering white wedding cake; he hung the lantern up high on a rocky shelf.

"Lina," he then called.

"I'm here, Joe," she answered. "I'll always be here."

"I want my easy chair," he said. "And I want my faithful dog, Hoodlum; I want him by my side when I die. And I want some more of that cranberry jelly."

When the echoes died away, Uncle Joe thought he heard the sound of weeping, but they sent the easy chair down piece by piece and they lowered the dog and some more of the cranberry jelly. Then he asked for some brandy, and they sent him that.

He never could remember how long he stayed drunk after that. He reassembled the chair and placed it at the edge of the pool and beside it he set the brandy. Then he lighted his pipe and began to rock back and forth and sing and pet his faithful dog, Hoodlum, who lay contentedly at his feet. Occasionally he would take the lantern and weave perilously along the ledge to where he had fallen in the cave, and seeing that the big rock was still firmly in place at the top of the shaft, he would return, singing more loudly than ever.

Once, on a sudden impulse, he tried to cut himself a piece of the wedding cake, but after several fruitless attempts he recalled that it was made of stone, and that set him to laughing uproariously. He laughed so loudly that the cave began to tremble, and Lina, thinking that this was the height of delirium and that now he was surely dying, cried out piteously.

THERE was no way of telling how long he was drunk. Sometimes he slept, but most of the time he rocked in his easy chair, singing, moving back and forth in the drunken, golden light in the gleaming, drunken, wonderful room. At last he called for his friend, Timothy Wing, to say goodbye.

"Goodbye, Timothy old friend," he hollered from his easy chair.

"Goodbye, Joe," Timothy answered. "Are you really dying?"

"I'm dying, dying, dying," Uncle Joe said. "I'm almost dead. But I'm happy."

"I hate to see you go like this," Timothy said. "Does it hurt?"

"Doesn't hurt a bit," said Uncle Joe. "Goodbye, Timothy. No more will we fish together, no more will we sing."

"Fishing's good this time of year," said Timothy. "I hate to see you go."

"Are they getting the rock out up there?" asked Uncle Joe.

"Can't move it an inch," said Timothy.

"Good!" said Uncle Joe. "Who's all up there, anyway?"

"Half the county is here. Anyone you can think of is up here trying to get the rock out, and they can't move it an inch."

"Don't let them dynamite it," said Uncle Joe.

"I'll see that they don't," said Timothy.

"Another thing," said Uncle Joe.

"What?"

"The hay," said Uncle Joe. "I'm worried about it. I won't be able to die easy until I know the hay is in. Why don't they have a bee?"

"That's just what they're doing," said Timothy. "Die easy, Joe. The hay is half in already."

"Good!" said Uncle Joe, taking a small drink. "Good!"

"And your bill at the store is paid," said Timothy. "They took up a collection."

"Good," said Uncle Joe, taking another small drink.

"Now they're taking up a collection for the funeral."

"They are?" said Uncle Joe. "Fine!" And he took two drinks in quick succession.

"What's down there?" Timothy asked.

"What's in that cave?"

"Many things," said Uncle Joe. "Many things. A crick, for one. Would you care for a drink of brandy, Tim?"

"I have some. I couldn't come and see you die without something to give me courage. I'll bet there's trout down there, Joe."

"Well, send me a hook and line and a pearl button," said Uncle Joe. "And fix one for yourself, Timothy; you can drop it right in a big pool."

"It's our last chance to fish together, Joe," Timothy said sadly. "Good luck, old friend."

THEY fished then, happily and noisily, and the flashing, jeweled trout came out of the onyx pool in a shower of fire. Uncle Joe and Timothy shouted at each other angrily and lovingly, and in the middle of it all, the dog began a furious quarrel with the fish that danced on the floor of the splendid room. But slowly and more slowly the trout rose into the air at the end of Timothy's line, and Uncle Joe fell asleep with the last of the flouncing before his eyes.

He had to shake his head to clear it when he came awake again. Things were badly

out. The pool was still there before him, and the lantern was still behind him. Even the dog was with him. Everything had changed, however; it wasn't the same.

He heard a noise, and when he turned his head, he saw the devil in the person of his nephew Alfred standing beneath the arch that led into his room. His red eyes were narrowed and he was grinning a malignant grin and looking at the fish and the brandy jug and the empty high-bush cranberry jars and the easy chair and at him, at Uncle Joe.

"Dyin' pretty nice, ain't you, Uncle Joe?" Alfred said maliciously. "Aunt Lina thought there was something funny going on. Wait till I tell her this!" And then he was gone.

Uncle Joe shivered and slowly got to his feet. There was a stricken look on his face as he took up the lantern and called to the dog, and his shoulders were bent by a great weight as he began to shuffle back to where he had come from.

The rope hung waiting and he sent the dog up first. When it came down again, he looked at it dully, but it was jerked impatiently from above, so he tied it around his chest and stood there. There was no sound. The rope tightened inexorably and he began to ascend, his head hanging limply, his arms and legs dangling.

Looking Forward

The Looker

12-year old boy,
Mullica Hill, New Jersey

Rotary Club,
Hershey, Pennsylvania

Automobile salesman,
Paris

Mrs. A. Gilmore,
Seattle

22-year-old youth,
Anthony, Kansas

Giuseppe Pallotti,
Boston

Matron Dare,
Queen Charlotte's Hospital,
England

The Look

He filed his application for an Air Corps cadetship in 1950.

It prepared the menu for a Victory Dinner to celebrate Hitler's downfall.

He quietly sold American cars to be delivered as soon as the Allies enter Paris.

At an auction sale, she bought 11 umbrellas for her own use.

He used a marriage license which he had obtained 8 years before.

He became an American citizen at the age of ninety-three.

She announced that expectant mothers would have to reserve hospital rooms 11 months ahead.

—W. E. FARBSTAIN

mixed up in his mind, and he felt the need of someone to speak to. "Timothy!" he shouted.

"He's asleep." It was Lina's voice, and she sounded tired.

"Where is he?" asked Uncle Joe.

"Under the oak," she said. "He's lying there drunk with a fish sticking out of each pocket."

Uncle Joe groaned and got down on his knees and put his head in the cold water of the pool. "I'm dying," he said.

"The minister is here," Lina said. "He wants to say the Lord's Prayer for you."

"All right, Lina," Uncle Joe said, getting back into the easy chair.

"Can you hear me, brother?" came a solemn voice.

"I can hear you," said Uncle Joe. "I can hear you fine."

The solemn voice began, beginning slow and staying slow. At first, Uncle Joe didn't bow his head, but the voice brought it down little by little, and soon the tears were coming from his eyes. It was a powerful voice and as ancient as the world, it seemed, and it rolled and reverberated in the cavern like the thunderheads that rolled across the valley on sullen days. And then, before the end of the prayer, the earth rose and fell with sickening violence, and a blast of sound snapped Uncle Joe's head upright, and he knew that he had died.

You didn't die all at once, though, he found

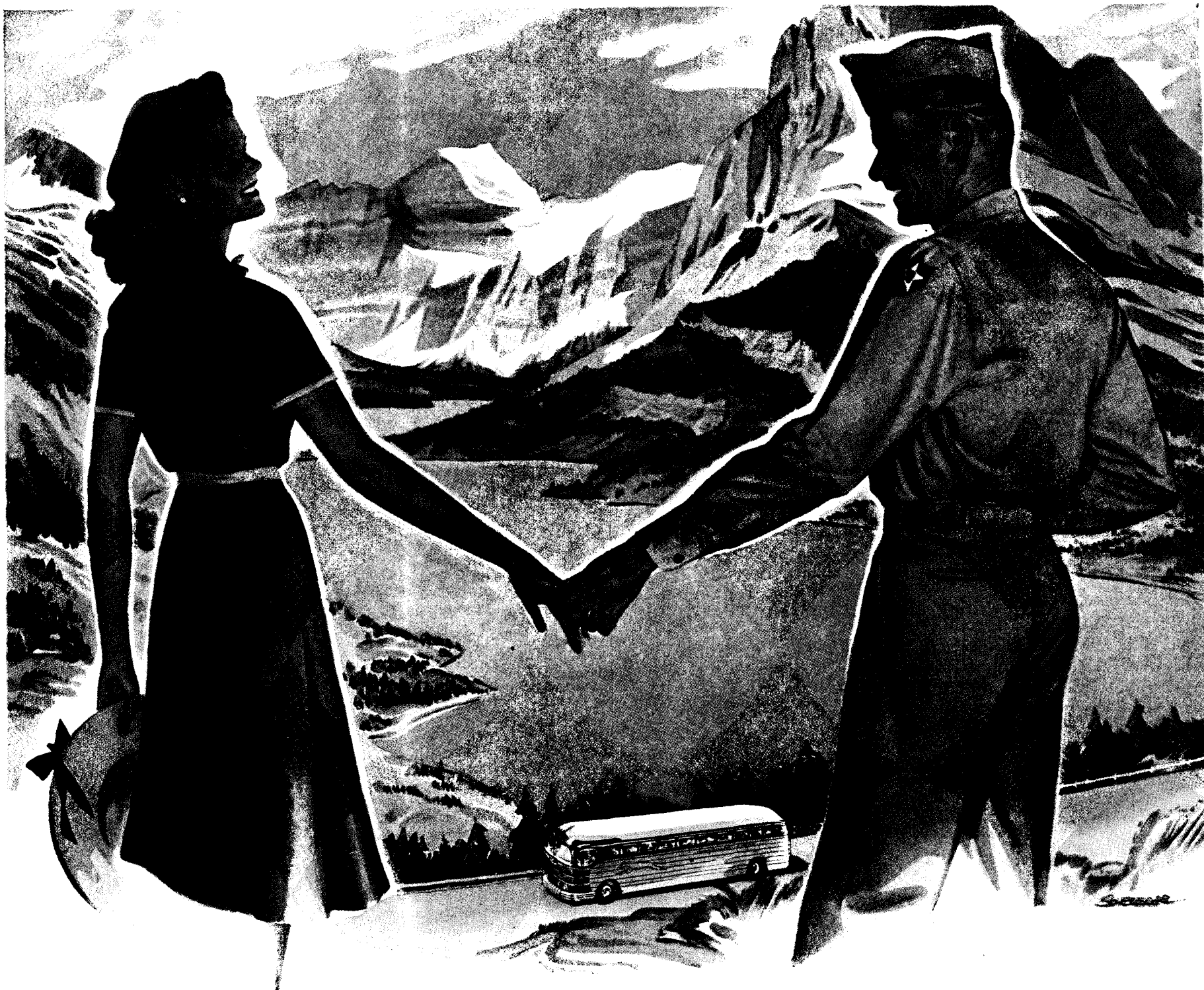
The sunlight on the meadow made him blink, but out of the glaring light his wife took shape before him. Her nose was held at him like a vertical knife blade and her eyes flamed hellishly on either side. Uncle Joe squeaked in his throat and with his last bit of strength made a dive for the hole again, but she had him by the ear almost at once.

"Come along, Joe," she said.

STUMBLING and gasping, Uncle Joe was led by the ear up the long, warm slope of the meadow past the oak where Timothy Wing still slept with his fish, and through the pressing throng of citizens who struggled to catch a glimpse of him, and who cheered and laughed and wept as if it were a holiday. Home he went, led by the ear, and Lina locked the door behind them.

And thus Uncle Joe's vacation ended—in humiliation and shame. And yet it was a rich and beautiful vacation, the finest anyone has ever had, and he was never heard to utter one word of regret after. There was, however, a kind of ineffable sadness that would settle on him every summer at haying time, and he would wander about the meadow with a wistful look on his face and his eyes half closed, as if deliberately seeking to fall into a cave again. But he never did. Never again in his life, no matter how hard he tried, did he so much as step in a gopher hole.

THE END



This will never change!

...but when he comes back there'll be newer, finer ways to enjoy the land he fought for

Maybe we'll take our post-war meals in pink and purple pills—maybe we'll swoosh to work in rocket cars . . . maybe so!

But there are a few things that eleven million G. I. Joes want to find just as they left them—just as they've dreamed about them through all these long months. Such as the unchanging love of a girl who waited—such as that old corner room with the school pennants that Mom has kept so neat and ready.

Such as the magnificent National Parks and playgrounds that are the heritage of every American—the pine-scented woods and flashing

trout streams—all the exciting and wonderful things to be found along seventy thousand miles of American highways!

These will not change—but it's going to be a lot easier to visit and enjoy all the natural wonders of This Amazing America than it ever was before. Greyhound promises you that.

After Victory look for finer, roomier motor coaches with surprising comfort innovations—for special pleasure tours designed to make travel more carefree, more delightful—for more spacious, better equipped terminals (perhaps with helicopter landing decks!)

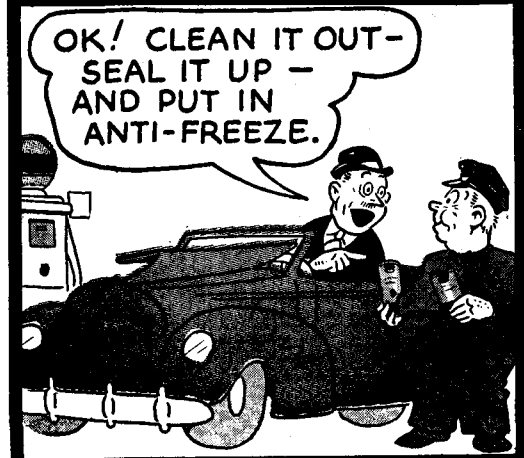
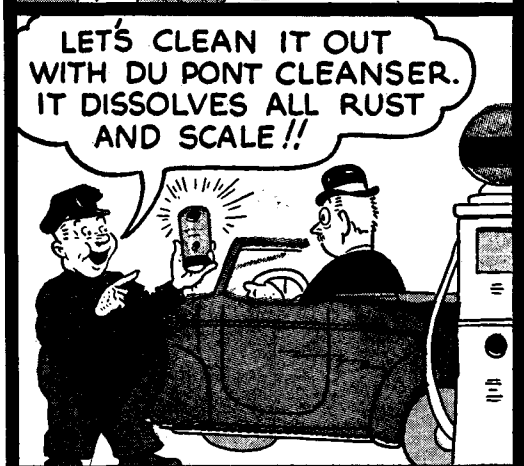
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



So Right for Laura

Continued from page 36

knew had a quick smile and ready wit and she was never gabby, never loud.

On the dance floor she was quiet in his arms and then he understood. Her hurt was deep and she had taken this way of proving to everyone that nothing mattered except that she was having a good time. He was angry with Steve and then, still thinking, he was selfishly glad. He tightened his arm a little and it was good to have her there, to have the fragrance of her close and her hair against his chin. He glanced down at her covertly, and smiled. She was dancing automatically, intent on something else, turning her head. He glanced about to see what it was. Steve was dancing with Isabel. Isabel had her eyes closed and Steve was watching her.

Mike took Isabel out on the floor later and knew at once that she was a better dancer than Laura. She was slimmer, taller, the top of her head coming just even with his eyes. He saw now that her hair was long and golden. It was utterly perfect. So was her white skin and her make-up and her dancing. He wondered if she was as cool and unapproachable as she seemed.

STEVE LAMBERT talked war to Mike coming home in the taxi and by the time they got to his two-room-and-bath walk-up just off Lexington he was ready to talk about Isabel Holden.

"She's a looker," Mike said. "I'll give you that."

"A looker?" Steve was shocked. "She's beautiful and you know it. A cool, serene beauty, Mike, fragile and feminine and—"

"Chaste," Mike said.

Steve took off his tie and wheeled. "Listen," he said.

"You're speaking of the woman I love," Mike said, and grinned. "How far along are you? Are you thinking of marrying her? Have you asked her?"

"Yes," Steve said. "She's thinking it over. I—I've got the ring." He watched Mike take off his shoes and sat down on the bed beside him. "And look, fella, you've got ribbons and you're sort of a hero and I'm stuck with a desk job. But lay off!"

Mike met the steady blue gaze, saw the deadly earnestness in his brother's face. He waited and Steve said, "You did it with Anne Newbury and Sylvia Reynolds."

"That was quite a while ago," Mike said.

"You know what I mean."

"So I took them out," he said. "I didn't rush them along, did I? They were still nice kids, weren't they? You could have had Anne back—or Sylvia."

"I don't want any girl you brush off," Steve said. "That's what I mean. You spoil them for me and you're not going to do it to Isabel." He got into pajamas and tied them hard. "Try it and I'll beat hell out of you, brother or no brother."

MIKE was a little mixed up. He was two years older than Steve and as kids he'd fought Steve's battles, bullied and shamed him when Steve wanted to quit the football because he was a third stringer. It was the same at college, Mike paving the way and seeing that Steve put his best foot forward and kept it there. He got him in the fraternity and saw that he had the right start for the right junior society and got him dates—and took his girls. Twice. And Steve had not forgotten. Now, watching his brother, Mike thought of the other person he loved and it was a hard thing, to understand what had happened, because Laura had always seemed so right for Steve.

"What about Laura?" he said.

Steve stopped brushing his teeth and rinsed his mouth. "All right," he said. "So I'm a heel. That's the way it is, Mike." And then he was talking, following Mike around as he undressed, the whole story of the past couple of years tumbling out.

Steve had been working as one of the associate editors on the magazine, Trend, when Laura got a job there as an editorial assistant. That was early in '42 while Steve was waiting for word on his Navy commission,

and the thing started when Laura was assigned to help him get material in shape for a special job. At first they had lunch together a couple of times a week and then there was a time when Steve had tickets for the theater; after that the affair progressed in the normal unhurried fashion that is so often the basis for a solid and lasting understanding. It had been that way a year and a half ago and Mike had waited for the mail to bring him the announcement of the marriage. But now, listening to Steve, he saw why it had not happened.

Steve had nearly a year in Washington after Mike left. He saw Laura only occasional week ends and they were so sure of themselves they did not worry too much about marriage. It was not as if Steve was going overseas; time was not an element and they decided to wait until he had sufficient leave so they could get away to the country. Then, not long after Steve came back, Laura, an associate editor herself now, had been sent on a three-months trip around the country for a series of stories.

"It was a week before she was due back," Steve said. "Three weeks ago. We were doing a broadcast up at Hunter and Isabel had a part. She's an actress on a fifteen-minute program three times a week." He dropped into a chair, continued miserably. "I can't explain it. There just wasn't anything I could do about it. I had to see her again, I had to be with her and then Laura came back and I knew what I was doing and I couldn't help it. If it never happened to you, you just can't understand—"

"I suppose not," Mike said dryly. "Okay," he said. "You want Isabel, and that's your business. From now on I'm making Laura my business."

MIKE was waiting out on the sidewalk in the sunshine at one o'clock when Laura came out of the office building. She walked straight toward him and his heart began to pound when he saw the way she held herself and the curve of her neck and breast.

He gave the taxi driver an upper East Side address that he knew would not be crowded and presently they were sitting in a dim corner on padded leather. There was a curious trembling inside him now, an exultant nervousness.

He chuckled finally and Laura said, "What's funny?" and he said, "Me. I'm fussed. It must be you."

Eating did not seem to help. His stomach was indifferent to food and his throat was dry and then he knew what it was. He was shy. And it was a very strange feeling indeed because he never had been shy—not with girls. Always he had been sure of himself, knowing the right things to say, doing what he did instinctively and unworriedly. But he felt like a schoolboy now.

He managed finally to hold her hand while they waited for dessert and then, with coffee, because the magic in him was all gone, he approached the thing in his mind directly and said that he had loved her ever since he'd met her.

"I've got two weeks and five days," he said. "What does it take to get married in this town? Three days?" He waited, hearing the soft sound of her drawn breath, not daring to look at her.

"I—I'm not sure, Mike."

"I'd like us to have two weeks," he said, his voice husky now and hard to get out, "and so you've got two days to make up your mind."

He felt her hand tighten in his, and he waited again and then her voice came like a whisper saying, "Maybe I don't need two days, Mike."

"Take them, darling," he said. "Take them and be sure it's not a rebound you'll regret."

He sat still then, a little incredulous, but so tremendously, so happily relieved that he was afraid to speak at all until Laura gasped and snatched her hand away and said it was nearly two-thirty. He laughed, all strain gone now, and called for the check and Laura said: "Oh—Isabel Holden called. She wants us to have dinner with her and Steve."

Mike didn't care. Anything was all right now. He said so. "Just so I can call for you early," he said, "and get another drink of that special Scotch."

He was waiting in the hall outside her apartment when she came home, a dozen chrysanthemums under one arm and a box with two orchids under the other. The moment he got in the apartment he put the flowers down and reached for her, turning her and kissing her so suddenly that she said, "Why, Mike," and blushed. He laughed. "I got presents," he said and liked her little cry of delight and the way her eyes shone.

She made him a drink and disappeared and when finally she came out of the bedroom she wore a dinner dress, a sheer print that hugged her young body caressingly, and she had the orchids on a shoulder.

He kissed her, gently; then, hands tightening, he kissed her again, soundly, hungrily. Her lips were warm and sweet. And if, in this submissiveness there was something lacking, it did not seem to matter.

They went again to Louie's and Steve was there to greet them, looking young and clean and straight in his Navy uniform. Isabel smiled at them and said hello, and the perfection of her face and soft, golden hair was as Mike remembered.

This time it was Mike who did the talking, who couldn't sit still. Isabel tried to keep him company and Steve made a crack or two, but Laura was quiet, smiling at the others, offering little. Mike did not notice this until later when Steve and Isabel were dancing and then seeing that Laura was watching his brother, he said:

"Hey, it's me you're supposed to look at now. Remember?"

She laughed. She said she was thinking, but she did not say about what.

After that Mike watched her when he had a chance. He spoke to Isabel when Steve went to a near-by table to talk to someone and then Isabel leaned back to watch the dancers. And Mike, the gaiety dying in him, looked again at Laura and there was something in her eyes he had never seen before. She was not aware of him now, or of Isabel. She was looking at Steve and there was a melting softness mirrored in her gaze, a haunting sadness, that jarred Mike and wrenched his heart.

For a long moment he could only stare, feeling a tightness spread through him. He looked at Steve and Steve was turning toward the table and Laura was still watching him, the same look in her eyes.

Mike stood up, his face suddenly dark and stiff. He took Isabel's hand. "Come on," he

said bluntly, and led her to the floor. He held her tightly, not realizing it until she said:

"Is it all right if I breathe, Mike?" She was smiling and when he loosened his arm she said, "What's this all about?"

He looked at her and wiped away his scowl. He disciplined his thoughts. "I was thinking about you."

"Oh?"

"Your radio work. I think I can do you some good. Do you know Ralph Jason?"

"No, but I'd like to. Do you?"

He bent a brow at her. "Didn't you ever hear of Jason, Carson & Lambert?"

He felt her stiffen in his arms. She bent her head back and looked at him, eyes wide and bright with interest. "You're not that Lambert? Oh, Mike! . . . Steve said you used to be in the advertising business but I never dreamed— Why how wonderful."

Mike said they handled five radio shows a week for Associated Foods. He said Jason supervised most of them.

"I know," Isabel said. "Of course I want to meet him."

"Now?"

"You mean now—tonight?"

"Why not?" Mike said, and took her back to the table. He picked up her wrap and talked fast. He saw Laura's quick amazement and his brother's growing doubt but he told a good story and he gave them no chance to interrupt.

"We'll be back inside a half hour if Jason isn't there," he said. "An hour if he is." Then he was moving again, guiding Isabel, getting a cab.

THEY went to Savoy Gardens and heard the piano and had a drink. Ralph Jason was not there, so presently they left and Mike said there was another place Jason might be. "Jerry Wilson's at Café Crystal," he said.

Isabel protested. She said what would Steve and Laura think, and after all they had promised to go right back. Mike laughed it off.

They went to Café Crystal where they stood at the bar and heard Jerry Wilson. Later they danced. Next, to a smoke-filled little place on West Fifty-second to hear Art Tatum.

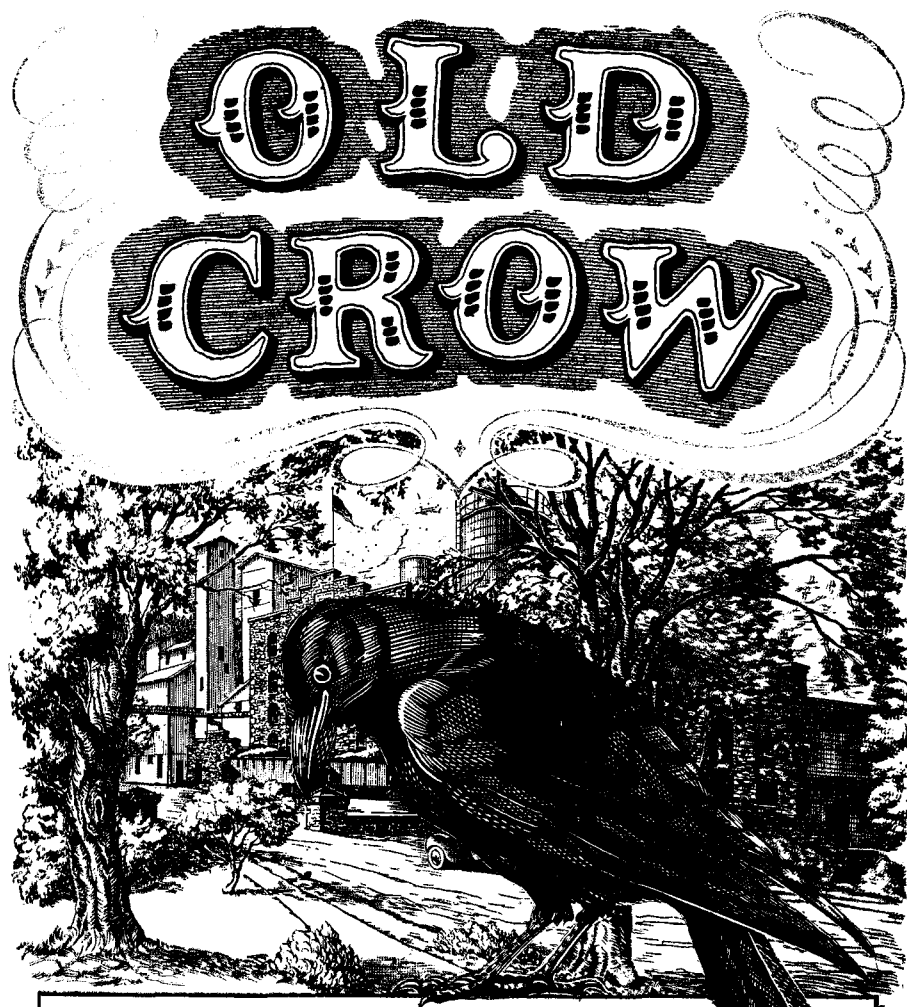
"He sometimes stops in here late," Mike said. "He likes a good piano." Which was true after a fashion. Ralph Jason liked a good piano if you played Chopin. "This is

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THOSE IN THE KNOW

ASK FOR



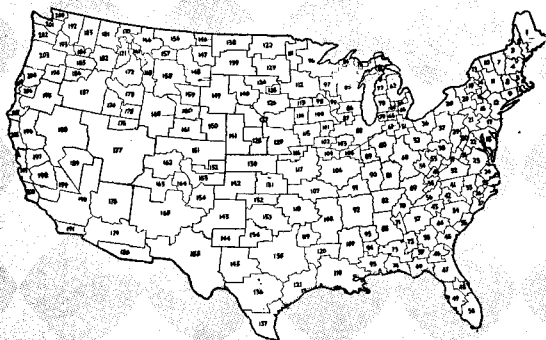
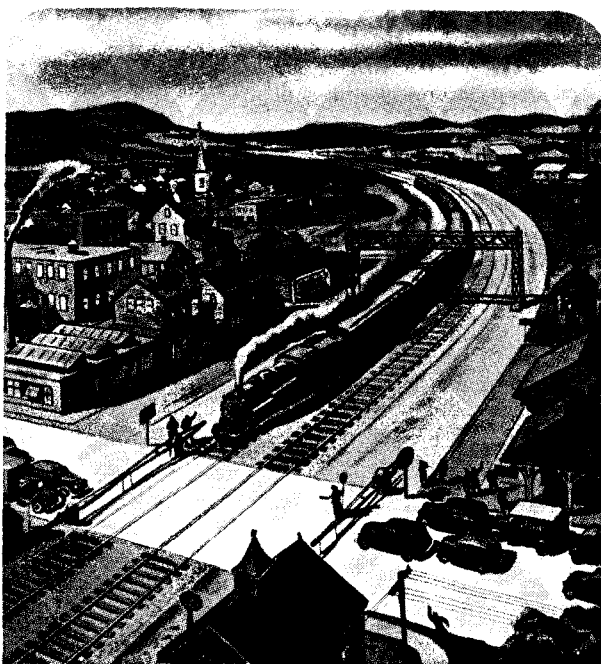
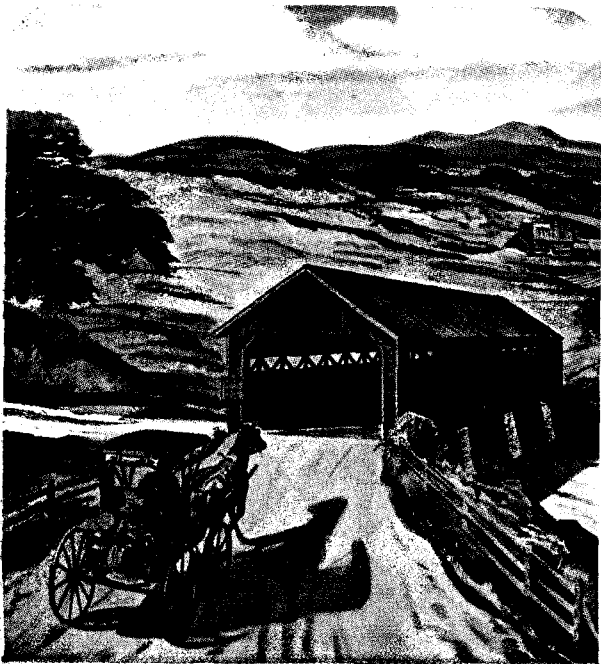
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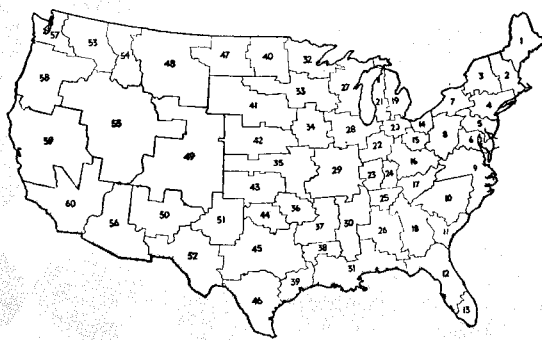
BOTTLED IN BOND

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

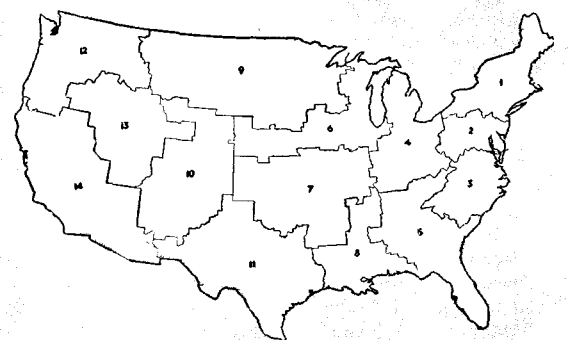




**210 TRADING AREAS
PRE-AUTO ERA**



**60 TRADING AREAS
AUTO-RAIL 1935**



**14 TRADING AREAS
AIR TRANSPORTATION 1941**

ABOVE MAPS EDITED BY HELMUTH BAY, MAP CONSULTANT FOR RAND McNALLY & CO., AND PROF. H. R. TOSDAL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY. COPYRIGHT BY RAND McNALLY & CO.

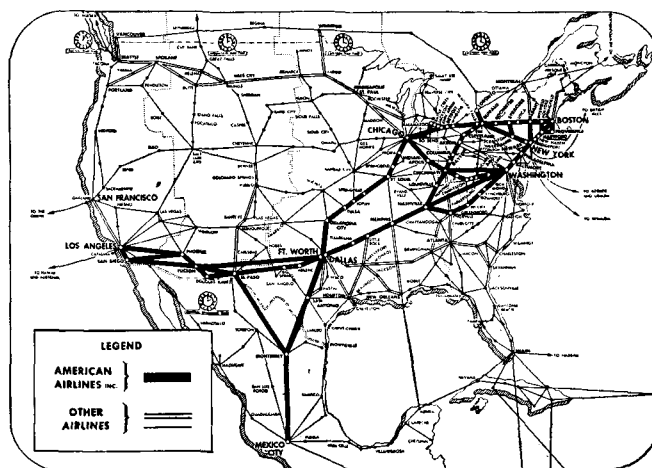
A TALE OF THREE MAPS

THE United States is the same size that it always has been. It has grown rapidly smaller, however, in terms of travel time in about 35 years. From the era when our trading radii were determined largely by what horses could do in a day, to three-miles-a-minute transport planes, the number of our trading areas has decreased from 210 small ones to 14 large ones.

The trend reflected in the above three maps is extending into a world problem.

Our great expansion of railroads and paved roads was local and domestic, but there is a difference when we travel and ship by air. Above the earth we are in a realm that is international, because air is everywhere, and the nation that is airfaring at home becomes, automatically, a global carrier nation.

It is *outside* our continental boundaries that the greatest transportation change in all history has become a reality—in only two years. Our Army and Navy Air Commands, together with U. S. airlines under military direction, have made world-wide air transportation commonplace. Thousands of flights are being made regularly to all parts of the earth, over oceans, deserts and jungles.



No problem has greater bearing upon us as individuals and as a nation than that of the postwar use of universal air.

Men in high places, at home and abroad, are pondering this unprecedented problem. No surface transportation method provides an adequate pattern for the air—neither domestic trains nor trans-oceanic ships. It is the world's greatest pioneering problem since the discovery that the world is not flat. We have faith that our American leaders, entrusted with our national security, will evolve regulations which will protect the land that gave birth to the airplane.

We must make air transport a much greater instrument for peace even than it is for war. History irrevocably is turning another page! The air age is not "coming," it is here!

AMERICAN AIRLINES Inc.

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

the last place," he said. "That's a promise."

Mike liked the hot piano and so, it seemed, did Isabel. They sat along the wall, close together, and had some drinks. Mike talked. He talked about radio. He told her about the Aleutians and Kwajalein. Then he switched the talk to Steve.

"How come you picked a guy like him?" he asked.

Isabel had her reasons. She eyed him narrowly. She said Steve came from a good family and there was money which he would get some day and he would have a good job after the war and what more would a girl want.

"Anyway," she said, "I like him."

Mike grinned. "The old man married early," he said. "He's only fifty-four and it'll be twenty years before Steve gets any money. He'll earn maybe five thousand a year after the war. Of course, he'll do better later but you take Steve you'll take a little cottage in Larchmont or some place with a white fence and rambler roses; you will darn socks and work in the garden and you'll get to town once a month to shop."

Isabel peered at him. "What's wrong with that?"

"For you, plenty. You belong in the city. With your looks you can get somewhere in radio if you stick around. And what's the matter with Hollywood? Suppose you had a five-day program. You might have a couple. And how would that be commuting from Larchmont? What you need is a guy—"

"You by any chance?"

"Not me," Mike said. "But in my league. I'll make twenty thousand in a bad year and I like penthouses and lights and first nights and women who wear mink. . . ."

HE SAID more, a lot more. And because he was not shy with Isabel this thing that was his charm with women was a moving vital force which left its mark. Isabel no longer seemed cool and unapproachable. Her cheeks were flushed, her voice was thick, her body was warm against his. She listened and he talked and apparently she was in some measure fascinated by what he said and did. At least she stayed.

He took her home at four o'clock. He said he would be back at nine to fix her orange juice and coffee, and told her to leave her telephone off the hook. He did not go to Steve's; he went to the club and there was no room and so he slept on a sofa off the lounge. . . .

At ten minutes of nine Mike knocked at Isabel's door. He had to knock long and loud but it finally opened and he pushed in before she could stop him.

"Now wait a minute," she said coldly.

"Fun's fun but—"

"Where's the kitchen?" Mike asked.

Isabel wore yellow pajamas beneath an ivory-silk robe. Her eyes were sleepy and, without their shadow, no longer so alluring; her golden hair, with its ribbon, lacked something of perfection now, and irritation and resentment had put spots of color in her cheeks.

"I don't feel well," she said following Mike to the kitchen.

"Neither do I," Mike said. "That's why we need coffee."

Isabel argued angrily a moment but Mike was not embarrassed. Short of calling the manager and having him thrown out there was nothing she could do and she must have realized it. Mike grinned.

"Go scrub your teeth," he said. "I'll serve coffee in the drawing room and if you're still sore I'll clear out and you can go back to bed."

She gave him a scathing glance, closed her mouth and flounced out. Mike found the oranges. He took off his blouse and rolled up his sleeves. He squeezed oranges and put two glasses in the icebox and fixed the percolator.

He was still in the kitchen when knuckles drummed on the door. He glanced at his watch and it was five after nine and he went to the door and let Steve in.

Steve's face was white and stiff and he looked at Mike and then at the room. "Where's Isabel?" he demanded.

"Brushing her teeth," Mike said. "You're just in time for coffee. Sit down, kid."

Steve stepped past him and stopped and Mike saw that Isabel stood in the bedroom doorway. Then Steve started to talk. Isabel tried to interrupt. "Steve," she said. "Please, Steve—" But Steve would have none of it. What he said was not pleasant, nor too rational, perhaps, but he was an outraged, angry man and the main points he brought out were that he had stopped here at three last night, and at three-thirty; that he could get no one on the telephone at four, that Mike had not been home. He was still at it when Isabel cut in hotly.

"You can't talk to me like that," she said. "What if I did come in at four o'clock? What's wrong with that? I don't know where Mike went, or care. He wasn't here and—" "I was at the club," Mike said. "Stop shouting, Junior," he said and then Steve hit him.

Mike went down hard. Instinct started him to his feet and reason stopped him. He sat up. Steve's neck was corded and muscle bunched along his jaw.

"Stand up," he raged. "Stand up and take it."

"I like it here," Mike said.

Steve shouted at him and taunted him and then, as though some valve had been shut inside him, he stepped back and the fury left him. He looked at Isabel and she wasn't remote and cool and serene; she had her chin out and her color was high and her eyes dared Steve to start something with her. Steve didn't. He spoke stiffly. He said he was glad to know how he stood. He went over to the door, opened it, and closed it gently behind him.

Mike stood up and braced himself for Isabel's attack and presently it came, angrily, bitterly, all need for pretense past. "You did it on purpose," she cried. "You never intended to look for Ralph Jason. I'll bet he hates piano players. . . . And that's why you broke in here early—so Steve would find you and think—"

She wasn't finished but just then the coffee boiled over and Mike escaped to the kitchen. When he came back Isabel was sitting in a chair and he offered her orange juice and coffee.

"I don't want it," she said. Then, eyes narrowing, "It won't do you any good. I'll get him back."

"Not Steve, you won't," Mike said, and of this he was sure. "We've been through this before."

They sat in silence, Mike sipping coffee and Isabel watching him morosely, her lips sulky. "How'd you know he'd walk in like that?"

"He leaves his apartment at nine," Mike said. "This is on his way to the office. It was a cinch."

"You are a stinker," she said wearily, reaching for her cup. "It's lousy coffee," she said.

He looked at her and found he liked her acid resiliency. Now that the garment of perfection she wore for public use was gone she seemed very human and real. She looked sort of cute with the ribbon in her hair and her mouth sulky and all that color in her smooth cheeks.

"Look," he said. "I've got two weeks and a half. We can have fun. I'll show you a time you can write up in your diary. Go get some clothes on and—"

"No," Isabel said.

"Well, anyway, get out of here. I have to make a phone call."

Surprisingly, she rose and left the room. He went to the telephone and called Trend and presently Laura's voice came to him, cool and distant. He spoke bluntly, believing attack most effective. He talked like an infantry captain; he said why didn't she get wise to herself and who did she think she was kidding. He said, rebound or not, he wanted no girl who was in love with his brother.

"And if I were you," he said, "I'd stick around the house after work. He'll be around—back where he belongs. Steve can be had, honey, and it only takes three days."

HE HUNG up, out of breath and feeling forlorn and old and beaten. He turned to sit down and then he saw Isabel in the doorway. He did not know how long she had been there or what she had heard but he could tell by her eyes it was enough.

"So that's how it is," she said. "You're in love with her."

"Was in love with her," Mike said. "I'm not the right guy for her."

"And I'm not right for Steve," she said. "What a mastermind!"

He found he could grin. "We'll get over it," he said. "Humans have amazing recuperative powers. We can start now. Get dressed. Put on the best you've got."

"No," Isabel said.

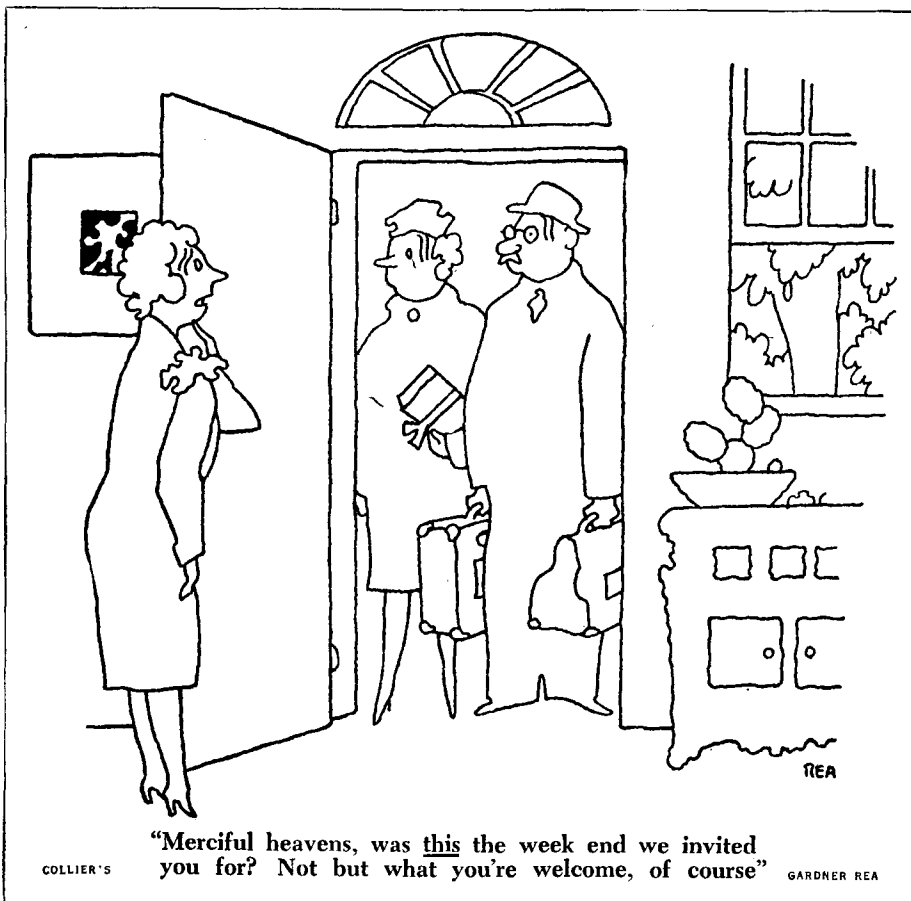
"We will take a cab to the Plaza and get one of those buggies and go clop-clopping through the park until the fresh air cures us."

"No."

"Then, if you're a good girl, we will have lunch at the Cascade with Ralph Jason."

Isabel opened her mouth and closed it. A gleam of brightness fought its way into her gaze and grudgingly, reluctantly, she smiled. "You think of everything," she said. "I'll be about an hour—and don't go away."

THE END



"Merciful heavens, was this the week end we invited you for? Not but what you're welcome, of course"

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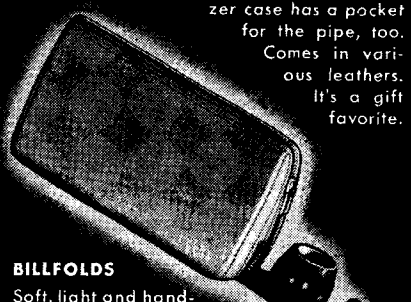
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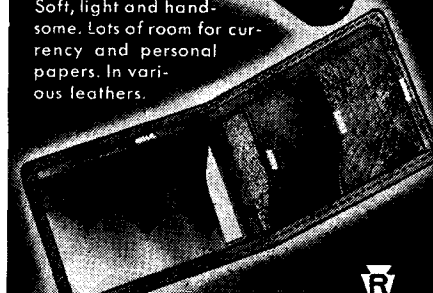
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to railroaders as CTC. CTC is operating trains at present only on scattered divisions, but on these sections it is cutting as much as one third from freight running time and adding up to 80 per cent to the capacity of single-track lines.

Rail passengers are familiar with the long, slow process of getting two trains past each other on single track. Under the old system a freight stopped at a station for orders telling it where to meet an oncoming train. Then it ambled out and down the pike until it came to a siding. Here it stopped. The head brakeman climbed down, unlocked the switch, threw it and climbed back. The train then proceeded slowly onto the siding and stopped again, so that the rear brakeman could climb down, reset the switch for main-line trains and climb back again.

After the opposing train had gone by, the whole operation was repeated at the other end of the siding—and if the freight had lost only twenty minutes, that was a triumph.

Today, on single-track roads, CTC is making running meets for hundred of trains. Switches are thrown and signals set from control points as much as seventy-five miles away by a dispatcher who sits in front of a board on which tiny lights paint him a picture of his entire division. By turning small handles, he either keeps everything moving or cuts waiting time to a minimum. Train crews never have to get down—unless they want to telephone the dispatcher. There are phones every few miles for emergencies.

Switches today are thrown by small powerful motors alongside tracks, and the whole system is so interlocked it is impossible to have collisions—unless the engineer deliberately overruns his signals. Nor can crews forget to reset switches, as sometimes happened in the old days, with disastrous results.

It costs about \$13,000 a mile to install CTC systems, and they save their cost in a short while. They have been a godsend in wartime, because they have made it possible for single-track lines almost to double their capacity, and have made it unnecessary to double-track long stretches during a period of steel scarcity.

Radiophones Speed Up Trains

Radiophones on trains and in freight yards also are hurrying up trains. With a radiophone not only are engineer and conductor of a mile-long freight constantly in touch, but yardmasters can talk to them, and to switching crews miles away in the yards. The Santa Fe recently operated a solid train of spuds from Bakersfield to Chicago by radiophone. In the old days, the only way to get an order from caboose to head end was to walk up the train with it—while the train was stopped, too. Today a dozen roads are installing radiophones as fast as they can get equipment.

With radiophones in the yard office and on a switch engine, you can save a lot of time in assembling trains, especially in industrial districts. Formerly, a switch engine and crew started out in the morning with a list of plants at which it was to pick up cars and was then completely out of touch with the yard office until late afternoon. Now, orders are telephoned to the crew anywhere, and a lot of time—and fuel—are saved. A yardmaster can sit in his office and direct the making up and breaking up of freights four or five miles away.

When the war started, Western roads especially were hog-tied by state laws and union rules from operating very efficiently. Arizona had a law limiting trains to seventy cars, and passenger trains to fourteen cars. California had an excess-crew law that forced the roads to put a conductor and six brakemen on some 85-car trains, although such trains were being handled by three men in almost all other states.

These laws and rules cut down the length of trains for more than seven hundred miles back from the West Coast to the border of New Mexico and Arizona. Consequently, motive power and sidings were geared to these short trains. Suddenly, there was vital need for longer, faster trains. The Interstate Commerce Commission set aside the car-limit law for the duration, but in California, long freights still have to carry three or four

Highballing to Victory

Continued from page 21

surplus men—except in cases of emergency—at a time when the manpower shortage is described as “critical.”

With trains getting longer and faster and more numerous, hundreds of sidings had to be lengthened, dozens of freight yards had to be expanded almost overnight. At Barstow, California, for example, the Santa Fe had to blast down a mountain and dig a sort of Culebra Cut to get a dozen tracks in where only two ran before. It was a similar story at other division points, and on other roads. And all this construction had to be done while a terrific overload of war freight and passenger business was kept moving without delay.

Those were some of the big things the roads had to do. They also did some little things that no one notices: They had to build acres of homes for new workers and to provide quarters for hundreds of women workers. They had to build eating places for crews, set up more hospital accommodations. They had to find and develop sources for added millions of gallons of water.

They started rebuilding long stretches of track to allow higher speeds—and incidentally make smoother riding. You can take a train around a two-degree curve at fifty-five miles an hour, maybe; if you relocate this curve and make it only one-degree, you have a 100-mile-an-hour track. If you lengthen out switches to get away from those two sharp little curves from the main line onto a siding, you can run through sidings at forty miles an hour, instead of eighteen. If you can level out a grade, you can move more cars faster with the same power.

The roads are doing all these things, too. Railroads continually get shorter and leveler. Most lines today have many “short miles” in them, but the mileposts stay the same because if you move one you have to move hundreds of them between Chicago and the Coast; and there's no time for that.

The roads, coming out of ten years of poor business none too prosperously, nevertheless have used their own money to rebuild themselves. They did this partly in self-defense: They knew that once they accepted a political dollar the camel's nose would be inside their tent. They were getting quite enough political regulation as it was; they wanted no more. They remembered, if the public didn't, the fantastic jam the roads got into in 1918 under government operation, with freight piled up halfway across the continent and thousands of cars motionless for weeks. After that, it took years for railroad men to get the roads operating efficiently again. This time, they vowed, freight would keep moving, no matter what it cost.

The ironic part of the whole thing is that

government freight and government passengers, which form the bulk of the overload, and which have made necessary the spending of millions, are carried over long stretches at half the regular rates charged private shippers and civilian passengers. This is part of the agreement between the so-called Land Grant roads and the government—an arrangement that has built up millions of profit for the government and left the roads with huge tracts of almost worthless land. Thousands of square miles of this land today are worth only two bits an acre.

The war not only loaded the roads with extra work but it robbed them of thousands of experienced workers at the very time they were vitally needed. Common labor disappeared into war plants and the Army and Navy. In the West, thousands of Jap-American workers were whisked away suddenly into concentration camps. All this meant the hiring and training of new army of workers, including hosts of women, and the importation of trainloads of Mexicans to take over track maintenance. They all had to be housed and fed, too.

Indian View of Labor

Out in the Southwestern states where the roads have taken on many Navajos and other tribesmen, timekeepers have given up trying to find out the names of the Indians. The braves are given arbitrary names like Bill Jim or Dick Harry. It works all right. The Indians are good workers—until payday. There is no necessity for working after that, until all their money is gone.

Another job was making locomotives do more work. In the old days an engine ran a division, or about a hundred miles, and stopped. Engines today are running many divisions without stopping for overhauls. The Santa Fe, in fact, runs the longest steam haul in the world—between Kansas City and the Coast—1,791 miles, with no change of engines. Some yard Diesels have been running continuously for eighteen months without stopping.

War production means moving more food, for another thing. That means keeping refrigerator cars moving faster. One thing you can do is precool these cars before loading them, so that they'll use less ice and have to stop less frequently en route. So the Santa Fe and other roads have built huge precooling plants near food-producing centers, to blow blizzards through reefers and make iceboxes out of them before fruit and vegetables and meat are loaded.

A few big things have doubled and tripled the capacity of American railroads in the past three years—a few big things and a lot of little things, like Mrs. Martinez's washing machine and Fred Gurley of the Santa Fe hunting all over Arizona for it.

P.S. Mrs. Martinez got it, all right.

THE END



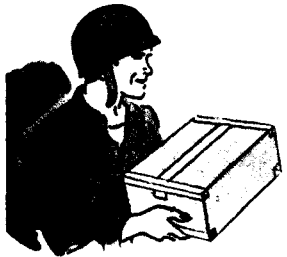
COLLIER'S

“Junior!”

VIRGIL PARTCH

HOME FRONT HEADACHES:

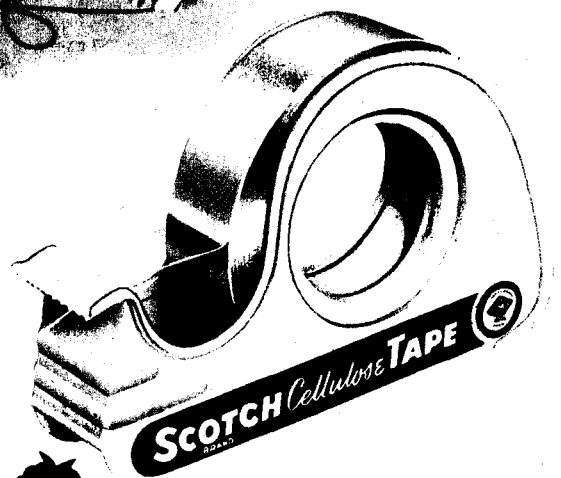
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assembly lines, we get a thrill of pride out of the work we have done on it. It's proof that Fisher craftsmanship has once more been pointed right, has once more registered a hit on the production target.

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D I V I S I O N O F G E N E R A L M O T O R S



I stopped in my tracks, paralyzed with fright when the German jumped out from behind a rock. He raised his rifle and I knew he was going to shoot me

GUERRILLA GIRL

BY CHARLES LANIUS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

What would a woman do in a Greek guerrilla band, faced with days and nights of terror and killing in cold blood? Here is what one woman did

HIGH up in a pass in the Greek mountains, a band of German soldiers marched into a guerrilla trap. There was a hit-and-run battle, and eighty of the three hundred Germans were picked off. Then the guerrillas were ordered to retire. They were thirty men and one girl. Retreats have to be rapid, and it's every man for himself. In the confusion, the girl fell behind. Suddenly a German jumped out from behind a rock. "So," he yelled, "now women fight for the guerrillas!"

"I was so paralyzed with fright," Ketty Sarris said later, "that I stopped in my tracks. The German raised his rifle, and I realized he was going to shoot me. Automatically I pulled up the revolver the guerrillas had given me, but a shudder of revulsion flashed through me at the thought of killing a man. To this day, I don't know whether I could have shot that German. The matter was decided for me. A gun exploded close to my ear. It belonged to one of the guerrillas who had doubled back to look for me. Everything happened so fast. The German was caught off guard and, his head pierced by the bullet, he fell like someone in a slow-motion picture."

"Our women don't have to kill swine as long as there are Greek men left," said my friend.

"I sank down on the ground, so weak I thought I'd faint. Apparently my friend knew how I felt, for he stood there, waiting. I tried to get up. I knew the Germans were still around. But I couldn't make it. Without a word, the guerrilla slung me over his shoulder like a sack of flour and hauled me to cover."

Ketty Sarris is poised, intelligent, fiery—a classic Greek beauty. Her black eyes snap and her voice crackles when she speaks of her implacable hatred of the Germans, and of what they've done to her people. In the rickety old Tokatlyan Hotel in Istanbul, she told me how she lived and fought, the only woman among 2,000 tough, Hun-killing guerrillas.

Her real name and her aristocratic background can't be revealed now without endangering people still in Greece. Her father, a diplomat for many years, died in Athens less than a year after the Nazi occupation. Before October, 1940, when Mussolini sent his wretched armies against the Greeks, Ketty was a law student at the University of Athens, leading the typical life of a wealthy 21-year-old girl. Today her once fragile hands are calloused from lugging packs and rifles, red from washing clothes in icy mountain streams. Tramping over the rugged country has spread her feet and she wears shoes a size and a half larger than she wore in Athens. In Istanbul, a pedicurist told her: "For 1,000 Turkish pounds, I couldn't make your feet the way they used to be."

During the Albanian war, Ketty worked twenty hours a day nursing the wounded. Then when the Nazis overran her country, she went underground. Finally word came that the Gestapo was closing in. Fearing for

her safety, in January, underground leaders ordered her to Cairo, where her intimate knowledge of actual conditions in Greece would be invaluable.

How she passed the Nazi blockade must remain a secret, for the sake of others trying the same method. But getting through the German fortifications outside Athens was the most dangerous part of the trip. Searchlights and machine guns swept the entire area. With the help of an underground guide, she managed to crawl through, and two days later reached a little village on the coast.

A Wounded Hero Comes First

The boat that was to take her to Turkey was scheduled to arrive the next night, but a storm came up and delayed the plan. Ketty had to stay in the village. There she met two guerrillas she had known at Athens University. They had come down from the mountains to get news of a wounded *andarte*—Greek for guerrilla—who was hidden there. Ketty went with them and nursed the man, Avergerions, back to health. During that time, the escape boat had come—and gone. She had missed her chance of escape and had to wait for another.

But one night one of the guerrillas brought news that the Germans were in the vicinity. By that time, about seventy-five people had collected—mostly officers bound for Cairo to join the army. Unfortunately they were all unarmed. The guerrilla made a proposition to Ketty.

"We cannot tell what will happen," he said, "and we're not equipped to protect these people. They'll have to hide in the rocks. Maybe the boat will come tomorrow,

maybe next year—maybe never. But you can stay with us."

"And so," Ketty said, "I decided to go up into the mountains with the *andartes*. In the mountains, every man is equal, regardless of what he was before the war. Lawyers, doctors, peasants, factory workers, professors, tradesmen, convicts are all mixed in *andarte* bands. All they work for is to liberate Greece from the Nazis. Political discussions are forbidden because quarrels start that way."

"Like regular soldiers, the guerrillas are subject to strict discipline. Disobedience is punishable by shooting. Stealing from the peasants is a serious offense, for the *andartes* must have their trust and good will. Every Greek knows the story of the hungry guerrilla who stole a peasant's only chicken. He was court-martialed by his own comrades, found guilty and executed."

"Church services are held in camp every Sunday. Those guerrillas near villages go to the local church, but only after lookouts are posted. On the 16th of April, the Greek Orthodox Easter, I went to a village with some of the men, where the priest held open house. We roasted a whole sheep, and each of us had a bottle of wine. All the men stayed sober, though, and held onto their guns, even at table."

"In the mountains, you lose your identity, and comrades often don't know one another's real names. The first thing a man does on joining the *andartes* is to take a nickname—maybe that of an ancient hero or philosopher, or sometimes a mountain or river. This prevents news from leaking out to the Germans, who would immediately take reprisals on the men's families. Often

(Continued on page 81)



Like a Breath of Sunny Morning

THINK back to the most perfect, sparkling-bright morning you ever saw . . . and you'll have some idea how fresh and sunny, how mellow and light is the taste of SCHENLEY Reserve! That pleasant freshness of flavor didn't just *happen* . . . it's the result

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SCHENLEY
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Earth and HIGH HEAVEN

Continued from page 24

He said, peering at her, his voice hardly more than a whisper, "You are going, Eric?" "Yes, I'm going," said Erica. "And I'm not coming back again."

There was a clearing near the top of the mountain from which you could look out over a semicircle of valley with scattered lakes and villages, and over fold upon fold of heavily wooded mountains. The clearing was almost level, fenced in on three sides by evergreens and a thick mass of undergrowth, and open in front where the mountain shelved steeply away from the edge in a small cliff.

Marc and Erica had ridden up the steep trail under a blazing sun, and after tethering their horses to a fallen pine at the back of the clearing, they had eaten their lunch in the shade and then moved out into the sun again.

Erica was lying with her head on one arm and her face turned toward Marc, who sat with his back against a boulder overgrown with moss, so that he could see out. It was Wednesday afternoon, two of their last three days together already lay behind them, and neither of them had as yet said anything that really mattered. They had simply stood still, letting time rush by them, each of them apparently waiting for the other to speak first.

SOMETHING had gone wrong, and they both knew it; they had felt it the moment Erica had arrived from Montreal an hour after Marc from Ottawa, and first on Monday and again on Tuesday, they had said good night at the door of Erica's room. They were both haunted—Marc by a sense of failure and Erica by the recollection of the scene with her father on Monday afternoon. Whatever affected the one affected the other, so that together, each of them carried a double burden, a burden so heavy that although at first they had hoped for an extension of Marc's leave, they now could have regarded it only with dismay, had it come.

Against the background of evergreens which were like a dark robe thrown over the hills, there was an occasional splash of yellow and crimson; the wind blowing lazily from the northwest was cool and dry, and the sky was too deep a blue for summer.

"It's going to be a marvelous autumn, Eric. It's going to be the best autumn for years. Write me about it, will you?"

"Yes, darling," she said under her breath. "Tell me how everything looks. You might even send me a maple leaf, the reddest you can find. It wouldn't wither by the time it got there, would it?"

He leaned forward, reaching into the back pockets of his riding breeches for cigarettes, and as he lighted first one and then the other, she asked, "What are you going to do after the war—go back to Maresch & Aaronson?"

"Probably for a while, I don't know. I'd rather like to practice in a small town in Ontario. I wouldn't mind spending the rest of my life in one of those old towns along the river or out on Presqu' Ile. Have you ever been to Presqu' Ile?"

"No, what's it like?"

"It's lovely country—rolling and green, and old and rich. The farmhouses are great big old places with enormous barns. You know I've always wanted to own a farm."

"Yes, I remember," said Erica. "It was one of the first things you ever said to me."

"How would you like living in a small town?" he asked lightly.

"I don't mind where I live," said Erica, turning her head suddenly so that she was looking the other way, toward the two horses standing together under the pines.

There was another silence, just like so many others during the past few days, only this one was broken by Marc saying at last, "I think it's about time we got started, don't you? We can't go on like this, or rather we can't—we can't leave, like this, tomorrow." He paused and added, "You start, Eric. You're going to have to tell me sooner or later anyhow."

"Tell you what?"

"Whatever it is that's been making you look the way you have ever since you arrived—or like someone trying awfully hard not to look like that."

As she did not answer but kept her head turned away from him, he said, "I finally got you into a real mess, didn't I?" as though he already knew what had happened on Monday afternoon.

She had realized as soon as it was over, that the break with her father would react on Marc to almost the same degree as it had reacted on Charles and herself, unless she could somehow manage to keep Marc from finding out about it. She had tried, she had not for a moment stopped trying except when she was safely in her room at the hotel, and she had thought that she was getting away with it.

But all she had actually succeeded in doing was to look like someone trying awfully hard not to look like that.

She said, "I had a row with Charles."

"About me," he said.

"Yes."

He was watching a bird circling in and out of the sun toward the west and he said, "All your rows are about me, aren't they? You never had any till I came along."

"It was just by accident that we didn't. I never happened to want to do anything that Charles and Mother disapproved of until now, that's all. It was bound to happen sooner or later."

He said after a long pause, "I wish it hadn't been about me."

Erica sat up, as though the ground on which she had been lying had, in fact, begun to slip out from under her, and moving back so that she was sitting cross-legged facing him, she said desperately, "Darling, it isn't just you. Can't you get that into your head? It was you who started it, but if it hadn't been you, it would have been something else, and if I never saw you again after today, it wouldn't make any difference to Charles and me." With her voice rigidly controlled she said almost matter-of-factly, "We both know where we stand now, and we'll never get back to where we both thought we stood before."

"All your father wants is to get rid of me."

"What my father wants is unconditional surrender to a set of beastly prejudices which are hopelessly out of date!"

The bird flew down, out of the path of the sun and disappeared among the trees edging the trail, and as his eyes came back to her face, he said, "They're not out of date, Eric. The moment you'd married me, you'd find that out. The prejudices are still there, working overtime as a result of war conditions."

"Not with us. . . ."

"Us?" he repeated. "You mean people of our generation? Don't be silly. I live and eat and sleep with people of our generation; I happen to be the only Jewish officer in our particular outfit at the moment, and although most of my brother officers are thoroughly decent and do their damndest to make me feel as though I belong, they have to make an effort, and I know they have to make it. Even when people don't dislike you, even when they really like you, you still make them feel slightly self-conscious, I don't know why. Maybe it's just because they've been brought up to regard Jews as 'different.' Do you want a biscuit?"

"Yes, please," said Erica. "One of the chocolate ones."

He handed her two chocolate biscuits and said, "Except for a very few people—so few they hardly count—that self-consciousness, so far as I'm concerned, would be about the best you could hope for. What you could actually expect, as opposed to just hoping, is usually something a lot worse. You've got to see it, Eric."

"Yes," said Erica. "Well, go on. We might just as well get it over with."

"It's not your father and your friends, it's not even just us and what we can take. If we were married, it would be our children—your children—who'd have to take it. First, you'd suffer through me and then you'd start getting it through them, only what came to you through them would hit you far harder, because I'm grown up and more or less used to it, and anyhow you didn't bring me into the world, you're not responsible for me. But to have to watch your children go through school tagged as 'Jews,' as outsiders—that's not so easy."

HE BROKE off, and then remarked, "And do you imagine that, after ten years of Nazism, things are going to be any easier for us now?"

"I don't know," said Erica miserably.

"Well, I do," said Marc. "The outlook, my darling, is not very bright, and just why you should be dragged into it when you don't have to be, I can't quite see."

"Can't you? I should think it would be fairly obvious." Before he could say anything, she asked, "Isn't it easier for children who are half Jewish?"

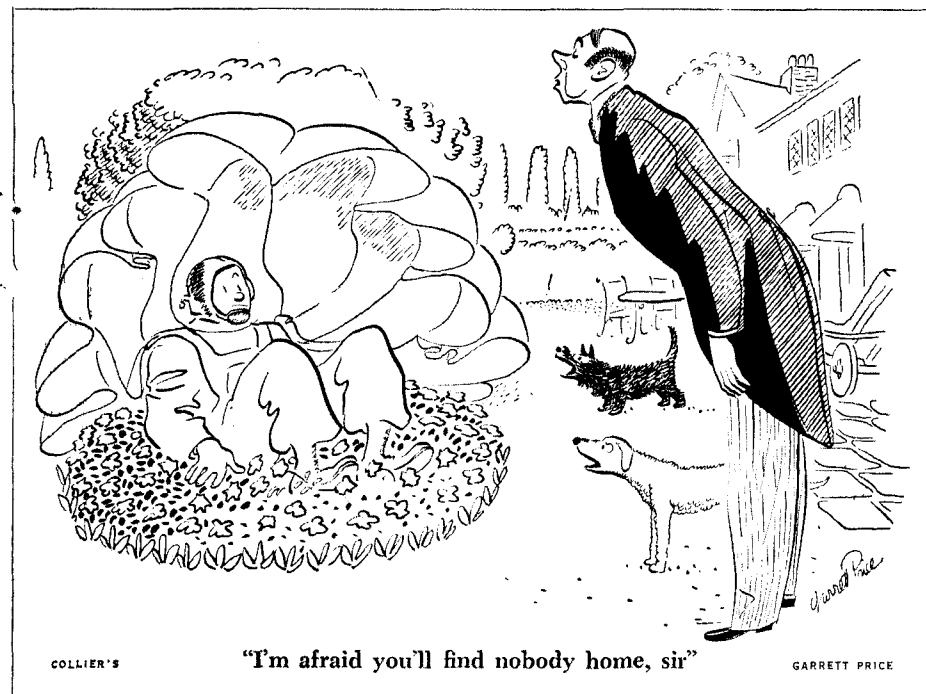
"No. Most Gentiles regard half-Jews as Jews, particularly if the father's Jewish, regardless of whether they've been brought up as Christians or not, and if they have, then the Jews won't accept them, so they end up by not really belonging anywhere."

"Would you want our children to be brought up as Jews?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why?" asked Erica in amazement.

(Continued on page 58)



"I'm afraid you'll find nobody home, sir"

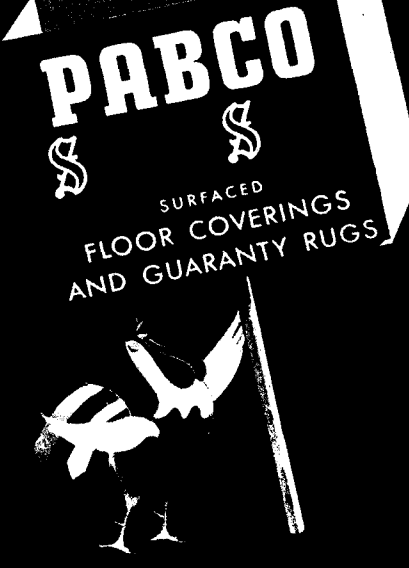
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MEDITERRANEAN ALLIED AIR FORCES

In Russian or English, the legends on the bombs delivered to Germany by the Allies always carry the same sentiment

Earth and High Heaven

Continued from page 57

water faucets and you could fill your tub to any temperature you liked. And when I say hot, I mean hot. It was like the coffee the Russians served us. It was so hot you couldn't drink it. After soaping down, the Russian idea was to empty the tub over your head and swish off the soapsuds. You could continue doing this as long as you liked.

Then we had lunch cooked and served by Russian women. It was the only complaint any of our boys had. The rest of the time we had a mixture of American Army rations and Russian food. We didn't find the Russian dishes any more appetizing than our C rations.

ONE night, the Russians invited us to a dance in the town. It was the first dance I had been to at which there were more women than men, since I arrived in North Africa in January, 1943. The women had to dance together; there just weren't enough men to go around. The music was provided by an accordionist, and the dancing was modern. There were even some Russians jitterbugging, although the customers at New York's public ballrooms might not see eye to eye with them on their execution of trickier numbers.

The Russian girls didn't seem to know whether they should dance with the Americans or not. A Russian officer would then have a word with a girl, and the next American who indicated in sign language "Let's dance" would be accepted. None of us could speak a word of Russian, so the only ones we could really talk to were the interpreters.

Both sides were putting their best foot forward. We were told when we were briefed for the mission that we were very definitely ambassadors and that we should take every precaution to be on our best behavior. I think we handled ourselves well. My only complaint was that we weren't permitted to do enough fighting.

IN ONE of those little "inhabited" places mentioned in Russian communiqués—a little hamlet of half a dozen mud-and-straw houses—I saw a remarkable example of the honesty which we were told was general among the people. We were going through one of these clusters of houses in a jeep, when a little boy in tatters hailed us. He was really poor. He had on a few rags stitched together, and no shoes, but his face was clean. He held out a leather glove to our Russian interpreter and asked him if he would stop every jeep and truck that went by to see if he could find the owner.

We went to the local market on market day. The interesting feature was that it was entirely by barter. No money changed hands. The farmers brought their produce in on two-wheel carts pulled by mules or horses. They could buy some shoes, some cloth and a few other goods. But, for the most part, it was simple trading.

All the Russians we met practically refused to accept American cigarettes. When we started to smoke, we would offer a Russian a cigarette. Politely he would say thank you, but he had some Russian ones and preferred them. Maybe he did, but eventually we broke some of the Russians down to smoking ours.

One night some of the pilots were entertained at the home of a Russian family and they had the job of drinking those "Bottoms up" toasts in vodka, but most of us hardly ever saw the stuff because it's very strictly rationed.

The trip was quite an experience for us, but it was even more of one for the mechanics and armorers we had brought along with us in the bombers. When the ground crews arrived at the Russian base, after encountering enemy flak and fighters for the first time, some of the mechanics turned to their pilots.

"You can have this flying," they said. "We'll stick to being mechanics." ★★★

RUSSIAN SHUTTLE

By Major Herschel Green

One of the trail blazers on the round trip from Italy tells some high lights of flying to the Soviet Union, bombing the Germans—and getting acquainted with the Russians

THE hardest part of the whole job of escorting Flying Fortresses on the shuttle trip from Italian bases was finding the new field in Russia the first time.

In those big flat plains, there are no landmarks. I had it worked out on the map to fly a certain number of minutes in a certain direction from a certain bend of the Dnieper. My navigation worked okay, but I was right over the field before I spotted it. Grass growing through the holes in the field-matting runway blended perfectly with the Ukrainian countryside.

When we landed, it was just like an American air base. The steel planking was American, the same as I flew from in Africa and Sicily. The American colonel who was the base commander drove up in a jeep, and there were American tents pitched around the field, just like any of the installations in Italy. There was even an ambulance with an Army nurse who waved to us when we drove by.

Behind the colonel came the Russian commander, some of his staff, and some women in uniform who were interpreters. Each of our pilots was given a bouquet of flowers

that he had to carry around for a couple of hours. Those Russians seem to put great store by flowers.

We landed in Russia less than twelve hours after we had been officially informed for the first time where we were going. Of course, the operation had been planned for some time, and an oil center in Rumania was the object of our attack. When we learned that fifty of our ground crew were riding along in the Fortresses, to take care of our planes, we figured that we must be going on to Russia.

I had been hoping for the Russian trip for some time. It seemed like an awful waste to trek 600 miles to bomb Ploesti and other Rumanian objectives and then fly back 600 miles, although the Russian lines were only 200 miles away from the target. But I knew it was a problem of bases, and bombs and gas for the trip back.

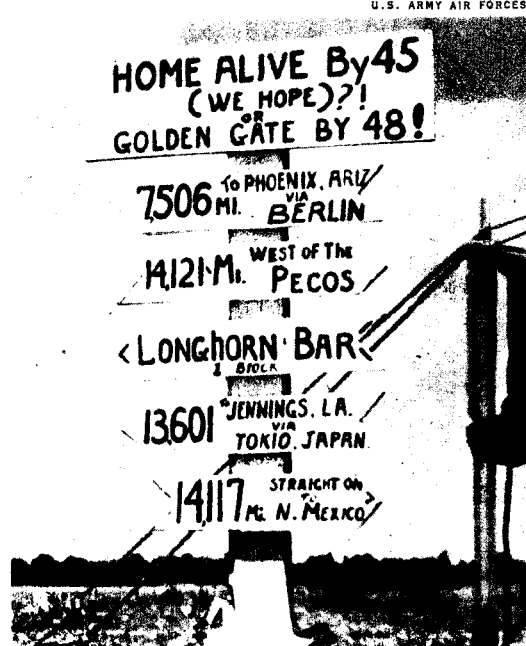
I LEARNED very quickly to treat Russian sentries with respect. One day we were riding in a jeep over to the other side of the field. There was a road that went around the end of the runway, but we were bumping across the field between. A sentry near the landing strip waved at us to go back. The Russian interpreter who was driving didn't seem to notice him. He waved again, wanting us to use the road, even though no planes were landing or taking off. Still we drove on.

Finally, when we were about 100 yards away, the sentry unslung his rifle, dropped to his knee and drew a bead on us. I yelled, the driver stopped, and we went back to the road. If we hadn't, the sentry would have shot—to kill.

Since we had only three missions in ten days, we had time for sightseeing, not that there was much to see. The first few days we stayed in a small railroad town of maybe five streets in each direction. You could see the war had been through here; the Germans had occupied this area for almost two years. We lived in a rather modern dormitory that used to be part of a school. By "modern" I mean we had hot and cold water, electricity and glass in the windows.

The first thing was a bath—Russian style. There were a number of small tin tubs, something like the kind used for washing babies. Around the room there were hot and cold

It wasn't long after the Yanks moved into their Russian bases before the inevitable signposts began to go up



"Why?" he repeated, looking surprised. "Well, apart from the fact that I'm Jewish, simply because it's easier for them in the long run. It's much easier to grow up knowing you're Jewish from the time you're old enough to know anything, than to have it suddenly thrown in your face when you're twenty or twenty-five."

Erica opened her mouth to say something, and then thought better of it. She knew now that unless there were a miracle, she would never marry Marc, but sometimes miracles happen and there was still one day left.

"Aren't you going to argue about it?" asked Marc, looking still more surprised.

"No," said Erica. The idea that they were married, their children would be brought up as Jews had come as a shock, the worst shock Marc had given her so far, she realized. At the moment it did not seem to her to make much sense, and it was certainly going to take some getting used to, but to argue about it now struck her as just about as futile as stopping a film in the middle and proceeding to quarrel over what took place in the part neither of them had yet seen.

She said suddenly a moment later, "These children of ours would be brought up as both, anyhow."

"Why?"

"Because, darling," she said patiently, "whether we like it or not, we're both."

"Oh," said Marc. He grinned, remarking, "I guess that stops me."

"Temporarily," said Erica, carefully putting out her cigarette.

He glanced at her, but she said nothing more. At the end of another silence he asked, "What did you mean when you said that you and your father were never going to get back to where you were before?"

"The whole basis of our relationship has gone. When I think of the way Charles and I used to be, it seems to me we were like those characters in cartoon comedies who run off a cliff and keep on running until they happen to look down and discover that the cliff isn't there any more, and then start to fall."

WITH her eyes on a sumac flaming against the dark green of two young pines on the other side of the clearing, she said, "Well, we had a good run for our money, Charles and I. It took us longer than most people to find out that there wasn't anything underneath us."

He was staring straight ahead of him with the rather bleak look which she had seen in his face at odd times ever since she had known him, only lately it had become much more frequent. It made him older, not younger like his smile.

"Good Lord, Eric, what a mess I've made of your life! I've taken you away from your family—I've taken you away from your job."

"Oh, damn my job!" said Erica. "I was sick to death of it, anyway."

"What are you going to do?"

"Join the Army, just like you."

"Oh," said Marc. He was silent a moment and then he said, "They'll cut your hair, darling."

"I know," she said, amused, because she had been so certain that Marc's first comment would be something about her hair.

"When are you going to enlist?"

He was due to leave for Halifax at seven-thirty on Wednesday night, and she said, "Thursday morning."

"Is Mimi joining up, too?"

"No, Sylvia is. Mimi's too busy trying to talk John into believing that she really cares about him."

"I hope she succeeds," said Marc. "Your father has always liked John, hasn't he?"

A flock of crows flew by, down toward the ragged autumn fields below, and they listened to the cawing as it grew steadily fainter.

She knew that Marc was still thinking about her mother and father, although all she had told him so far was that there had

(Continued on page 61)



View of the State House (now Independence Hall) as it appeared circa 1800*

PHILADELPHIA *Birthplace of Hospitality*



*"The gentlemen of the Army present their compliments
to Miss Sally Wynne and beg the favour
of her company to a ball at the State House
on Monday next, Saturday, December 22, 1755."*

Time rolls back the curtain of two centuries. The State House stands magnificent in its winter setting, as sedan chairs and chaises deliver the elite of Colonial society. In the assembly hall the mellow gleam of a thousand tapers is reflected from huge crystal chandeliers. Lively shadows play over the exquisite panelling, as pompadoured belles and gaily caparisoned officers dance to the quaint minuet. . . Such is the heritage of Philadelphia, birthplace of hospitality. A tradition today upheld by Philadelphia Blend, a magnificent whisky—ordinarily reserved for special occasions, yet one you can afford to enjoy—regularly and often.

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*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
 ★
 ★ Spiritual ★
 ★ Dividends ★
 ★
 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The American Way is prolific in providing spiritual as well as material dividends.

The fruits of the system in furnishing more abundant physical standards of living for typical families than prevail elsewhere in the world are well known.

But our competitive economic society does more than provide us with more and better goods—important as that function is.

It also throws off rich rewards of a spiritual nature.



It gives the housewife the invaluable privilege of selecting goods and services of her own choosing that meet her individual tastes, whims and desires.

Similarly, it enables producers to engage in congenial work of their own choosing.

This freedom of choice, which is the essence of Americanism, exalts the individual, recognizes that he is created in the image of God and gives spiritual tone to the American system. Recognition of the human personality as a sovereign being for whose happiness and welfare all human institutions, including government itself, are created tends to make us more considerate of each other, tends to break down class distinction and to build toward the brotherhood of man.

We have not done a perfect job of this in our country but, even so, we have done better than any other people in history. The important thing is to continue this progress.

In simple terms, the American Way is opposed to pushing around the individual citizen, no matter how humble.

No corporate or governmental dictator is permitted in law or in morals to substitute his judgment and taste for that of the individual citizen.

Instead of regimentation, the American system stands for the right of the individual to have his own personal tastes, desires and whims.



All American business, large and small, is governed by recognition of the basic principle that it can survive only through pleasing customers.

Thus, the American private enterprise system involves much more than the special privilege of business owners.

It is an instrument for enabling self-supporting citizens to earn a better living through making and exchanging goods and services in a manner that expresses their own inclinations, talents, and desires.

Ed Bastwood
 President, Armour and Company

Third of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.

Treet is the meat for extra good baked beans

BUY THE BEST

BUY ARMOUR'S TREET



Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Recipe

Treet's all-meat goodness adds a "plus" to dozens of easy meals

A little Treet makes such a lot of hearty eating! It makes a new hit out of an old favorite in this Treet-Bean casserole. Ready much faster than the ordinary way—and tastier, too! Discover how Treet is always ready to make appetizing meals in a jiffy—any time!

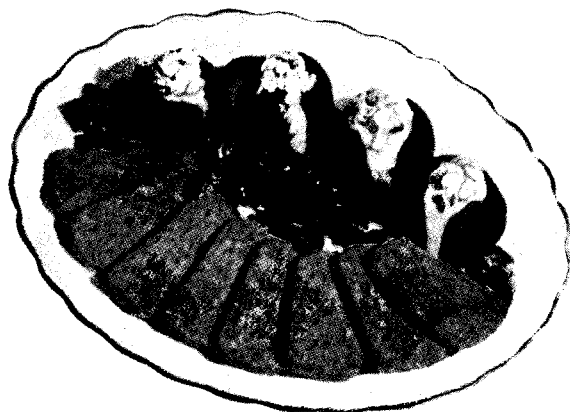
Quick Baked Beans with Treet

4 slices (½ can) Treet	2 tbsps. chopped green pepper
1 No. 2 Can Armour's Star Pork and Beans	¼ tsp. dry mustard
¼ cup brown sugar	⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tbsps. chopped onion	Salt, if desired

Combine beans, sugar, onions, green pepper, mustard and pepper. Place in uncovered casserole. Bake in 375° F. oven for 40-45 minutes. Brown slices of Treet in margarine or Cloverbloom butter for 1½ minutes to each side. Arrange on top of beans. 4 servings.

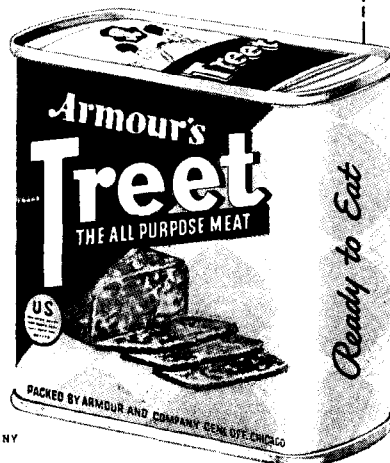
Treet is Tops So Many Ways!

You'll love Treet sliced hot or cold for sandwiches—fried or baked for breakfast, lunch or dinner. It's tender as butter and seasoned just right! Packed with extra flavor, too, because this pure pork shoulder meat is vacuum cooked in its own rich juices. Treet is high in important B vitamins everyone needs. Always keep an extra can or two of Treet on hand.



How to Fix Treet with Spiced Apple Salad

Slice Treet and serve with cinnamon apples that have been hollowed out and stuffed with chopped nuts and celery moistened with mayonnaise.



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Tune in "DATELINE" Every Monday Night Over CBS. Thrilling Behind-the-Fronts Program. See Local Papers for Time.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

SHUT your eyes and imagine yourself on your way to Berlin in the cockpit of a Lightning, Mustang or Thunderbolt shepherding a herd of B-17s and B-24s. Under each wing you have attached to shackles a bomblike tank carrying 75 gallons of 100-octane gasoline. It matters little whether the tank is aluminum, steel, fiber or plastic, and it isn't armor-plated or leakproof.

Suddenly specks in the sky take the form of Messerschmitt 109s and Focke-Wulf 190s, and tracers come your way. Now you used to think that if one of those things hit your wing tank, you'd be in an inferno instantly, so you pulled the release, the tanks dropped off, and with them went from two to three hours of precious cruising range. But you don't worry about that now. This is why.

When the frantic question, "Can't something be done to protect these tanks?" was tossed back at the technicians here from the combat theaters, they went to work down at Eglin Field, Florida, the Army Air Forces Proving Ground, and sent back the answer: "Nothing. Just don't drop your tanks!" For under actual test conditions, the experts found they couldn't set fire to a plane's wing carrying a droppable tank of high-octane gas. They managed to set fire to the tank with .50-caliber slugs, then .50-caliber tracers, then incendiaries, then 20-millimeter high explosives, and finally 20-millimeter tracers. But the wind blew the fire out.

Take our word for it, they tested it thoroughly on the ground with tanks suspended properly under a wing and with an Allison engine blowing air against it at 3,000 r.p.m. Not satisfied with that, they

towed tanks in the air, and a crack-shot air gunner went to work on them from an adjacent airplane. He hit one eleven times, a mean target because of its size, streamline shape, and whirling flight at the end of a cable, and set it afire three times, but each time the fire was blown out.

The ability of our fighters to go to Berlin and back hangs on the drop tanks, which the British claim they invented and are building for us under reverse Lend-Lease. On the outward journey, the fighters draw from the extra tanks, switching from one to the other every half-hour or so to keep the weight balanced. When the tanks are empty, they switch to the built-in gasoline tanks in the ship, pull a release and present the empty tanks to the enemy below.

PILOTS and flight crewmen of Air Group Sixteen, on active combat duty in the Pacific for over a year, had a dull day with no Jap planes to fight and no ships to bomb, so the talk got around to postwar plans. They took a poll among the hundred-odd pilots and a like number of gunners and radiomen. Lieutenant (j.g.) Frederick L. Gwynn, of the torpedo-bomber plane squadron, reports the over-all results: About half were in favor of a permanent Navy flying career and the other half were for returning to civil life.

There are three squadrons in a carrier air group—fighters, torpedo bombers and dive bombers, and the pilots of each are an exclusive breed, with specific jobs to perform after getting off the deck. Seventy-three per cent of the fighter pilots plan to stay in the Navy, while a percentage almost as large of the torpedo-bomber airmen think they'll look elsewhere for jobs when the war is won. Sixty per cent of the crews of the Avengers plan to take the same route as their pilots. Not quite half of the Dauntless and Hell-diver dive-bombing pilots and a little more

Droppable gas tanks won't burn when punctured. Wind blows the fire out

than half of their rear-seat gunners have determined upon a Navy career.

Lieutenant Gwynn thinks he has the answer in the desire of the torpedo-bomber pilots to return to civilian life: Many of them are married, but less than a fourth of the Hellcat boys have wives, so the other three fourths don't have to go home. Also, nearly half the dive bombers are married.

No one knows how much of an active Navy we'll need after the war, but some opinions place it at 50 per cent of the wartime Navy. Should that prove to be true, and should Air Group Sixteen prove to be a barometer for all naval aviation, neither the Navy nor its fighting airmen will have too big a problem on demobilization day.

FROM the moment the pilot and copilot of the 12-ton DC-3 airliner take their seats, until the 'Please Fasten Safety Belt' light goes off, just about 55 operations involving switches, valves, levers and push buttons are performed by them to get the big ship rolling, into the air and settled down to cruising speed and altitude.

So read the opening sentence in a little item in this department of the May 17, 1941, issue. That came back to us the other day as we prowled among C-54s, C-87s, B-24s and

B-17s at the Washington National Airport. We buttonholed Hal Blackburn, assistant manager of TWA's Intercontinental Division, which has its headquarters there and which pushes Army C-54 Douglas 35-ton Skymasters over to Scotland and Egypt with the regularity of flying from New York to Los Angeles for the Air Transport Command, and asked what the count was now.

"One hundred and nineteen operations—divided into eight stages of flight," he said, bringing forth the check list which the pilot, copilot, flight engineer, and ground mechanic must read aloud, just as the firemen and engineers check each other on the type of signal they see down the railroad track. This quiz program goes on after they're in the air and doesn't end until the wheel blocks are in place at the big ship's destination.

Generally regarded to be the first formal check list was the one originated by the Army for its B-17 pilots when the Flying Forts were new. Otis Bryan, TWA's vice-president and part-time pilot for President Roosevelt, was checked out in B-17s at that time while preparing for his four-engine operation procedure of the Boeing Stratoliners, then being built. He was so impressed with the safety features that he installed the check list for his DC-3 fleet. ★★★



Earth and High Heaven

Continued from page 58

been a row, and he still had no idea how bad things actually were.

"Eric, if I thought . . ."

"If you thought what?" she asked, waiting for him to go on.

"If I thought there was going to be someone else—someone like John, someone who'd mean as much to you as I do . . ." He stopped again, his face very strained, and then made himself finish the sentence . . . "I guess I'd call quits for good and never see you again. Life isn't a bed of roses, anyhow, without adding a lot of extra complications that you can so easily avoid."

"By not marrying you," said Erica.

"Yes," he said. "Just by not marrying me."

She was beginning to realize that nothing she could say would make any real difference now, but for the sake of that one chance, that miracle which still might happen sometime between now and tomorrow night, she answered, "Maybe there will be someone else, I don't know. All I do know is that it will be different, and I won't feel like this again. When I'm with you, I feel—I feel safe. I feel safe all the way through. I know that whatever you do, you'll never hurt me, and all the little things that are so deep down and so vulnerable—they're safe, too."

She smiled at him, although her throat and eyes were too dry and it was hard to talk. "I know lots of people who are comfortably married, with nothing to worry about, no really serious problems of their own, but they sit on opposite sides of the living room at night and they might just as well be sitting on opposite sides of the Atlantic, because they're not two halves of a whole. They're two separate wholes, two separate individuals who give you the feeling that they got married by accident and might just as well have

married—someone else," she said, looking at him. "They're not fundamentally interested in each other—they're interested in other things, in their children, their house, their friends, and what keeps them together comes from outside, rather than from any inner necessity."

She broke off and then said with difficulty, "That's something I've always been afraid of. What matters most to me is not being lonely, and what scares me most is not being poor, or ending up on the wrong side of the local prejudices or even the local conventions, but ending up—"

"On the wrong side of the living room."

She said, her eyes searching his face, "I wish you'd believe me."

"I do believe you, darling."

"No," said Erica, "not quite."

AFTER that, there was another silence, and at last he said, "I keep thinking of all the people who've started feeling the way you do now, and then realized when it was too late, that one person couldn't make up for so many disadvantages—no matter how hard that person tried, no matter how hard they both tried—particularly when it was only that one person who stood in the way."

She said again, "It depends on what matters most to you," wondering how often, just how many times she had said that before, first to her father and then to Marc.

She herself belonged to the generation born during the last war, who were still too young to be greatly influenced either by the disillusionment of the immediate postwar years or by the blind optimism of the late twenties. She had come to full consciousness when political security had begun to go, and economic security had already gone.

Change was to Erica the only permanent condition of life; she had no idea what tomorrow would be like, except that it would be different from yesterday and today. The more you could learn to do without, the safer you were; security consisted in traveling light and staking your happiness on a

few fundamentals of nonmaterial nature which could not or at least were unlikely to be taken away from you.

Looking back now, she realized that long before Marc this point of view had shaped her existence; among other things, it had prevented her from marrying any one of several different men who had been in love with her in the past. She had recognized the fact that any individual looks quite different when he is viewed in terms of a specific and familiar social and economic structure from when he is viewed as an isolated human being, solely in terms of his own inherent qualities. You might be reasonably happy living with someone in Montreal and with that social and economic structure to absorb the inevitable stresses and strains, only to find that life on a desert island with that same person was quite unendurable.

For Erica, the desert island was always more or less imminent, or, if not imminent, it was at least a possibility which loomed too large to be ignored. Marc was the only man she had known with whom she was willing to risk it, and, so far as her own values were concerned, what she would be giving up in marrying him was a handful of social and, if the worst came to worst, economic non-essentials which were not important to her and in whose continued existence she did not put much faith in any case. She had earned her living on a newspaper for the past six years, and she knew that what mattered most to Erica Drake was Marc Reiser.

Marc, however, did not know it, and, even if he had, the problem would still have been only half solved. It was not enough for him to believe in her; he had also to believe in himself.

His eyes met hers and he said, "You should have known me ten years ago when I was still full of illusions."

"And still trying," said Erica, looking away from him, "instead of just sitting around agreeing with everybody." She jabbed the burned match which she was still holding in her hand as far as it would go into the

earth; then, bringing her eyes back to his face, she said in a different tone, "Most people are born into a fixed social pattern and just travel along their particular groove till they get to the other end and die, but once in a while somebody gets a chance to climb out of his groove and give the whole thing a push from behind. Well, they either take that chance or they don't. I know a couple of people who have, and so do you. Look at Max Rosenberg and Betty Innes. . . ."

"YES," said Marc. "Look at them—or rather look at their families. Their families kicked up such a row that Max and Betty ended up by moving to Toronto, flat broke, and starting all over again."

"Well, Toronto's better."

"Is it?"

"You know it is!" said Erica, exasperated. "Go on about the groove, darling," he said, looking amused.

"Most people haven't got the Rosenbergs' guts. They just climb out for a while, take a good look around, get scared and decide it's too tough and climb down again. They play safe. But the people who play safe don't change anything. They just sit tight and wait for someone else to change it. Do you think that's what you and I are for—just to play safe and wait?"

"I don't know," he said. He glanced upward at the motionless trees overhead and said hopelessly again, "I don't know, Eric. I wouldn't want you to look the way Betty Rosenberg does now, anyhow."

"Why?"

"She looks as though she'd washed too many dishes and scrubbed too many floors and stayed awake too many nights worrying because they can't afford to send the kids to a private school, where the fact that they're Jews maybe wouldn't matter so much. She's even beginning to look as though she's not sure now whether it was worth it or not."

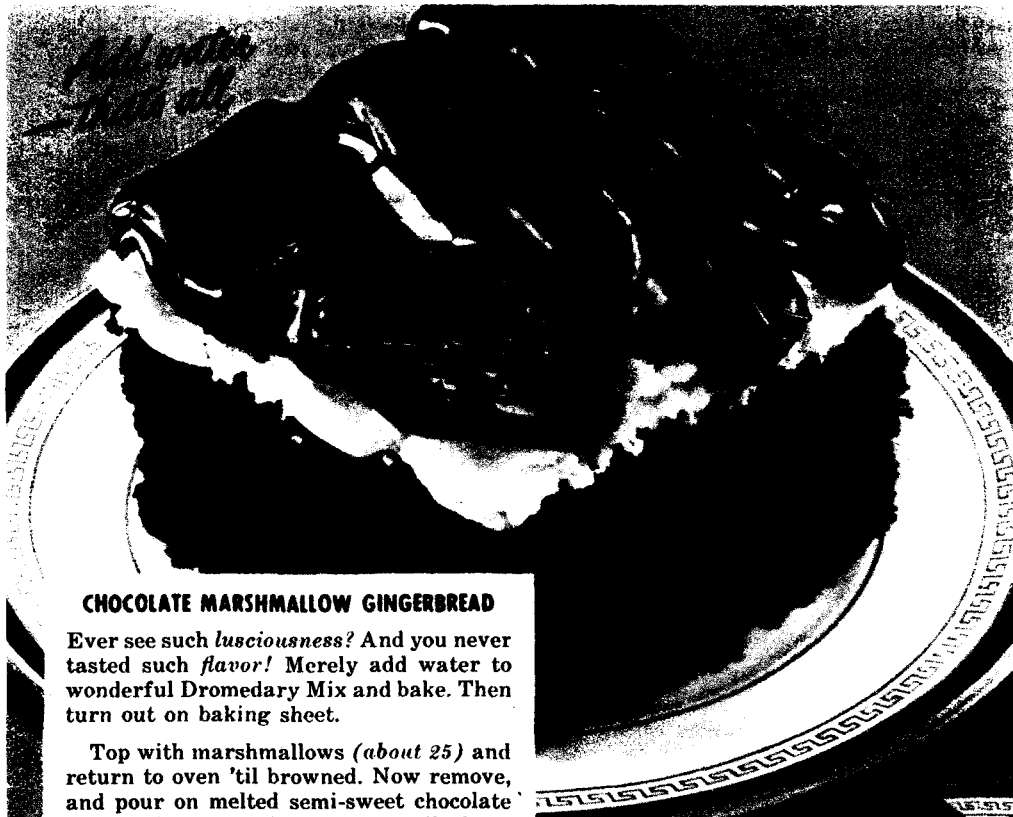
"I don't believe you," said Erica involuntarily.

He shrugged and said, "Well, perhaps she



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Prize recipe! Add 1/2 cup water to Mix. Spread half the batter thinly in baking pan. Cover with chopped cooked prunes (1 cup). Top with remaining batter. Bake 25 minutes, 350°. Cool, cut in strips. Ambrosia!



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just happened to look like that the evening I was there."

They were silent for a while, and then he asked without warning, "Did your father object to your coming up here?"

"Yes," said Erica, after a pause.

"But you are here. How did you manage it?"

"I just came."

"You couldn't 'just come.' You must have walked out."

She turned her head quickly to look at him and then asked with sudden terror, "What do you think I should have done?"

"I can't answer that, Eric."

"Would you have come to Montreal?"

"I'm not sure," he said almost inaudibly.

She began to cry, and he put his arm around her and drew her head down on his shoulder without saying anything. She knew that he was still looking straight ahead of him with that bleak look, and she went on crying with her face partly hidden against his shirt.

Finally he said, "This must be about the last straw so far as your family is concerned." He took out his handkerchief and dried her eyes and put the handkerchief away again. Then he asked, "Exactly what did happen on Monday?"

"Charles came into my room when I was packing and said that I was not to go."

"Didn't you tell him beforehand that you were going?"

"Yes, I told them the night you phoned."

"Then why didn't he ... ?"

"I guess it was because of Mother. She tried to make Charles promise not to try to stop me from going, and when it was all over and she found out what had happened, she came running down the hall and she kept saying, 'I told you, Charles, I told you,' and she was so upset that she was nearly out of her head. So was Charles, only he was angry, too. I've never seen him so angry. He just went into his study and shut the door."

She went on, as Marc had said nothing, "I guess Mother knew what would happen. It was just as hard for her as for Charles, but she cares far more for justice, and she has a terrible sense of moral responsibility for this whole situation. She said that it was mostly her fault because she's my mother, and that they'd both let me down so badly that they no longer had any right to interfere. I wouldn't have gone, then, if she'd asked me not to, but she wouldn't. She said she wouldn't even ask me to come back, because it was up to Charles now."

After a pause, Erica added, trying to steady her voice, "It wasn't her fault. That's what's so rotten about it."

"Yes," said Marc.

A LITTLE later she said, "You've got to understand why I couldn't give in to Charles. It's not facts that hurt people, it's their attitude toward facts. I'm not responsible for Charles' attitude toward you and toward something that only concerns us. I can't make you pay for it, because it's not fair. I can't help his attitude. I can't change it. He invents half his own suffering, and I can't make you suffer instead, simply because my father chooses to think that ..."

"I know what he thinks I am."

She turned to him and put both her arms around him and said, with the tears running down her face again, "Marc, I love you so much!"

"Don't cry, darling. It doesn't help."

She knew now that there was no longer any chance, even for a miracle, and she said, "I wanted these last three days to be perfect, so that when you went away, you'd remember what it was like at the end, and maybe the rest of it wouldn't be so important. ..."

"But you see, Eric, this is just the end of the rest of it." He took out his handkerchief and wiped away her tears and smiled at her. Then the smile faded from his oblique, greenish eyes and he asked, "What else did you want, darling?"

"I wanted you to *believe*—to believe in us. I wanted you to go overseas believing in us. I don't care how long I have to wait. That isn't what matters."

Her throat was aching intolerably, but she was no longer crying. She managed to say quite evenly, "I don't think I matter much,

either. What does matter is you. I can't bear the idea of your going overseas with nothing to come back to at the end of it but a world in which there is no place for you and me."

He said despairingly, "Eric, I can't ... I can't ..."

"It's all right, darling," she said quietly. "I know you can't."

When they got back to the hotel, the church clock in the village down at the other end of the lake was striking six. A telegram had come for Erica some hours before; it was from her father and contained only the four words, "Anthony is reported missing."

THE town of Manchester lies sprawled along the shore of a lake and faces outward over a few scattered granite islands toward an empty western horizon. At the back of the town is a stretch of open country cleared and farmed by French Canadian families, with fields and pastures which become steadily poorer and rougher as they approach the bush. Behind the bush are the Algoma hills, rising high, strong and magnificently colored against the clear northern sky. This is the edge of the mining country; this is the beginning of Canada's North.

Manchester has an interminably long straight main street running parallel with the shore, flanked by the inevitable collection of two- and three-story office buildings, shops, gas stations, restaurants and movie houses. Above the main street is the residential district, a series of tree-shaded streets with houses set well back and surrounded by lawns, bushes and scattered flower beds. Here Marc's parents lived, in a comfortable house painted white with green shutters and a wide front porch screened on three sides by lilac bushes.

The town was about two thirds Protestant and one third Catholic, with only a few Jewish families who were too small a community to afford the upkeep of a temple or synagogue. For the two most important festivals of the year, they were accustomed to hire the public hall down on the main street, and one of the older German or Polish Jews would conduct the services, but in this, the third year of the war, the services of Yom Kippur were taken by a young student rabbi who had arrived in Manchester a week before to visit his relatives. Neither Orthodox nor especially devout, the Reisers had come to Kol Nidre, on the eve of the Day of Atonement and then did not return until early the following afternoon. It was Monday, September 21st, of the Jewish year 5703.

Although the rows of hard wooden chairs were divided by an aisle down the middle, with most of the women on the left and the men on the right, the Reisers were sitting together near the back—first, Leopold Reiser, then Marc and then his mother. The opening of the service made no impression on Marc; after four days at home, he was still unable to stop thinking of Erica. His eyes wandered from the little pulpit to the high reading stand and the tired face of the young student rabbi, and then to the Ark with the two seven-branched candlesticks on either side, fourteen points of light flickering in the rather dusty air of the hall, and finally back to the student rabbi again.

Marc's leave was almost up; by Tuesday night he would be on the train for Montreal, where he would see Erica again for a few hours, and then take the seven-thirty train to Halifax. Except for those few hours, he might never see her again, and he had not only failed her completely, he had also failed himself. He did not know how it had happened or when it had begun to happen, but he did know that it was he himself who had got off the track, and that if he hadn't, in spite of Charles Drake and everyone else, it would not have turned out like this.

For some reason or other, he had expected the problem to clarify itself once he was home and back in his own environment, but after four days he was still living in two worlds, and the world in which he had grown up was less real than the world he had left on Wednesday night, after going with Erica as far as the front door of the house up in Westmount and then returning to the station to catch the westbound train for Manchester, on the transcontinental line. He was not, in fact, back in his own environment in

any but a purely physical sense, and, with only one more day to go, his own existence was as meaningless as ever.

Someone coughed, but the profound silence which was heightened by the steady voice of the reader continued unbroken by the faint noises from the street outside.

Then said they unto him, Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause this evil is upon us; what is thine occupation and whence comest thou? what is thy country and of what people art thou? and he said unto them: I am an Hebrew . . .

Once a barrister and now a soldier about to go overseas, born and bred in Canada, a Canadian of Jewish origin.

What is a Jew?

Now, if ever, Marc thought, with his eyes fixed on a seven-branched candlestick and the words of the Yom Kippur service in his ears, surrounded by his own people and only by his own people, he should be able to find the answer to that riddle once and for all, and he waited, but the answer did not come.

He realized that his sense of identity with the men and women around him was more of race, of race suffering and race achievement, than of religion, for his religious convictions involved only a simple belief in one God—one God for everyone regardless of sect and regardless of the form of worship. But he could feel his own Jewishness in his very bones and he was proud to be what he was, partly because of his people's long, unbroken continuity of history and tradition, their unending record of faith and sheer guts, and partly because, in spite of everything which the so-called Christian nations had done to them, they had continued to give to the world such a disproportionately large number of great men to whom humanity would be eternally indebted—scientists, philosophers and artists no longer living.

Have mercy upon Zion for it is the home of our life.

He knew that his mother was looking at him again, with that expression of uncertainty and concern that he had seen so often in her face during the past two days, before she had caught his eyes and quickly looked away again. She was worried about him. So was his father, who was staring straight ahead, with his prayer book open at the wrong page. What were they worried about? What did they think he could do between trains? The danger had been averted; they were safe

now, the Drakes were safe, everybody was safe except Erica and himself.

Marc found himself watching the people in the rows in front of him, thinking that although Erica understood so much, she could never really understand his feeling of having deserted them, in some way, by marrying her. It would be like going over to the other side, or like creating a breach in their own defenses—if not in his own mind, then in the minds of other Jews. Now more than ever before, the ranks must be closed to all outsiders.

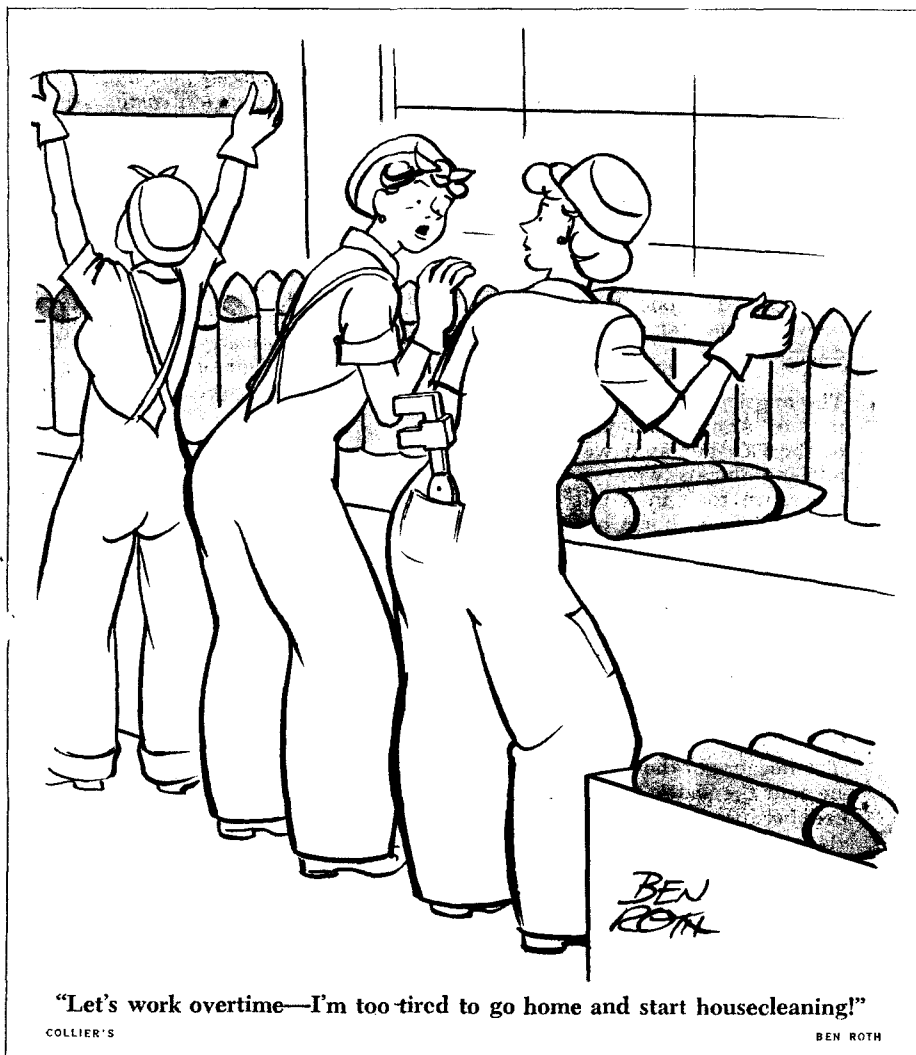
His father had said something like that when Marc had told him about Erica on Sunday night. Although he had arrived late on Thursday, he had said nothing about her to either of his parents until he had been home for three days.

HE HAD slept late on Friday morning, and when he had finally come downstairs, his father had already left for the mill on the edge of the town, but his mother was still sitting in the dining room waiting for him. They had talked for almost two hours. She had asked him questions about himself and the Army and about going overseas, and had given him news of various people, sitting at the head of the big mahogany table with the sun coming through the windows of the dining room and lighting up her dark, graying hair and her lovely dark eyes. She was almost sixty, but she looked younger and, unlike his father, had never put on weight, in spite of the fact that she was naturally serene and rather passive, while his father was nervous and active.

Marc had thought that she had noticed nothing; it was just like all the other long and leisurely breakfasts on his first morning home, until she asked suddenly as she was getting up, "Marc, what's the matter?"

"Nothing." As she went on looking down at him, he added, "I'll tell you some other time. It's nothing to worry about."

It was characteristic of her that she had let it go at that, and left it to him to bring up the subject again in his own time. It was characteristic of both his parents. He had been brought up in a family of four very different individuals who respected one another and would argue passionately and at length on impersonal issues, but who said only what was necessary and then usually only when they were asked for an opinion, on questions which affected any one of them



"Let's work overtime—I'm too tired to go home and start housecleaning!"

COLLIER'S

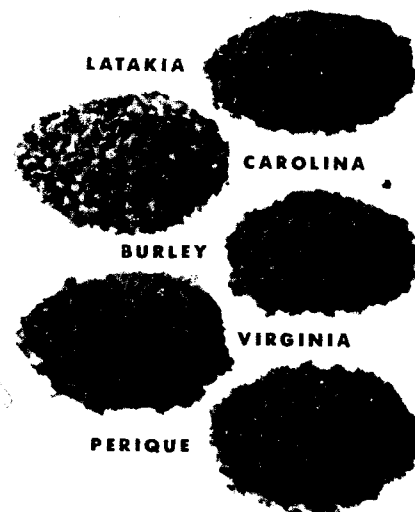
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63



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directly. On Sunday night, after they'd got home from Kol Nidre, it had taken his father less than a quarter of an hour to say all that he had to say about Erica.

And thou has given us in love, O Lord our God, this Day of Atonement, for pardon, forgiveness and atonement, that we may obtain pardon thereon for all our iniquities; a holy convocation, a memorial of the departure from Egypt.

He was suddenly aware of the rabbi's chant, of the slowly changing atmosphere of the hall and the growing tension, as the service drew nearer the long confession in which they would confess and make supplication not only for themselves but for the whole House of Israel and for all Jews, living and dead. He glanced at the faces around him and was struck by their simplicity and the exaltation which had washed away all the marks of ordinary, everyday living and left them transfigured. And the wave which was mounting steadily higher and higher toward the climax of the service caught him up and took him out of himself for a moment.

Then it carried him off to one side and left him there, going on without him, and he found himself alone again, wishing violently that he had not come, that, like David, who had arrived the night before, he had been honest enough to stay at home. He had come partly to please his mother and father, and partly because it was the last complete day of his last leave.

NOW it seemed to him that he was like a man going to the bank in which he had left a small deposit twenty years before, expecting to find himself rich. Since he had put almost nothing into his religion at any time during his life, there was no real reason why he should have expected, suddenly in an emergency, to get something out of it.

He remembered having said once to Erica that marriage to a Jew would mean living in a kind of no man's land, an undefined area out in the middle distance somewhere between the majority from which she had come and the minority on the other side who would never admit her. He could tell her more about that now, for he was apparently drifting toward no man's land himself, unable to become one even with his own people at this crucial moment.

It was his father who was looking at him this time, still worried, and Marc's thoughts went back to the conversation they had had Sunday night when they were in the living room and he had told them about Erica.

"You're not thinking of marrying her, are you?" his father had asked.

"I don't know. Nobody has ever meant as much to me as she does."

There was a pause, and then his father said, "What's her family like?"

"They're—well, they're the Drakes, that's all. They're pretty well known."

"What do they think of you?"

He had known that he was going to be asked that question. He had known it ever since he had realized that he was going to have to talk to his mother and father about Erica, and he had dreaded it. He said, "I've never met them."

"You..." his father began incredulously and stopped.

His mother glanced at him quickly and said nothing at all.

He waited for a moment and then burst out, "I wish you could meet her! You'd both like her, I know you would. She's so straight. She even knows how to think straight. She knows exactly what matters..."

"Does she?" asked his father.

His mother said quietly, "Then she must know that her family matters, Marc."

"Yes," said Marc hopelessly, "I guess she does."

"You aren't going to do her any good by marrying her," said his father.

"But she feels just the same about me..."

"Maybe she does, now."

His father's rather heavy face was out of range of the light from the lamp on the table behind the sofa, but even in the dimness and from the fireplace some distance away, Marc could see his expression. His father was not going to change his mind. Nothing would make him change his mind. He said, "It won't work."

"Why can't we make it work?"

"Because you're too different, and because other people won't let you."

Marc turned to his mother and said, "You'd let us, wouldn't you?"

Her face changed and she said unhappily, "I don't know, Marc."

Then his father's voice cut across the room, saying grimly, "We wouldn't behave like the Drakes, if that's what you mean!" He glanced at his wife and sank heavily back into his chair again, muttering, "All right, Maria, all right," and then said in a different tone, "You're a Jew, Marc. You ought to know we can't afford to lose anyone we don't have to lose. There aren't so many of us now as there were before Hitler and his friends got going on us."

Jogging your Jargon

II

The following sentences are in the special argot (you can call it slang, jargon, lingo, vernacular, or terminology, according to your personal taste) of seven different occupational groups using the English language. Can you tell—(1) to which group each sentence belongs; (2) what each sentence means? (Answers on page 81.)

- 1 The sobsister cooked up a swell beat in time to make the bulldog but mentioned a name that was on the sheet's SOB list, so the boss killed it, even though he'd blurbed it in his shirttail.
- 2 Nobody was hep to McCarthy's glass jaw till Spanish Jack gave him the right cross in the first, and Mac heard the birdies sing.
- 3 The shill who doubled in brass in the mud show saved the geek from annoyance when the clem was on, but he found she was hitched to one of the bull men, and he started rushing a dangler.
- 4 The angel promised to leave a pair of Annie Oakleys for us at the BO, but as it was SRO and no ducats when we got there, we took in a bill of B whodunits and horse operas at a garlic house.
- 5 According to the scuttlebutt on the tin can, Andrews, a one-and-a-half striper, was transferring to a covered wagon, but Chips and Sparks said he'd put in for pigboat duty.
- 6 The hogger got the highball but he told the shack to chase the red because there were gandy dancers at work.
- 7 Even though Kay was a mothball, she thought Howard was out of this world till she found out he was a long-underwear platterbug.

—Cliff Macon

"I'm not going to stop being a Jew."

"You wouldn't be able to help it. You'd be neither one thing nor the other, and that goes for your wife and children, too, particularly your children. You'd just be"—he spread out his hands—"nothing. It's like mixing oil and water. You can't do it. It doesn't work."

He looked up at Marc, and then, with his voice still pitched low but speaking with profound conviction, as though this were a summing up of his sixty-five years of living experience, he went on, "You think you could compromise and somehow you'd manage, but sooner or later you'd find out that you can go just so far and no farther. You'd get sick of compromising, and so would she, and some day you'd wake up and realize that it wasn't a question of compromising on little things any more, but of compromising yourself. And you couldn't do it. Neither of you could do it. Nobody can do it." He paused, then he said with a sudden undercurrent of violence, "You've got to be yourself. Otherwise, you're better off dead."

The violence died away again and he said, "It isn't just a question of conventions; it's five thousand years which have made you and her hopelessly different. You don't know how different you are yet."

"I've had a pretty good chance to find out, since I left home sixteen years ago!"

"Find out," Marc's father repeated. "You haven't even begun to find out. Getting yourself kicked out of a hotel is the worst thing that's ever happened to you! You don't yet know how Jewish you are. Otherwise, you wouldn't be talking about marrying a Gentile; you'd realize that no matter how much you have in common, it doesn't make up for that one fundamental difference between you. Nothing can make up for that. What counts in the long run isn't whether or not you and your wife like the same books or like to do the same things. It's whether or not, down underneath, you're the same kind of person. Whether you have the same attitude toward things, the same outlook on life—the same background, and heredity and the same traditions."

He paused again and then finished it. He said, "And if there's one thing that's dead certain, it is that no Jew and no Gentile have ever lived have the same outlook on life."

That was all Marc's father had had to say.

Our Father, our King, remember thy mercy and suppress thine anger, and remove pestilence, sword and famine, destruction, captivity, iniquity and plague, all evil occurrences; and even disease, every stumbling block and contention, every kind of punishment, every evil decree and all causeless enmity, from us and from all the children of thy covenant...

THE voice of the rabbi merged with his father's; it seemed to Marc that for weeks he had had nothing to say for himself, even to Marc Reiser. He had only listened—to Erica, saying, "Most people just travel along their particular groove till they get to the end of it and die;" and his father: "You aren't going to do her any good by marrying her;" and Erica again, "They just climb out for a while, take a good look around, get scared and climb down again."

That was what he had done. When he had met Erica he had climbed out and stayed there on top for three months, taking a good look around.

You can't do it, it doesn't work, he thought. You're a Jew, and you ought to know that. But the people who play safe don't change anything. They just sit tight and wait for someone else to change it. And that's no, what we're for, just to play safe and wait.

To wait! The whole history of our race is the history of a people whose faith has never run out, whose faith has never wavered, and who are never done with waiting.

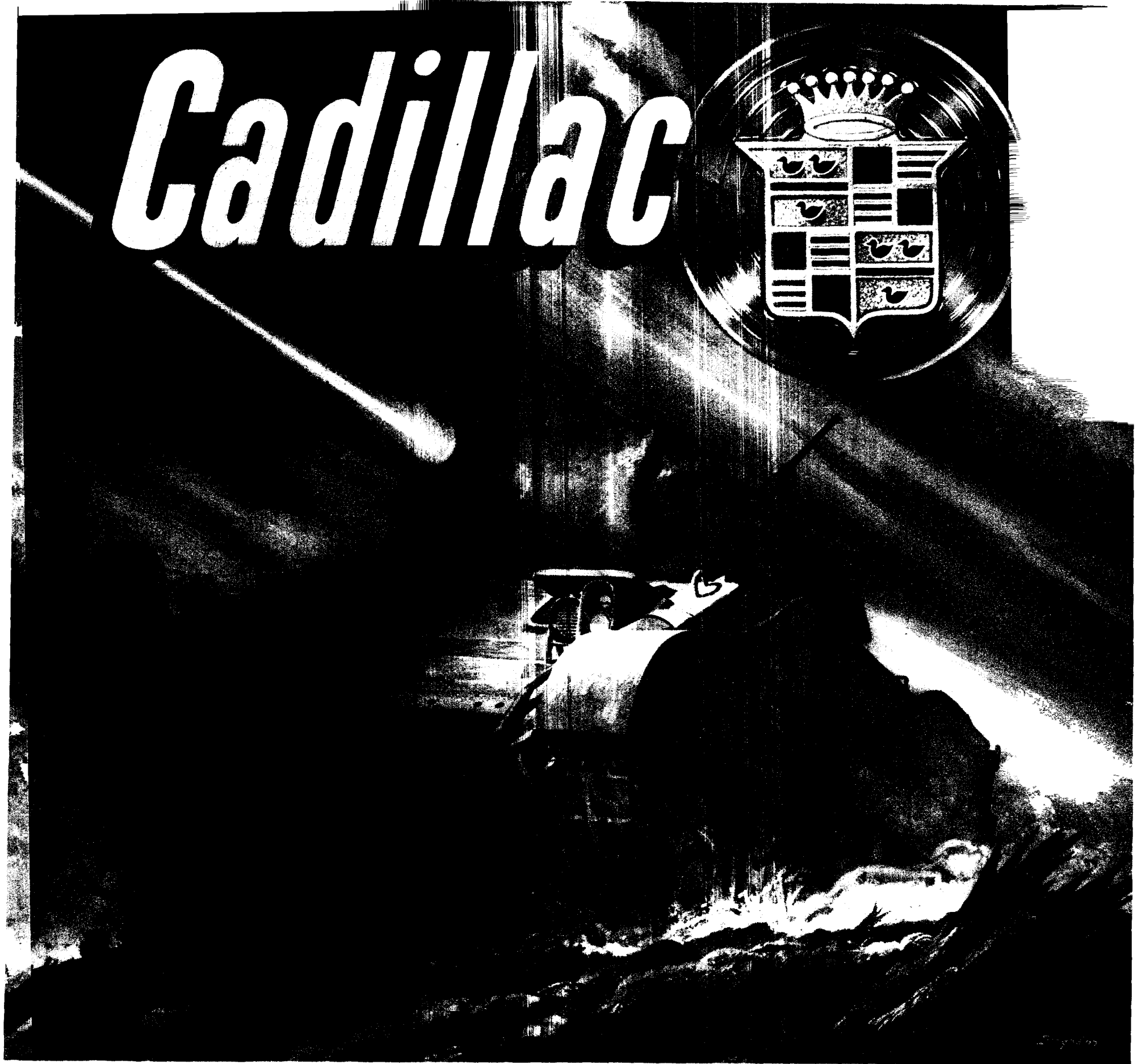
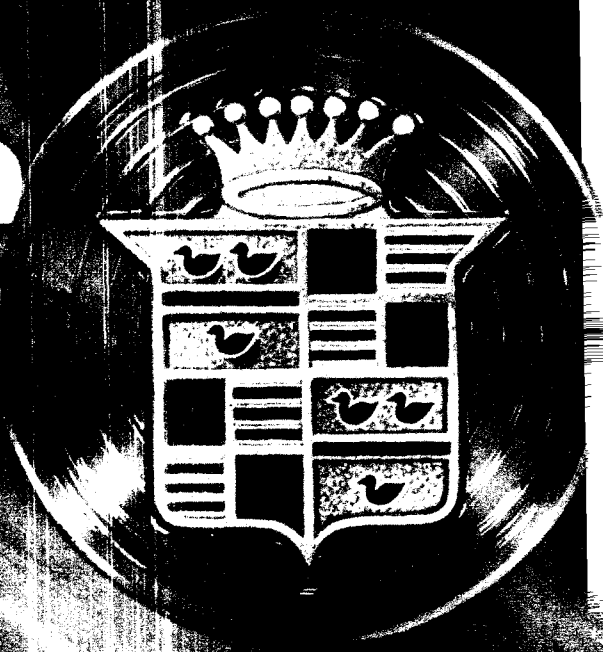
He remembered that on Sunday night, or rather, early Sunday morning, his mother had come into his room. He was lying in bed, still awake, watching the shadows of the elm leaves on his ceiling.

"Marc, are you awake?"

"Yes, Mother. Come in and sit down."

"I'll sit here," she said, motioning toward the chair by the dresser. She was wearing a wrapper of some kind of printed material, and her hair was hanging over her shoulders in two thick braids. She did not turn on

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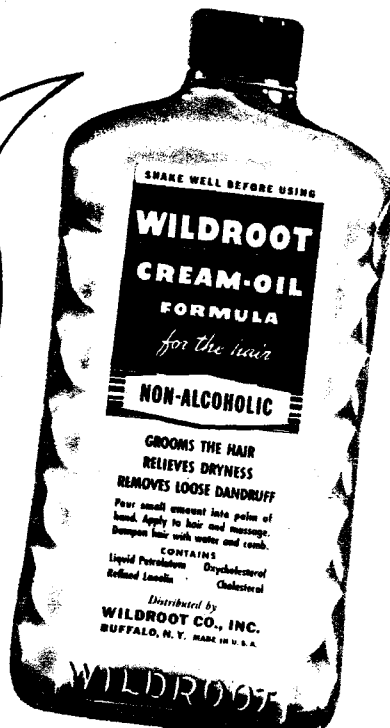


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the light, but closed the door and sat down in the chair, with the dresser behind her. The moon was full, shining in an oblique line across his carpet. He could see her quite clearly.

"I wanted to talk to you."

"Yes, I thought you would," he said, for downstairs she had let his father do almost all the talking. She had obviously agreed with him, but he had sensed a faint inner reservation which was still unaccounted for.

She looked at the old battered desk across the room, then at the map above it, which showed the world as it had been in 1922, and finally at the bookcase in the corner, and remarked, "It's hard for me to realize that you're grown up when I come in here, or that David is, either. Mothers are so silly—Good heavens, David's almost forty!"

A moment later, she added, "And you're going overseas." After another pause, looking down at her hands lying loosely in her lap, she said, "I'm proud of you, Marc—not because of going overseas, though that's part of it, but mostly just because you're a fine person. So is David. I've been lucky; both my sons have turned out to be fine people. I'm glad about your captaincy, too, darling."

"That doesn't mean anything, Mum. It's just a formality. Lieutenants of my age aren't allowed to go overseas any more."

"I know, but still . . ."

He took a cigarette from the table beside his bed, and she said, "You smoke too much."

"I know."

"So does David. That pipe of his reminds me of those awful things you used to keep in bottles!"

"That reminds me," said Marc with sudden interest, "what became of my mud puppy? I've always meant to ask you."

"I buried it."

"Oh, that explains it, then," he said, adding without thinking, "Eric was sure it wouldn't burn."

She stared at him, her expression changing completely, and suddenly she said, her voice trembling, "Marc, I want you to be happy! I don't care about anything else."

"I know you don't, Mother."

"I wish I could see that girl of yours. You're thirty-three, and you've never really been in love with anyone else. I'm sure she must be fine, too, because you wouldn't be in love with her if she wasn't. And though everything your father said tonight was true—there's no getting around it—still, I kept thinking all the time he was talking that she should have been there to speak for herself."

"You're the first person who's thought that. I don't know whether even I have really . . ."

He stopped and she said, letting out her breath in a long sigh, "Of course she doesn't know what it's like." In a different tone she added, "And you don't really, either."

"Yes, I do."

"No."

SHE was still sitting in the same position, but her hands were clasped tightly together now, and her whole body had stiffened. She said, "You don't know what happens to people when they live together year after year. They get angry sometimes, and they say things that they couldn't have imagined themselves saying before they were married, and that they wouldn't dream of saying to anyone else. That's what I'm afraid of, and I simply couldn't bear to have it happen to you."

"What, exactly, do you mean?" he asked, after waiting for her to go on.

She had begun to rock in a slight back-and-forth movement. He never forgot the way she looked or the tone of her voice as she said despairingly, "I'm afraid that sometime when she was very angry, she would round on you and blame you for being a Jew."

The afternoon service for Yom Kippur was almost over. The scene in his bedroom faded from Marc's mind, and he glanced at the congregation ahead of him, then beside him. His mother touched his arm and turned her head slightly, gesturing toward the back of the hall. His brother David had come after all and was standing by the door, a short, almost stocky figure in baggy gray flannels and an old leather windbreaker. He had very thick black hair, a black mustache, black eyes

which gave you the feeling that he never missed anything.

As he caught Marc's eye, he waved casually with one hand but stayed where he was, leaning against the back wall by the door.

The service was almost over, and Marc turned to his mother and whispered, "Do you mind if I go? Dave seems to have something on his mind."

"No, go along. I'll see you back at the house."

Outside in the street, David said to Marc, "Let's go for a walk before dinner. I want to talk to you."

"More talk?" said Marc wearily.

"Sorry. If you're hungry, I'll buy you a sandwich and a cup of coffee first, though. That Greek joint is just up the street."

"All right," said Marc indifferently.

WHATEVER it was he had to say on the subject, David said nothing while they were in the Greek restaurant or when they were walking through the town toward the road which led back through the strip of rough farm country to the bush, and eventually into the Algoma hills. When they had passed the last run-down cottage on the outskirts of the town, he was still talking about Father La Fleur, the new priest in his district, who was a great improvement on the old one, younger, more adaptable, and far less fatalistic in his attitude toward the wretched living conditions in his parish.

"You have no idea," David said, "what a difference a good priest can make to the local doctor. I had a devil of a time with the other one; he was as hard as nails, he'd put off calling me till the last moment, and sometimes I used to wonder if he didn't actually prefer to have his parishioners enter the Kingdom of Heaven right away, rather than have their entry postponed by a Jewish doctor butting in and interfering with the will of God."

"Does the new priest object to you being Jewish?"

"Well, he put out a few feelers when he first came, on the off chance of converting me, but I told him that my attitude toward religion in general—Judaism, Catholicism or any other—was chiefly scientific, and after that he gave up. On the spiritual side, we have a strictly live-and-let-live attitude toward each other. Got a cigarette?"

They stopped in the middle of the road, and shielding a match with his hands, David lighted Marc's cigarette and his own, blew out the match and said, "I've got a couple of things to tell you."

"You and everybody else," said Marc, starting to walk up the road again. He wished violently, so violently he felt almost sick, that Erica was with him, that it was early morning and they were starting back toward the hills with the whole day ahead of them, and instead of that it was late afternoon, the hills had a darkening, purplish cast, and he was with David, about to listen to still another voice saying the same things all over again, and about to answer a lot of silly questions, with Erica five hundred miles away.

Eric, what are we doing? he thought. How are we going to live, you without me and I without you?

"Would you like to know what I think?" asked David suddenly, beside him.

Marc started and then answered shortly, "Not if it's what everybody else thinks."

"It isn't. At least, it's not what Mother and Dad seem to think. I told them that if you decided you wanted to marry Erica Drake I was going to back you up."

"You're going to back me up?" Marc asked incredulously.

"Well," said David, shrugging, "Erica anyhow. I don't know about you yet. I want to hear your side of it first." He paused and then remarked, "I gather the chief objection to her is the fact that she's not Jewish."

"Obviously. There aren't any other objections."

David glanced at him briefly and said, "I didn't realize that you were so particular."

"It's not I," said Marc irritably. "I don't give a damn whether she's Jewish or not. It's what will happen to her—what has already happened to her—in less than three months. And I can't help her. I can't even do anything to make it easier for her. I just go on

aking it harder. I keep seeing her the way
e was when I met her . . ."
He broke off, as the picture of Erica in his
ind divided into two portraits side by side:
Erica as she had been the day he had met
er, with that look of having come to terms
ith life; and of Erica as she had been up
the clearing near the top of the mountain
e day he had left her, bewildered, beaten.
He said to the short, stocky figure march-
g along beside him, "You haven't any idea
ow much she's changed— Good Lord, how
uch she's changed! She doesn't even look
ally young any more. If I'd deliberately set
ut to see how much damage I could do, I
ouldn't have made a better job of it. What
ind of a case have we got? I haven't given
er anything compared to what I've already
ken away from her."

DAVID said nothing, and Marc went on.
The first week end we went away, she
ad a copy of The Shropshire Lad with her,
nd when I picked it up, it fell open at those
nes that begin, 'Be still, my soul, be still;
he arms you bear are brittle . . .'
"It's no use going on like that, Marc."
Still walking up the road, Marc said:

"Think rather—call to thought if now you
grieve a little,
The days when we had rest, O soul, for
they were long."

"All right," said David, exasperated. "You
lon't need to go on. I know every word of
t. So that's your idea of Erica now. All you
ave to do is be noble, make your exit, and
Erica will promptly forget all the horror and
corn and fear and indignation, and go back
o sleep again. Is that it?"

"I suppose so."
"She must be a nice, simple soul." David
glanced at Marc again and asked, "By the
way, just what did you think was going to
appen while you were home this week end?"

Staring at a flaming sumac a few yards
ahead, Marc said, "I suppose I thought there
would be something that she couldn't . . ."

"Something you belonged to and she
didn't?"

"Yes."

"And was there?"

Marc shook his head. "It was the opposite.
Because she wasn't with me, I felt as though
I didn't belong, either. I kept wishing she
was here, so I could take her around and
show her things. I even felt that way about
the service this afternoon—how interested she
would have been, and how much it would
have impressed her, because it is impressive,
and how much more it would have meant to
me if she'd been beside me." He stopped,
embarrassed, and remarked, "I guess it
sounds pretty silly, doesn't it? After all,
nothing could be much more exclusively Jew-
ish than the Day of Atonement."

"I don't see what that has to do with it.
Does it sound silly to you?"

"No, but it probably would to everybody
else."

"Oh? And what have they got to do with
it?"

There was a bridge crossing a small, clear
stream just ahead, and they left the road and
sat down beside the bridge at a place where
the light came filtering down through the
trees from the west and shone on the clean
sand underneath the water.

As David felt through the pockets of his
windbreaker for one of the several pipes he
always carried about with him, he asked,
"Has Erica ever said anything at all to justify
this theory of yours that you'd do less dam-
age in the long run, by just walking out on
her?"

"No, but . . ."

"Isn't that something she's entitled to de-
cide for herself? Or isn't Erica entitled to
decide anything for herself? I don't wonder
she's changed so much in the last three
months, but I wouldn't blame it all on her
father if I were you."

"What do you mean?"

"You're enough to drive anybody nuts,
yourself."

"Do you mean to say that you think it's
all my fault?" asked Marc incredulously.

David shrugged and said, "Well, not all
your fault. Say about ninety-eight per cent."

"Why?"

"Because you've let her down, too. That
makes it unanimous, doesn't it? Only you
were the one who mattered most to her, so
that if you hadn't let her down, it would
have made all the difference. I suppose,"
David went on conversationally, "that you've
been doing it nice and gradually, a bit of let-
ting down here, and a bit of letting down
there, so that she really had nothing to hang
on to, while she was fighting her family . . ."

"Shut up!" said Marc suddenly.

"You said you couldn't do anything to
make things easier for her; all you could do
was just go on making it harder. I don't
agree."

David paused, looking across the stream at
a pine which had fallen down the bank and
was lying with its upper branches in the wa-
ter. "Must have been a bad electric storm
lately," he remarked. "The split's quite
fresh." Then he said deliberately, "You and
I weren't brought up to play games at other
people's expense. You're old enough to know
better, and you're starting too late to be able
to get away with it. Don't fool yourself.
Marc, you won't get away with it. You're
going to find out that for every person who's
stepped out of line and lived to regret it, there
are two people who stayed in line because
they got their values mixed and lost their
nerve, and who have lived to regret it still
more. You don't hear about those people
because they're still in line where they don't
show. You only hear about the others."

"Do you believe that?" asked Marc.

"I wouldn't say it if I didn't. In the old

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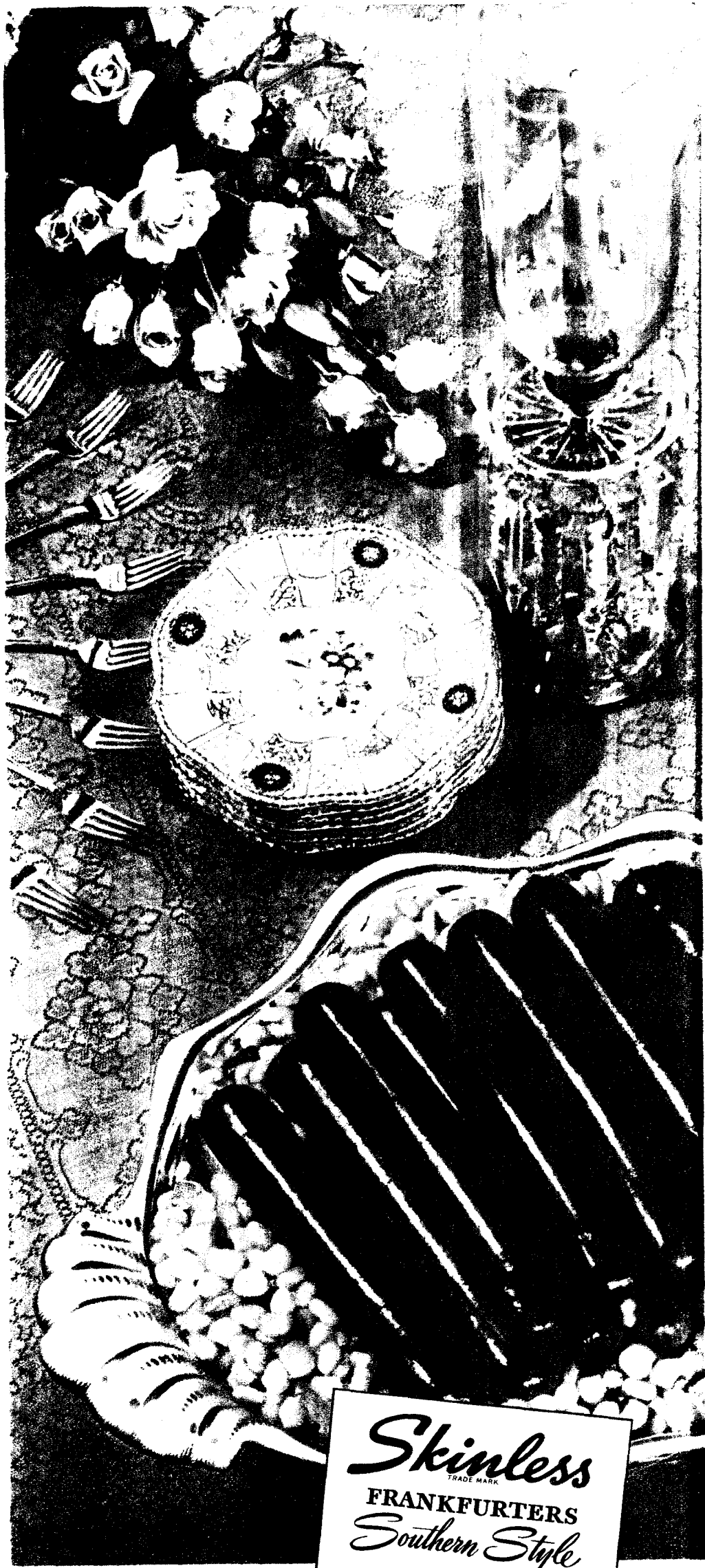
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days, the difference in religion was probably a real barrier to mixed marriages, but you don't take your religion that seriously, and I don't suppose Erica does either. So what you'd be up against would come chiefly from outside. That makes it a lot easier, and if you and Erica are really in love with each other, then all you have to do is figure out what matters most to you: Whether you'd rather be out of line with Erica, or stay in line without her. You can't have it both ways."

"I wish Eric could."

David said sharply, "She hasn't been getting it either way so far, has she?"

"I guess not."

DAVID saw Marc's expression and said, "Sorry, but sympathy is not what you need at the moment. What you need is a good swift kick in the pants."

It seemed to Marc that what he needed most at the moment was time to think, and he said, "I wish you'd shut up."

"All right," said David, settling back with his shoulders against a log.

Marc wanted to think about Erica, and with a shock he realized that in the end it had taken David to get him really to listen to her side of it. Only a few days before, when she had been trying all over again to tell him what mattered most to her, she had said, "I wish you'd believe me," and when he had protested that he did believe her, she had answered hopelessly, "No, not quite."

Like her father, Marc had always assumed that Erica did not know what she would be letting herself in for, and, again like Charles Drake, he had considered himself to be in some mysterious way better qualified to decide what would be best for her in the long run than Erica was herself.

In refusing to believe her, he had placed himself beyond her influence and relegated her to a position where all she could do was to stand back and watch him being influenced by other people, and, in effect, being influenced against her.

He had shut her out, although now he remembered exactly the way she had said, "Give me a chance to understand, and if I let you down, well, then you can shut me out. I guess I'll have deserved it. It's not my fault that I'm not Jewish and I can't do anything about it, but surely, surely the fact that I love you so much makes up for it!"

"What's wrong?" asked David, watching him.

"Nothing," said Marc. "I was just thinking."

They were silent again, and finally David asked, "Mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"Go ahead," said Marc without interest.

"Is there anyone in this collection of people who are so dead against your marrying Erica, or her marrying you, who happens to know both of you?"

"No."

"Is there anyone who knows both of you who's in favor of it? I don't mean people who just know you casually."

Marc thought for a moment and then answered, "Yes, there's one. Erica's sister, Mimi."

"Good!" said David. "That makes two of us."

Marc almost missed it at first, then he demanded, "What do you mean, two of you?"

"Mimi and I."

"You don't know Eric..."

"Well," said David, "not intimately, but I did spend last Saturday night with her from six o'clock till my train left at eleven."

"You did what?"

"I told you I was in Montreal for a three-day clinic."

"Yes, but..."

"You told me about her that night we ran into each other at the Rosenbergs' in Toronto, and then when you wrote to say that you were on draft and going to Petawawa, you sounded even more depressed about the whole thing. So I figured that since I didn't have anything to do from five until my train left at eleven, I might just as well have a look at her and see what it was all about."

"How did you know where to find her?"

"I just picked the Drake with the fanciest address. Got the right one first shot," he added with a certain amount of pride. "Any-

how, I rang up and, when I got her, I said I was your brother from the backwoods, and would she care to have dinner with me. She sort of gasped and then she said, 'You're David,' as though I'd suddenly dropped down from Mars. I don't know whether she was crying or not; it sounded like it, anyhow. There was a longish silence, because I couldn't think of anything to say, until finally I asked her if she'd mind if I called for her at six, so that we could have a couple of drinks..."

"You called for her?" repeated Marc. "At her house?"

"Naturally," said David. "I don't make it as easy for people to dictate terms to me as you do, you know."

"Go on," said Marc, staring at him.

"Well, she said she'd be ready at six, and I got a taxi so much sooner than I expected that I arrived there promptly at a quarter to."

"Did you meet any of the family?"

"Yes," said David. "I met Drake." He picked up a flat stone and sent it skimming out over the surface of the water upstream. "I was standing with my back to the door, looking at that picture over the fireplace when someone said behind me, 'Mr. Reiser, I'm Erica's father.' As soon as I turned around, and he saw my face, it was obvious from his expression that something was wrong somewhere."

"I'll bet it was," said Marc grimly.

"No, not the way you mean," David answered immediately. "He was just puzzled. I said that I was afraid he'd got me mixed up with you, and that I was Doctor David Reiser. So we shook hands, and he gave me a cigarette and then asked if I'd like a drink. I said, 'Yes, thanks very much,' so he got one for each of us and one for Erica when she came down. He said he'd just heard the maid say the name Reiser, when she'd gone up to tell Erica I was there, so naturally he thought I was you."

HE PAUSED and then added deliberately, "The next thing Drake said after that was, 'I'm sorry to say that I've never met your brother.' And there was no doubt he meant it."

"He said that?" asked Marc incredulously. "But why? Why after all this time? I don't get it."

"I gathered from Erica that her father's opposition had collapsed, the day after he heard that his son was missing. I don't suppose he felt much like going on with it after that. Having lost him, he probably suddenly saw that he couldn't face losing Erica as well. He looked pretty well shot when I saw him. Anyhow, he asked me what I was doing in Montreal, and I told him that I'd come down for a clinic. He wanted to know where I practiced, and I told him that, too, and he seemed genuinely interested and kept on asking me questions, so I kept on talking. It may seem funny to you, but I liked him. And, by the way, the last thing he said to me was to tell you that he hoped he'd have a chance to meet you when you were in Montreal on Wednesday."

"Erica says that's like him. Once he decides to accept a situation there are no half measures about it. That's what happened when he finally became reconciled to his son's marriage, after having put up a bitter fight against it."

Marc was still trying to believe it, when he heard David asking abruptly why he had allowed Drake to get away with it.

"Get away with it?" said Marc.

"Yes. Why didn't you go and see him, the very beginning, before this whole mess had a chance to develop?"

"I couldn't do that."

"Why not?" asked David. "I know what happened, or at least, I've got a pretty good idea, because Erica told me the whole story. The point is that it takes two to play the game Drake was playing, and he couldn't have got away with it at all, if you'd behaved like an ordinary, intelligent human being, instead of like a Jew with an inferiority complex. I know," he added in a different tone, "it's easy to talk, particularly at this distance."

In the intervals of silence, they could hear the wind stirring in the trees overhead, the sound of running water and sometimes the rustling of an animal in the underbrush.

Staring unseeing at the tangle of trees, bushes and vines across the little stream, Marc said at last, "I almost did see Drake once. I got as far as his outer office."

"And what happened?" David asked.

"I guess I just lost my nerve," Marc said, and a moment later, he burst out violently, "Okay, go ahead and tell me I've made a hell of a mess of it!"

"Give me time, my good man," said David imperturbably. "Don't you want to know how Erica is?"

"I already know how she is," Marc said under his breath.

"I wrote her a prescription for some stuff to make her sleep—my idea, not hers," David said. "I hope she got it filled. She didn't seem to be very interested in herself. All she could talk about was you. She did say that she was going to enlist this week, but she hasn't a hope of passing her medical, till she's put on ten pounds and has had a good rest."

David changed his position, sitting higher, with his back instead of his shoulders against the log, and said dispassionately, "As I've already remarked once, you're old enough to know better. This whole mess, as you call it, is your fault from start to finish, only, having started it, you haven't got the guts to finish it. All you do is listen to a lot of people yapping about a situation they don't know the first thing about, and refusing to listen to the one person who does—and then you let those other people finish it for you. If you think God is going to hand you another Erica Drake on a platter, only tailored to measure according to a lot of cockeyed theories about 'Jews' and 'Gentiles,' you're going to find that you're wrong. There isn't going to be another one."

"I know that," Marc had already made up his mind, but he had more faith in his brother's judgment than in the judgment of anyone else he knew, and he said, "Go on."

"You're a queer mixture of a weak character and a strong one. I've always thought you'd be up against something like this sooner or later, so that you'd be forced to make a choice, and if you made the right one, then you'd be somebody, and if you didn't, then afterward you'd just let yourself go, and say 'That's the use, and subside into complete mediocrity. If you allow a lot of other people to talk you out of doing something that you know is right for you, and talk you into letting yourself and someone else down as badly as this, then you'll never amount to even half the human being you ought to be. Maybe it's a question of sticking by your own principles—I don't know—but you don't think as they do. If you did, you might be able to get away with it, but you don't, and neither does Erica. The difference between you is that she seems to realize it and you don't. . . ."

"I do realize it," Marc said.

David glanced swiftly at him, and after scrutinizing him for a moment, he said, "Yes, I guess you do, but I'm going to finish my speech anyhow." He paused and then went on, "People have been trying to type us ever since we were born, Marc. I know it hasn't been easy; it's been tough as the devil a lot of the time, but we've stuck it out this far, and neither of us can afford to give up now." He paused again and said finally, "You can't quit."

They both got up and started down the road toward the town. The sun was setting over the bush, and the Algoma hills were slowly changing from burnished gold to deep purple, but Marc did not look back. He did not look back until they had passed the last farmhouse and were nearing the row of run-down cottages on the outskirts, and he heard the first whippoorwill calling from the bush. He turned and his eyes swept over the line of hills as they caught the last rays of light from the west, and then he began to walk faster, looking straight ahead of him again.

THE Reisers were at dinner, his father at one end of the table and his mother at the other, and David sitting across from him, when the telephone rang in the hall, and Marc, who was nearest the door, got up to answer it.

It was the girl who worked in the telegraph office down on Main Street, and because she had known Marc all her life, instead of going through the usual formalities, she said, "Marc, is that you?"

"Yes. Oh, hello . . ." he began, and then realized that he had forgotten her name. "Hello," he said again, more firmly.

"Where have you been all afternoon, for goodness' sake?"

"Well, I . . ."

"There's a wire for you from Ottawa. You've got an extra week's leave."

"What!" gasped Marc. "What did you say?"

"Here, I'll read it to you. 'Captain M. L. Reiser, 32 Elm St., Manchester . . .'"

"All right, you can skip that part of it. Read me the rest."

She read him the rest and asked him if he would like a copy delivered. "We're pretty short-handed now, but Tommy comes in after school, and he should be back from dinner in a minute."

"All right," said Marc dazedly. "Send Tommy along with it."

He put down the phone and stared at the paneled wall above the telephone where he had once carved his initials, M.L.R., Marc Leopold Reiser.

"What is it?" asked David from the doorway.

"I've got an extra week's leave. They told me it might possibly happen, but it seemed unlikely, and the past few days I'd forgotten

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Well, Andy Blake had a wife named Arabella who packed more guns than Annie Oakley—and he got involved with a girl named Hawley who was also a fast dame with a gat. This may sound like no laughing matter, but when the guns start going off, and when Andy's happy home life threatens to blow up under him, the result is a quiet riot. If your funny bone needs a workout and your heart is in sound shape, don't miss the new serial

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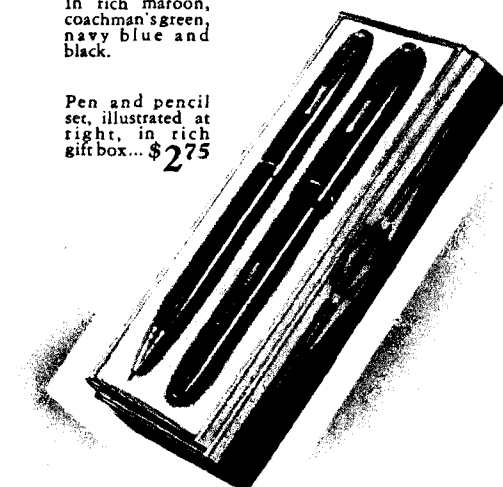


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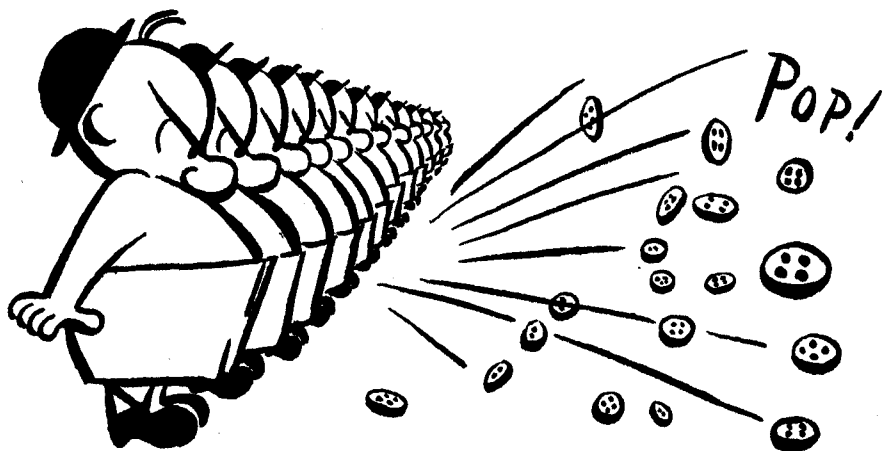
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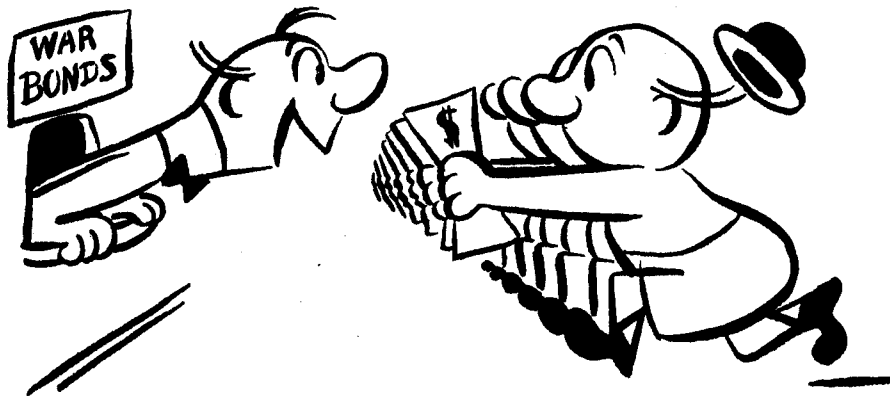
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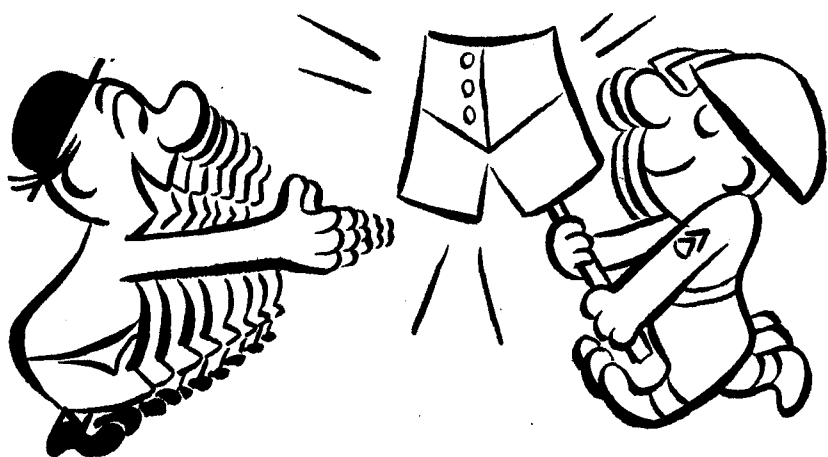
Buttons on the home front poppin' . . .



Keep the mildest men a-hoppin' . . .



Have them buying Bonds to hasten . . .



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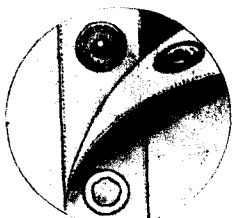
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all about it—I didn't care much anyhow, the way things were. I'm going to phone Eric and ask her to marry me."

Marc could hear his mother and father talking in the dining room, and looking up at his brother, he said, "Go and explain to them, Dave, please."

"Okay," said David. "I'll do my best."

He disappeared, and into the phone, Marc said to the long-distance operator, "Montreal, please. . . ."

THERE was a wait while she was getting the number, and he went on looking at the initials M.L.R. until finally a woman's voice said, "Hello."

"Manchester calling, just a moment, please."

"Hello," said Marc. "Hello, may I speak to Miss Drake, please—Miss Erica Drake?"

"Yes, I'll get her. Can you hold on a minute?"

"Is that you, Mrs. Drake?"

"Yes. . . ."

"This is Marc Reiser speaking."

"Oh," she said. "I'm sorry, I didn't recognize your voice."

"Is Eric all right?"

"No, not exactly. She—she's badly overtired. . . ." The voice dropped into silence and then he heard her say, "I'm glad you telephoned, Mr. Reiser. I hope—I hope there's nothing wrong?"

"No, I've just been given some extra leave. . . ."

"I'm so glad! Just a minute, I'll get Erica."

He heard Mimi's voice somewhere near the phone asking, "Mother, is that Marc?"

"Yes, thank goodness."

"Marc!" said Mimi into the phone.

"Hello, Mimi." He was beginning to be thoroughly frightened and he asked, "What's the matter with Eric?"

"She seems to have cracked up. She came home on Saturday night, after your brother left, and just sort of went to pieces. Mother's kept her in bed ever since. You are coming tomorrow, aren't you?" she asked anxiously.

"No, I think I'll probably leave tonight. Mimi," he said quickly, "is there any news of Tony?"

"No," said Mimi.

"But there's still a chance, isn't there?"

"I don't think so," she answered, after a pause.

"Where was it?"

"The Mediterranean. He'd been transferred to Malta," she said. "I'm glad about your leave, Marc."

"Thanks, Mimi."

"Here's Eric. . . ."

And then he heard Erica's voice saying, "Marc—Marc, is that you?"

"Hello, darling. Eric," he whispered, swallowing. "Eric, darling. . . ."

"Is it true about your leave?"

"I've got another week. The postponement came through after all."

"Marc!"

He said in agony, "Don't cry, darling—you mustn't cry any more."

"It's getting to be a habit, isn't it? I'm sorry." There was a brief silence, and then she said, "There, that's better. When are you coming?"

"I'm going to try to make the train tonight. It's the Vancouver train and it's due in at Windsor Station at 11:15 tomorrow morning. Do you think you can meet me?" asked Marc.

"Yes, of course. . . ."

"Are you sure you're well enough?" he asked anxiously.

"There's nothing the matter with me, really, I just. . . ." She stopped and then said, "I'm just a fake."

"Eric. . . ."

"Yes?"

"Eric," he said. He suddenly got to his feet, kicking away the telephone stool, and gripping the phone with one hand and the frame of the door leading into the back hall with the other, he said, "Eric, will you marry me?"

Her voice was suddenly very faint as she asked, "Do you mean now or afterward?"

"I mean now—tomorrow, or the next day, as soon as we can get a license." He drew in his breath and said with a great effort, "Of course, if you like you can—well, you

can think about it and tell me when I. . . ."

"I don't have to think about it, except that I guess—I guess I can't quite believe it!"

"Neither can I," he said rather unsteadily. After a pause he heard her asking, "Marc, are you. . . ."

"Am I what?"

"Are you sure, darling?"

"Yes," said Marc, "I'm quite sure now."

There was a long silence, and finally he said, still more unsteadily, "I'm going to hang up now because I. . . ."

"It must be catching. Goodbye, darling."

"Goodbye, Eric."

"And give my love to David!"

He put down the phone and after a while he turned and found his mother and father standing in the door leading to the dining room. Whatever it was they had intended to say to him, when they saw his face, they did not say it.

His father was the first to speak. He said, "Don't worry, Marc. We'll give you a break."

Later, as he was standing on the steps of the train looking down at the three of them, his mother and father and brother, his father said, "Tell Erica to come and see us sometime, Marc."

"I'll tell her," said Marc. "If it doesn't take us too long to get a license, we might come and see you together, after we're married."

"No," said his mother, shaking her head. "We don't want you spending most of your last week on trains."

The train began to move, and David said, smiling up at him, "Good luck, m'lud."

His father raised one hand in a little gesture of farewell, and then his mother cried out suddenly, "Marc, come back!"

"I'll come back, Mother."

And the last he saw of his family, they were still standing together under a lamp and a sign on which were written the words, "Manchester, Ont.," the sign which they had first seen thirty-five years before, when the three of them, a mother and father and a little boy of five, had come from Austria.

It is five hundred miles from the little town of Manchester, on the edge of the mining country in northern Ontario, to the city of Montreal in Quebec, but Marc had been over the line so often, since he had first left home to go to university seventeen years before, that, lying awake in his berth, he could call off the name of every town and every village through which they passed, and he knew the look of every lake and river, every forest and every stretch of field and pasture, invisible in the darkness.

WHEN the train crossed the river at St. Anne's, he was already standing on the platform, looking out. Also standing on the platform was a middle-aged naval officer who told Marc that he had not seen his home in Montreal since the beginning of the war, and that the train was twenty-six hours late.

"We're running on time now, aren't we?" asked Marc.

"Depends on what you call 'on time.' We're still twenty-six hours late so far as I'm concerned. Got stuck in Alberta. Alberta," he repeated in disgust. "What a place to be stuck!" He took out his pipe, put it away again, and went on staring out the window. He got off at Montreal West.

After Montreal West, Westmount, then six minutes to Windsor Station.

"What track are we on?" Marc asked the porter who was piling luggage on the rear platform.

"I don't know, sir."

"Never mind, it doesn't matter."

They were in the railway yard now, passing a row of freight cars, then a dining car standing by itself, and finally they were there.

The porter opened the door and said, "Stand back, please, sir."

"Sorry," said Marc from the bottom step, "but this is urgent."

Just before the train stopped, he jumped. The platform was clear for a few moments, then people began streaming from all the cars ahead, and he had to slow down. Sleeping cars, coaches, two baggage cars, then the coal car, and just as he came up to the engine, he saw Erica standing by the barrier waiting for him. The moment he caught sight of her, he began to run.

THE END

Global Gazette

Continued from page 19

Hawaii and the Pacific; in Teheran for Iran and Iraq; in Cairo for the Middle East; in Naples or Rome for Italy and North Africa; in London for the European Theater; in San Juan for Puerto Rico and in Port of Spain for Trinidad. In addition there is a pony edition printed in Honolulu for air-mailing to the Far Pacific zone.

To some publishing points, page matrices are flown; to others go negatives for offset printing and positives for rotogravure printing. Each center also gathers and prints local news and inserts two or four pages of this into the general edition. The setup is always being expanded. The Southwest Pacific is to have its own paper—The Tokyo Express—to cover a section which, up to now, has been taken care of by an Australian sheet, Guinea Gold, published in Port Moresby. Yank has no connection with the Tokyo Express; it has its own edition in Australia.

Getting out editions in some faraway places grays up the hair of the G.I.s assigned to the job. In Teheran, for example, the photoengravers are Armenians, and the printers are Persians. All the type is hand set by compositors who know no English and who set by sight, just as Chinese linotypers used to do in Shanghai and Hong Kong. To top things off, the printing is done on a German press, and it's no use trying to get spare parts when something breaks down.

In Cairo the type is set in one shop by Egyptians, locked up in forms and jounced by jeep twenty miles to a printing plant. The boys haven't pried a form—yet.

Yank is sold for a variety of prices: A nickel in the United States; ten cents "or its equivalent" in Europe; three annas in India; a dollar or so in China; three pence in England; four pence in Australia; three rials in Iran, and a dime in the Middle East. In England, the book sells on the honor system, with soldiers picking copies off unwatched stacks and flipping coins into a box.

Contrary to expectations, Yank takes in more this way than if it had salesmen on hand. This adds, among other things, more lines to the brow of the bookkeeper in New York trying to keep up with the exchange on lire, rials, dimes, pence and annas.

Just how many service newspapers and magazines there are, no one knows. There are three editions of the Stars and Stripes—a revival of the famous newspaper of the first World War—in London, Cairo and Rome.

There are dozens of weeklies, ranging from mimeographed sheets up to four-color jobs. Some, like the Kodiak Bear, the Fort Ord Panorama and the CBI Roundup of New

Delhi, have become famous. Every big naval ship has a newspaper or magazine, or both, and every camp has one or more.

The American edition of Yank goes in heavily for foreign news and pictures. Overseas editions print a larger proportion of home news and sports. The magazine has unpaid volunteer correspondents in each state and prints columns of small-town items from thirty-six states each week, rotating them so that each gets equal play. Some G.I. from Idaho is quite likely to read, out in the Burma jungle, that Coeur d'Alene has a new police chief and that Boise sheepmen had a good lambing season. Maybe that seems nuts to you—but you're not a Gem Stater out in the Burma jungle.

There's very little gold braid connected with Yank. Besides Colonel Forsberg, there is Major Jack W. Weeks as executive officer. Weeks formerly was aviation editor of the Detroit Free Press and with the Chicago Times. Promotion work is done by Corporal Dick Harrity, who once worked on Vanity Fair and later wrote Joe Cook's radio shows.

The World After the War

Homeside Americans who are curious concerning what the boys overseas really think about the world after the war may study Yank with profit. The magazine often runs a page titled The Soldier Speaks. This page asked recently: "Should the U.S. Get Mixed Up with the Rest of the World After the War?" A reply—which Sergeant Newton H. Fulbright said represented majority opinion over there—summed up the G.I. belief as: "Americans are getting too little for the money they are spending so gratuitously."

"Americans have naively supposed that the utterances of a few 'lordly anointed' represent the views of an interested people."

"Americans have been sentimental and foolishly tearful over the 'downtrodden' and have not given credit to the spunk and spirit that have enabled other people to do something for themselves."

"And Americans are never farther from the truth than when they suppose that a few million dollars are going to give spunk and spirit to people who are perfectly content to go on living as they have for the past 6,000 years."

Well, you may agree or not. But at that, it's grand to live in a country where Private Lucas can argue with the Secretary of War, and Sergeant Fulbright can say what he thinks about politicians out loud in print.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

very bad politics in a contest promising to be as close as this one. You've got to keep that in mind every minute, my boy."

WE WERE just about to issue a public statement, saying that the solution of the world's postwar problems was a bit too much for us. Perhaps we shall do so, anyway, thus achieving the distinction of being the only powerful mind in the country to admit it. But we were given pause by a letter from Modern Doctor Barnham B. C. Deutoe of Miami, Florida. "Stop! Stop!" writes Modern Doctor Deutoe. "Fear no longer. Long no longer. Think no longer. We shall take over. Five dollars and postage brings it to your desk. Don't try to haggle." So we sank back into our lethargy, glad that Modern Doctor Deutoe is going to take over. We hope he'll do it quietly.

PRACTICALLY everybody around here yells, blows whistles, stamps his feet and drops heavy objects. There was one guy with a suitcase last week. He poked his head in and roared, "That's a hell of a necktie you got on." He left without another word. After repeating this five times, he came in,

opened the bag and turned out to be a necktie peddler. But we didn't buy, and although he didn't know it, we dropped our necktie into his bag while he wasn't looking. Wonder what became of it.

EVEN the first letter we've ever had from Tierra del Fuego doesn't arouse us. It's merely a note from Mr. Patricio Onas, urging us to send Quentin Reynolds or Ernest Hemingway to Tierra del Fuego. "You would be surprised at what is going on here," says Mr. Onas. But he's mistaken. We'd be very much surprised if whatever is going on in Tierra del Fuego wasn't going on. Anyway, Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Hemingway say they won't go.

AND that's all except that Corporal Rod McIntyre notifies us from France that he had a nice talk with the mayor of a liberated town. Corporal McIntyre asked the mayor whether he had any message to the American people. The mayor had—in these words: "If the great American people can arrange to have the next World War fought somewhere else except France, we would indeed be grateful." . . .

W. D.



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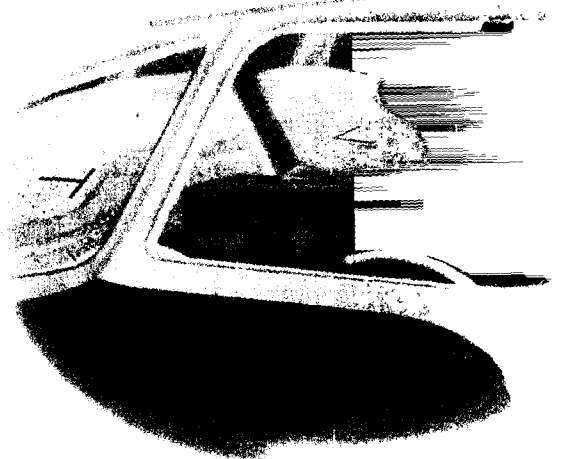
VACATION

Why not explore those distant lakes and streams you've always dreamed about? Maybe the fishing really is as grand as they say. There's one way to find out over any week-end. Cessna!



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SYMBOL OF AIRCRAFTSMANSHIP FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS

Break-Through for Paris

Continued from page 14

about also, marshaling their equipment. If roads were wrinkles, Normandy would have aged three centuries in the weeks since D-Day, for these husky and perspiring Yanks have crisscrossed her with dozens of new ones besides widening and improving her old ones. This narrow dirt forest road then is "the last mile" of war—the grim short walk by which all that has gone before in draft boards and recruiting stations, in camps and factories at home, on ships, and in English billets was done.

Yet, in here, strangely, the growing tension you felt in the immediate back areas disappears and you meet that curious phenomenon of the front when life stands out in minutes instead of hours, and you see it clearly and more tenaciously and lovingly but with more resignation than ever before. Man is at his best working at his oldest profession; fundamental with a simple kindness, tolerance and helpfulness toward his mates, without the ambition and intrigue that complicate life in safer places. There is a casualness that is purely unconscious. There is an unreal sharpness to faces and things, as if your senses have become more acute, and everyone seems to move with slowness and deliberateness as in one of those trick movie films.

Observation will be close and curious once the push gets rolling, so to keep our strafing fliers from mistakes, all vehicles have their big white stars newly repainted. In addition, each has tied across its top a bright-colored identification panel. These, together with the freshly cut tree branches, laid on for camouflage, give an irrelevant Christmas festiveness to the armored division.

"Here Come the Fighters!"

The brave little "cubs" are shuttling overhead on their everyday job of spotting for the artillery as if nothing unusual is under way. Nobody pays any attention to them. Then somebody yells, "Here come the fighters!" and the tank men who aren't driving climb out of their hatches, the doughboys lag and turn, and we stand up in our jeep to watch. Against alternate sky and high clouds, the Thunderbolts and Mustangs and Lightnings are swarming down from the north at terrific speed like great flights of wild geese.

The colonel is impatient. "We are stuck in this column. We will never be able to pass up to the head of it on this road. We will miss them."

The huge tanks do fill the road almost from bank to bank, scarcely leaving room for the infantrymen to file down one side. The turret man of the tank just ahead sees my correspondent's flash, also interprets the anxiety of the colonel and the major. He speaks into his intercommunicating phone, and the driver, without slowing down, chews into the bank opposite the doughboys, who obligingly scramble out of the way and we slue dangerously past. The word is evidently passed up the line, because each monster in turn lets us squeeze by while its men grin down at us.

We run fast once we break ahead of the tanks. However, the initial bombing has already started when we reach the point that we had picked on the map. The fighters are working parallel to the long axis of the rectangle. Pivoting in an endless chain over the vicinity of Saint-Lô, they scream down one after another through the flak, and you can see their bombs falling as they pull out and climb away to the west.

The whole German line in front of us across what passes for a no man's land in this war is a huge sheet of dust and debris interspersed by colored smoke to mark the target for the heavy bombers that will soon follow.

We park our jeep behind the bank of the cart trail and take stock of our little cross-roads. On our left as we face the German positions, the fields are open meadows. On the right are orchards and thick woods. There are two small deserted farmhouses on diagonally opposite corners. It is a re-

mote place, miles from the nearest village. No soldier or vehicle except for our jeep is in sight. The prospect isn't as good as our contour map had led us to hope. The country is rolling, but there are no really high places.

Think of southern Connecticut, or some parts of the Middle West such as Wisconsin, where the hills are not too high and there is no view of distant mountains and the small fields are checkered off with hedgerows, instead of with stone walls or rail fences, and you can picture Normandy. We have a little time before the heavies come, so, while the colonel and the major look over the larger house on the orchard corner, I cross to investigate the cottage on the clear field side.

There are two attic windows which might be advantageous. Concussion, however, has practically ruined the inside. The stairs are gone, and the ceiling hangs down. Evidently the inhabitants left in a hurry and took none

PARTY BISCUITS

There was a typographical error in the biscuit recipe given in "It's a Party" by Ruth Carson in the August 12th issue of Collier's. The oven temperature should be 350 to 400 degrees, depending on your oven, not 250 degrees. We are sorry for this error.

In writing to us about it, Mrs. William Grafe of Turtle Lake Farms, Pontiac, Michigan, says: "If any inexperienced cook tries the recipe for those delectable sounding biscuits, I hope he or she won't follow the directions as given, as the biscuits will surely be a flop if baked at only 250 degrees for 20 minutes. I'm sure this must be a mistake—as all the recipes I have ever read and used call for an oven temperature of 450 degrees!"

Lower temperatures than that are recommended for these particular biscuits in order to cook the bacon in them properly. We hope you try 'em and like 'em.

of their belongings. The beds, covered with plaster, are made. The kitchen table is a mess of broken dishes and wine bottles, but its chairs are in place. The sitting room is strewn with those wrenching signs of wars, sturdy, peasantlike: photographs of a wedding, of a large family gathering, of a last-war poilu. A pasted newspaper picture, in color, of Clemenceau lies under the desk where it has fallen from a broken drawer.

While I rummage, a huge yellow cat appears out of nowhere and rubs against my leg. I go outside to look for a ladder in the sheds. I find a homemade one and then notice the roof. It seems firm and will be a better lookout than the windows. The colonel joins me, and we go around to the back of the house because the ground slopes upward, and it will be easier to reach the roof from there.

We find the head tank of the column has come up and hidden behind the house to wait for the "Go forward" signal. The infantry has stopped, too, and is well spaced out, sheltering in the ditch along the road bank. The tank men see the ladder and guess my purpose, but say nothing. The colonel and I decide first to walk out into the meadow where the hedgerow is very low, and have a look.

No doubt we should know better. He is an old artilleryman, and I have been around wars a lot. Yet it never occurs to us that the Germans caught under that hellish dive bombing will be alert to anything else. They are. They see us as we stand there, like superannuated Boy Scouts with our binoculars. Through the roar of bombs we suddenly hear a telltale whine.

Under shellfire you must act within split moments. Under air bombing you've got a few seconds longer. In neither case do you think or make decisions. If training and experience don't make you move by instinct, you never go home again. We hit the dirt. Don't let anybody tell you shovels are necessary to dig. Just by the application of a million unknown muscles from toes to forehead, I am many feet toward China before the burst comes. Lying there, I remembered my colleague Walter Davenport, who got a machine-gun slug through the belly at Fismes in the last war, while he stood on a pile of rubble playing Indian, shading his eyes with his hand to look for Germans.

It is an "88," and they bracket that cross-roads with twelve of them. The air bombing affects their aim if not their zeal, and they do not hurt anybody or damage anything. But it is a pair of sheepish veterans who finally get back to the house to face the accusing stares of tankmen and infantrymen. They do not comment, yet we know what they justifiably think of us for stirring up trouble.

The colonel doesn't say anything, so I remark that we hadn't thought the Germans would be firing while they were catching it from bombers. A tank man finally replies, "Them krauts are good fighters. They're always in there for a chance to fight back." Then he feels sorry for our embarrassment and says mildly, "Our scouts told us they've had this point under observation all morning."

We start to walk away. "How about your ladder, sir?" the sergeant calls. "Ain't you going up on the roof?"

"Don't be funny," I say.

"Okay," he declared. "I just wanted to know, that's all, because if you are, we are getting the hell out of here."

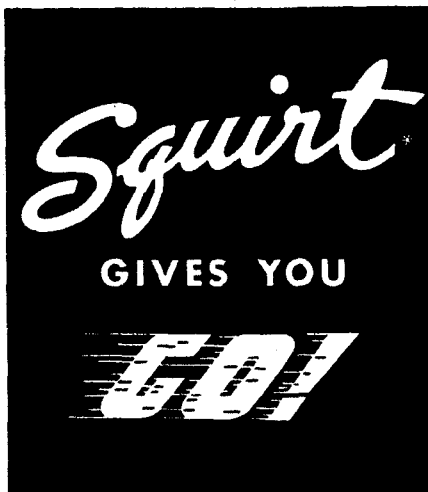
With Major Kirksey, who with excellent common sense had stayed by the tank, we go back to the large house over the road where a lieutenant has set up a control point. He has come out to see what all the shelling was about and is chewing an apple. When he sees us wandering around, we know the sourness of his expression isn't from the apple. But he takes us in and shows us on his map that we are 1,400 yards from the German line.

Some infantrymen are passing up the road so I walk along with them. The road is highly banked and safe enough from observation except by planes; and the only planes aloft around here this morning are ours. The kids walk quietly and keep craning their necks to watch the bombardment. But they show no emotion one way or the other; make no wisecracks and have that wan impersonalness and lack of individualness of infantry going into battle. Perhaps it is only your imagination because you know what they are up against. Or perhaps it is truly there.

Best Young Lives the Sacrifice

At any rate, you think you see in their reddened eyes and dirt-caked faces an elusive and entirely unself-conscious pathos that makes you wish bitterly that international disputes—the brawls loosed by egomaniacal demagogues and the quarrels allowed to take seed and flourish by cynical, and privileged old statesmen—could be paid for in some other currency than the best and fittest young lives.

In several hundred yards we come to a grove at a swing in the road, and the men spread out and lie down among the trees. This is the farthest point forward on our particular line, and some men already there have set up a machine gun and have a bazooka ready in case anything comes up the road. Smoke from the dive bombing is drifting back over us. We are less than one thousand yards from the Germans here. A short way off, this Normandy road dips southward again and disappears into the woods. I remark that I'd sure like to get a look around that bend—without any intention of taking it, of course. But a corporal



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misunderstands and cautions me seriously: "If you walk down that road, the next man you see will be either a German or an angel."

He gives me a piece of the fruit bar in his K ration breakfast unit, and I pass around the caramels from my supper unit, and we lie there for a while, silent and vigilant, and gradually becoming aware of a new sound rolling down from the north like a wall of solid matter that beats you into the quaking ground and engulfs the little noises of the artillery and fighter bombers. None of us had ever been under anything as weird and terrible as this before, and it frightens us even though we know what it is and that it's on our side. "The heavies!" shouts a soldier and they all turn over on their backs to stare up through the trees.

I decide to rejoin the colonel and Major Kirksey because they will be wanting to get in position to watch this. One of the boys is going back to the control point with a message for the lieutenant, so I walk along with him. At the front, you are as loath to walk alone as a cop is in a tough neighborhood.

The sky, already dark behind us with the wall of smoke from the dive bombing, is now being curtained overhead by the oncoming heavies. They are in immaculate formation by groups of nearly a hundred each and they will be coming like this for a whole hour, so inexorable and steady and perfect that you can't think of them as guided by men but as some cataclysm of nature bearing a universal fate. Their drone pours upon the earth like a mass of liquid marbles that imprisons and paralyzes all life below.

The colonel and the major are waiting in the jeep. They have picked from the map what they think will be a better lookout, and we begin a mad dash eastward down the crossroad directly under the heavies and at right angles to their course. No use trying to talk. You couldn't be heard. The first group is bombing now on the target area, which is still well marked by the colored smoke left by the fighters. It is as though all the remembered thunderstorms of your life are compressed into one indescribable chaos in the valley to your right.

We reach our objective and do find a much likelier spot. It is one of our own artillery observation posts on a path near the road, built and camouflaged on top of a tall hedgerow, with a view, down the sloping ground, of this whole end of the battle. There are plenty of slit trenches and foxholes along the bank of the hedgerow. Some are roofed with brush. These famous Normandy hedgerows, by the way, are like nothing we know at home. They were shoveled up in medieval times and cut the fields into small irregular blocks. They are really fences in lieu of stones or wood—thick earthen barriers sometimes half a dozen feet high and with drainage ditches running along either side.

"At Last You Have Come"

Continued from page 15

and were knocked out or otherwise neutralized by our bombers and naval gunfire. Their road blocks were laughable—rough, light *cheval-de frises* contrived out of four-inch pine logs and barbed wire. Every field was staked with eight-foot poles to impede the landing of troop carriers or gliders, but we landed behind these, for German defenses were shallow. I identified the telephone and communication lines as Italian, and it looked from the shoddy, halfhearted, almost amateurish preparations for defense of the Côte d'Azur that the job had been done by those jackal Black Shirts who marched into France in the summer of 1940 when Mussolini wielded his stiletto.

If the evidence of the crumbling of the Germans' western defenses was great, so was that of the French resistance. In every town, hundreds of underground members were armed, each knowing his job. They, more than the actual physical proof of demoralization of the Huns, made you feel that victory

Compacted by the centuries into cementlike hardness, they can't be dented with ordinary tools and they even frustrate tanks. They are covered with hardy shrubbery, blackberry brambles and willows, and dotted by misshapen poplars.

What follows during the rest of this interminable hour is a blending of triumph and awesomeness and sadness. The co-ordinated might of the United States ground and air forces in France is drenching that stubborn German line. If today fails, maybe the deadlock will persist for a long time to come to stiffen German hearts and weary ours.

Still They Shoot Back

"My God!" says the captain in command of the observation post as the floods of Forts and Libs thunder unceasingly past. "What can the Germans think of this? It sure scares me." He can do no spotting now, for the smoke obscures the whole area in front of us, and the ground shakes without stopping. His artillery bangs away on its last fix. "But look," he continues, "those Germans are still shooting back. How can they do it?"

It is true. A German shell bursts in the field down in front of us, and German flak is pebbling the sky with black lumps all around the bombers. Somehow you have felt that the majesty and grandeur and power of those massed bombers is beyond anything on the earth to dispute. You know some are lost on missions. But that fact has the remoteness of statistics. Now you witness something that makes you unaccountably

Billet Doux via A.P.O.

A Home of the Future
is not what I crave.
Though others of post
bellum miracles rave,
Our dwelling of old
is the haven I seek,
So dear to my heart
is each veteran leak,
And all of the bat-
tered equipment we
nursed
Together, my love—I'd
recover that first.

The car of tomorrow
is dandy, it's true.
Those gorgeous dream
houses are elegant,
too,
But let all the rest
of the universe for-
age
For change, and just
give me our stuff
that's in storage,
Complete with you,
Sweet, when the
fighting is over,
And I'll tell the
world that I'm skip-
ping on clover!

Margaret Fishback

.....
was just beyond the horizon. Where in Italy, for instance, there had been wild acclaim and an embarrassing demonstrativeness, here there was restraint; but there was also genuine affection. It is one of our commanders' principal concerns to see to it that our G.I.s refrain from any acts which might disillusion the French. The soldiers can't be blamed for what may happen. In Italy they were conquerors and never became accustomed to the idea that Italy emerged from the status of a conquered nation to one of cobelligerency. Here they are, for the moment, and will be until proved otherwise, liberators.

The esteem in which we are held in southern France was visible in the first days, in the crowds that lined the streets of the towns

faint even in the midst of war's phlegm. A Lib is hit and explodes. You train your binoculars quickly, but there is nothing left to see except small black pieces of men and machine falling into the smoke.

The formation never falters or varies but moves on as if nothing had happened, and gradually the vacant place is closed up. In another group, a bomber spits flame amidships and falls out of line. You see three white parachutes blossom and drift down toward the retching ground. The pilot must be fighting hard for control. Your stomach muscles fight with him. The plane levels briefly, then starts to slip to one side. Five blazing objects come out of the cabin. You can't see what they are but you think it might be stuff thrown out by the crew as they fight the fire. It's hopeless. The plane flutters, rolls over; the flames grow. No more parachutes appear, and the stricken giant meteors almost straight down for two miles and disappears.

Fascinated by this, we haven't paid much attention to the groups still approaching from the north, directly overhead. One artillery sergeant turns to watch them idly. Suddenly he screams: "They're letting go!"

That hedgerow top clears in a flash. As we race for foxholes and slit trenches we hear a dreadful sound—the most dreadful bowel-strangling sound that a man can hear—the whistling rain of bombs falling upon us.

I dive headfirst into my trench, and there is an awful eternity of a few seconds to wait. The main thing is to keep all your body below the surface of the ground. Then you will be safe from blast and okay unless you are killed by a direct hit or concussion from a near-hit or buried alive by cratered earth. Pungent fumes fill my foxhole, and I venture to peek up under my helmet. Then the ground rocks and heaves, and there is a great roaring all around. When this subsides, we crawl out, faces black, clothes torn and muddy eyes twice their usual size. But nobody in our crowd had got it.

Living 100 Years in 20 Minutes

It makes us bomber-shy. It is torture to stand there under their line of flight. We watch the planes now instead of the battle area and long for the last group to pass. We live a hundred years in twenty more minutes. There are "shorts" elsewhere down the line but not on us any more.

The colonel loyally says, "The Marauders aren't usually off the target. They are used to ground-support work."

Nobody is convinced. Yet I have no evidence there is the slightest lag in the timing of the ground soldiers' part in the big push on account of it. Some air enthusiasts are quick to say it is something ground troops have to learn to put up with, as they did with the occasional errors of the "creeping bar-

through which we passed, gathered along the roadside or leaned over walls and waved to us from the fields. They had been as hungry as the Italians ever were, except that, perhaps, Italians had been hungry longer. Nevertheless, there were no cries for biscuits and candy, and there was no begging for food. Children sang the Marseillaise as we passed and there was love in their faces and in the eyes of their elders, and there was dignity too.

It was, however, from Corlin Jean Baptiste Hebreard and his wife that I learned what was in French hearts. I saw Monsieur Hebreard before he saw me as I walked along on a road whose dust showed plainly the nail marks of the German troops that had passed there only a few hours before in disorderly retreat.

I then called to Monsieur Hebreard and he raised himself among his vines, and I yelled to him to come to me. He would not come but waved me toward him and toward his two-room house. One of the rooms was for Poochie, Hebreard's bull. A hundred yards from the house, Monsieur Hebreard ran toward me on his work-bowed legs, with his long arms in the air, and a few paces from me he stopped and spread his hands wide and his arms like the spars of a small, stout ship,

rage" in the last war, and sometimes in this when they were hit by their own artillery.

I think that is sheer nonsense. No artillery "shorts" can ever demoralize you as much as the horrible noise of bombs pouring from a sky filled with large bombers. No artillery miscalculation can be as potentially dangerous as an air mistake.

There will be arguments because of this day, but they will inevitably merge into a proper evaluation. Obviously there must come a better method of marking target zones in open country. Unfailing precision bombing in the open still needs visibility, and something that won't be easily obscured will no doubt be worked out. Today perhaps the wind picked up unpredicted strength from the south as it swept the smoke back over our own lines. Perhaps the force was just too big to have depended on markers. The deluge of the heavies' bombs had quickly dissipated, or mingled with the general smoke, the colored smoke. Two other points should be remembered:

First, that only very small portions of our lines, compared with their whole length, were hit, and that only a minute percentage of the vast numbers of bombs dropped missed their true marks.

Second, that this was a completely new thing in ground-air war—the first time that all classes of warplanes had joined in a single co-ordinated operation with troops. War is not an exact science but an art practiced in democracies largely by amateurs, and it is often inefficient and always grossly wasteful. Skill with new weapons and methods has always been paid for with lives. Thousands of young men died in the quarter century of peace in the United States to gain us the experience out of which we built the wonderful air force that has joined the R.A.F. to wipe the Luftwaffe from the skies. Moreover, in learning to fight together, the air forces have suffered more from ground forces than the latter have from the former. The Navy's shooting down of our own airborne forces in Sicily has been published, and there have been some revelations of our own planes shot down by our own overzealous antiaircraft batteries.

I promised you a varied and memorable day. For an answer as to whether it was likewise a successful day—two nights later Major Kirksey and I stood outside our tent in the same Normandy meadow again. There was an enemy air raid on, and a great racket of flak bombs and machine guns. But in war's hubbub your ears become accustomed to picking out sounds you want to hear, and we were listening for something apart from the local disturbance.

The major said, "Bill, I can't hear our artillery. It's moved too far away to hear."

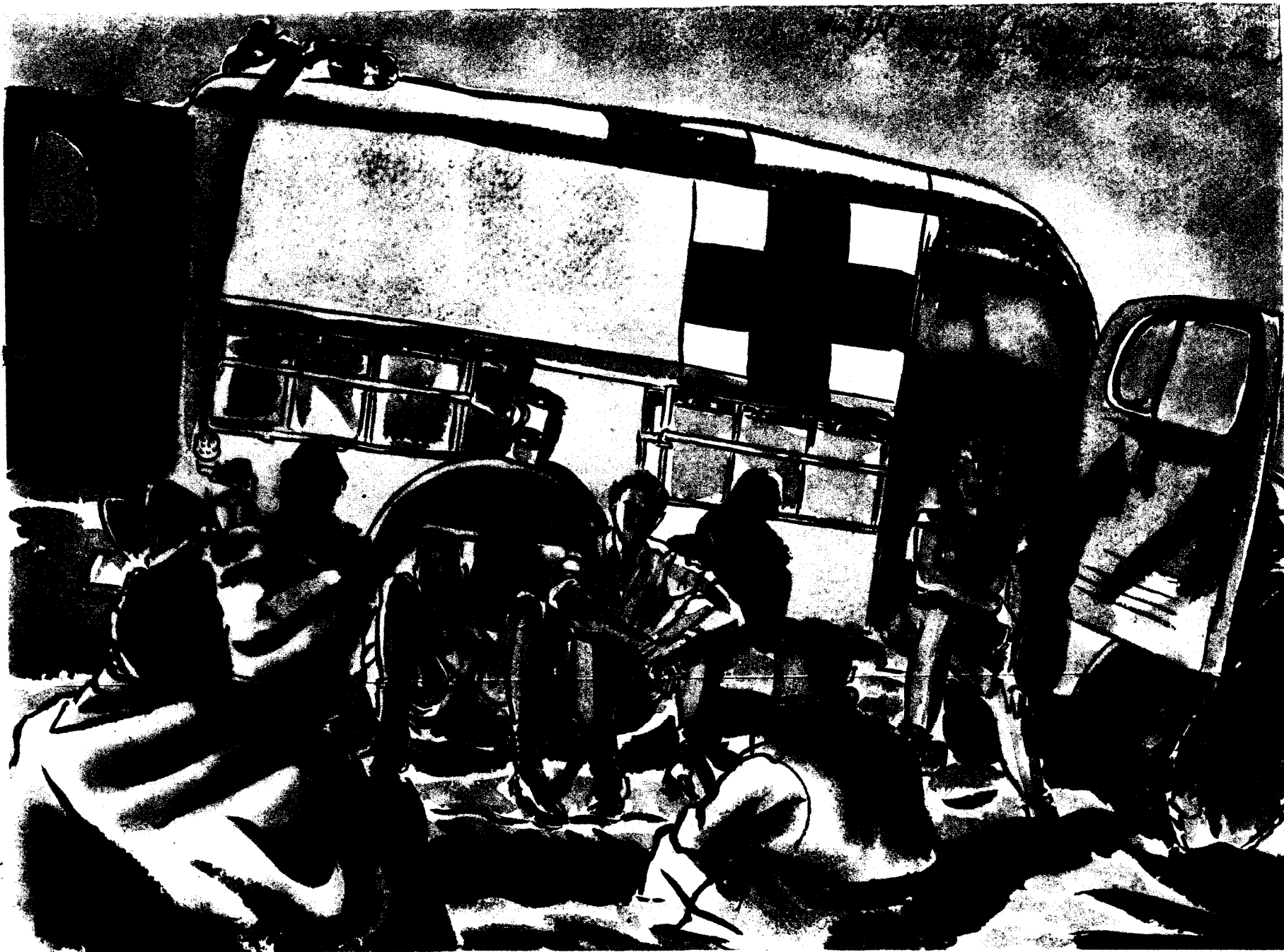
Which, until more evidence is available, is as much answer as I need.

THE END

from which his ragged shirt hung, and he said in a voice like an exasperated schoolmaster: "En fin, mon enfant, vous êtes venu"—"At last, my son, you have come."

Madame was more restrained but no less happy. For both I was the first American they had seen since the habitués of the Riviera sailed for home, and maybe for longer, because it was seldom anyone from the fine hotels went very far inland, and this was way out there in the vineyards, at least 4,000 yards from the nearest bar or roulette wheel or beach chair. Madame wore shorts, though she was sixty, and her hair was gray and stringy and her teeth were bad. She wore one of her husband's old shirts and this, like Monsieur Hebreard's shirt and his voluminous pants, was faded and much patched. They asked for nothing. They gave me wine, and apologized that it had not been long enough in the well and wasn't therefore properly cooled. I hope Monsieur Hebreard will forgive us when our bulldozers arrive to tear a landing strip for Spitfires through his vineyard. Some of his vines are fifty years old, and tending them has bent his back so that he can never lie flat in his bed. But I believe he will understand when the bulldozers come. In France you get your faith back.

THE END



DRAWN BEHIND THE LINES BY CLIFFORD SABER

"I hear their voices

now...in music..."

"I MADE THIS SKETCH at a hospital camp East of Alamein. I had a lot of friends that night that I haven't got now . . . but today, in the whisper of some melody filled with their voices and their laughter, a lot of things that seemed so wrong at the time have eased off, and the distance between us seems a little less . . . in music!"

FROM EARLY CHILDHOOD, through all the joys and tragedies of life . . . there are few of us who do not rely on the power of music to set us right, to give us solace and courage, to create happiness for us.

Today . . . as we at Stromberg-Carlson devote all our hours to making communications equipment for war . . . we look forward to the time when we can again bring you an instrument that will carry music into your home.

When that day comes, we will bring you radios and radio phonographs that will give you music, voice and every type of program reproduced with a naturalness you have never before enjoyed.



OUR "E" FLAG means many things to the men and women of Stromberg-Carlson. It means . . . keep turning out the equipment for our fighting men. It means . . . keep buying War Bonds till it hurts. It means . . . give blood to the Red Cross. It means . . . keep praying and working for victory to bring our boys home!



In radios, television, telephones, sound equipment . . . there's nothing finer than a

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The Treasure in the Turban:

"As a token of friendship," said crafty Nadir Shah, "let us exchange turbans." The captive Hindu prince turned pale. After his defeat in battle by Nadir Shah, he had hidden his most valued diamond in the folds of his turban. Learning of the hiding place from a woman in the harem, the wily conqueror amused himself by employing this ruse to obtain the great diamond. At first sight of the sparkling gem, he exclaimed "Koh-i-noor—mountain of light!"—and thus the famous diamond gained its name.

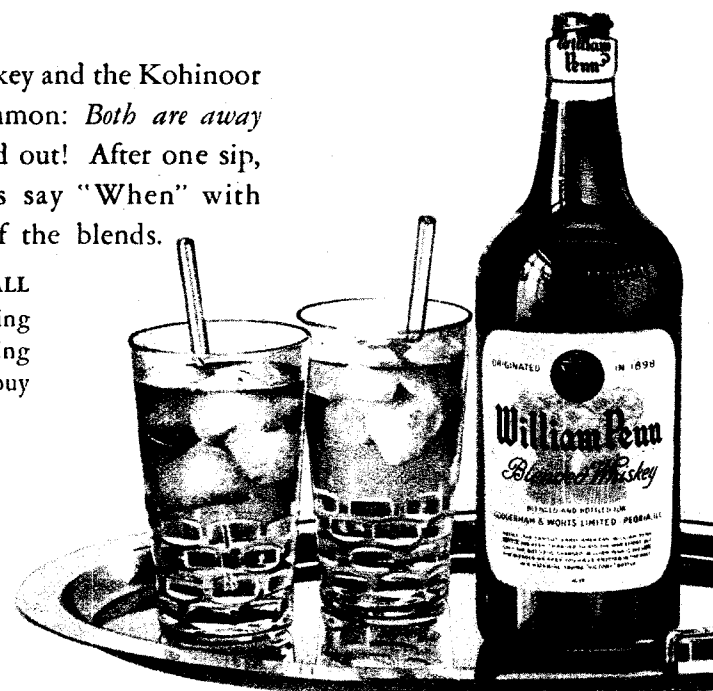
William Penn Blended Whiskey and the Kohinoor have this one thing in common: *Both are away above average.* Yes, they stand out! After one sip, you'll know why millions say "When" with William Penn—the gem of the blends.

SPEND WISELY OR NOT AT ALL
Keep prices down by purchasing only what you need—check ceiling prices—don't pay more. And buy your share of war bonds.

William Penn

BLENDED WHISKEY

THE GEM OF THE BLENDS



86 proof—65% grain neutral spirits

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Cowardice at Chicago

Continued from page 11

position, expressed through our two great political parties in convention, should have been made so clear that even our enemies could not fail to understand.

Instead, twice we preferred to produce a paradise of seeming political harmony at Chicago. And twice, for the sake of that imaginary harmony, we failed to face our problem squarely, and so prepared soil for the sowing of World War III.

Doctor Gallup, who in these modern days tells us just what we do think and sometimes what we should think, has a ready answer to this apparent lack of political integrity in party platforms, which undoubtedly is quite relieving and satisfying to all who participated in shaping our recent mockeries. When his thousand field agents had interviewed thousands of citizens, he found that, after all, it made little difference. For his poll showed that only 36 per cent of the voters read platforms.

Perhaps the answer to Doctor Gallup's discovery of relative indifference to political platforms on the part of voters lies in another poll taken recently by The National Opinion Research Center of Denver University. This shows that 70 per cent of the mothers and fathers of America hope that their sons will not become politicians.

The Independent Voter

Or perhaps—and seriously—the answer lies in the fact that platforms, like candidates, are accepted without question by party regulars and in all probability are not read by them. But we should remember that they are read by the independent voter, who does not decide how he will vote before hearing the issues discussed. It is precisely this independent voter—the man who does not vote automatically for any candidate his party may nominate—who has determined most Presidential elections in the past generation.

Today these independents are fully conscious of the evasiveness of both party platforms on some of our most fundamental issues. They will therefore follow the forthcoming campaigns attentively, hoping for further enlightenment. In view of this interest, it is important to examine the carefully compromised phrases of the platforms, in order, if possible, to bring about a clarification of the real positions of the two parties.

Each party, as it met in Chicago, faced within its ranks a major group of reactionary dissidents on two different but singularly significant issues. Within the Republican ranks, there were ex-isolationists, rechristened nationalists, typified and led by the McCormick-Patterson newspapers. Within the Democratic Party the major conflict was with the old-line "white-supremacy" bloc of Southern Democrats.

However skillful the straddling, and evasive the final result, as represented in the platforms, there is no dodging the fact that these are the key political questions of our time. The racial issue I shall discuss in a future article. Let us turn now to the international issue.

Despite those wishful thinkers who believe that there is some method by which our political problems can be divided into separate compartments—one labeled foreign policy, one labeled domestic policy—and that, by common agreement, foreign policy can be eliminated from the campaign, the fact is that our foreign policy is now and will be for generations the paramount, the absorbing question before us. *And upon its wise solution will depend the domestic welfare of the American people.*

It must be said that on the general question of foreign policy the Democratic plank is in many ways better than the Republican plank. It is more forthright and concrete on the use of armed force and joint action to preserve peace; and there is no proposal to hamstring future international collaboration by going beyond the Constitution and submitting every "agreement" within or without the international organization to the possibility of a veto by one third plus one of the Senate of the United States. Both

platforms, however, contain an irreconcilable paradox which in its plain implication can only confuse, deceive and disillusion the American people. This paradox is the promise that permanent or lasting peace can be attained without what is popularly called "loss of sovereignty."

Both the Democratic and Republican parties propose to create an international organization to prevent aggression and preserve peace, while this nation, and every other nation concerned, maintains its traditional sovereignty. The phraseology of the two major parties is strikingly similar.

The Republican platform says: "We favor responsible participation by the United States in postwar co-operative organization among sovereign nations to prevent military aggression and to attain permanent peace with organized justice in a free world."

"Such organization should develop effective co-operative means to direct peace forces to prevent or repel military aggression."

The Democratic platform states: "... we pledge ...

"To join with other United Nations in the establishment of an international organization based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all peace-loving states, open to membership by all such states, large and small, for the prevention of aggression and the maintenance of international peace and security. ... Such organization must be endowed with power to employ armed forces when necessary to prevent aggression and preserve peace."

Our foreign policy is of course primarily the prerogative of the Executive. For this reason, what the Presidential candidates say about it is particularly important. In their acceptance speeches both candidates followed the lead of their party platforms and promised us both unaffected sovereignty and peace.

Governor Dewey said: "We are agreed, all of us, that America will participate with other sovereign nations in a co-operative effort to prevent future wars." And in his statement of August 17th he twice again emphasized the term "sovereign nations."

And President Roosevelt said: "... What is the job before us? ... to form worldwide international organizations, and to arrange to use the armed force of the sovereign nations of the world to make another war impossible within the foreseeable future."

Both platforms and both candidates used the term "sovereign" to indicate something that must be securely guarded, lest we lose our independence as a nation. And in so using it, they were deliberately trying to soothe the fears of those people who do not want us to give up a single selfish advantage for the sake of a common good. We are presented with an extraordinary proposition: We are jealously to guard our sovereignty; other nations are likewise to guard their sovereignty; but somehow all nations are to be welded together into an international organization with the power to prevent aggression and preserve peace.

When every party to a proposed agreement stands pat and refuses to yield any individual right or privilege, there is no agreement. Yet it is under similar conditions that we talk of creating or participating in an international organization. What we shall create is at best a consultative pact of the "peace-loving" nations, an arrangement which may be different in words, but in fact will not differ at all from most of the alliances of history; it is not enough in such circumstances to resolve to use "everything from an editorial to a 16-inch gun" to preserve peace, or to proclaim the rights of small nations in their relation to the Big Four. An international organization empowered to maintain "permanent peace," "organized justice" and "security" demands something more.

To attain such an organization, nations must agree to joint responsibilities and to limitation of individual freedom of choice in certain specific situations, as in a limited partnership. To be realistic, we should say frankly, "We are exchanging this small meas-

ure of our traditional sovereignty for the greater good of preventing wars among men." Only when we, with other "peace-loving" nations, are willing to make such exchange for the common welfare will the rights of small nations be observed, and only then can our 16-inch guns be used with those of other nations as a necessary final recourse in the prevention of future wars.

If this is no comfort to the nationalists in our midst, it is probably no comfort to them, either, to be told that in helping to create an organization which will limit the sovereign right of all nations to make war at will, we shall be using, not sacrificing, America's sovereignty to the end for which it was intended: the security and peace of the American people.

There are, of course, a number of other ambiguous points in the foreign-policy planks, such as the term "peace forces," but I should like to examine briefly the provision in the Republican platform that "in the attainment of our international aims ... any treaty or agreement (emphasis mine) to attain such aims made on behalf of the United States with any other nation or any association of nations shall be made only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States, provided two thirds of the Senators present concur."

In proposing to subject "agreements" to the consent of the Senate, the Republican platform goes beyond the Constitution which specifies only "treaties," and exposes all its "international aims" to the possibility of defeat by senators representing less than eight per cent of the country. Such policy flies in the face of a hundred and fifty years of historical trend and the practice of two of the most distinguished Secretaries of State the Republican Party ever produced, John Hay and Elihu Root, both of whom carried through many of their most important policies by means of notes and agreements. The "Open Door" notes which are the foundation of our traditional policy toward China, the protocol which ended the Boxer Rebellion were neither one submitted to the Senate. Nor were Root's famous "identical" notes on the integrity of China in 1908.

There is good reason why our Presidents and their Secretaries of State, whether Democratic or Republican, have kept agreements with other nations free from the necessity of ratification by the two-thirds rule whenever they could. For fifty years the two-thirds rule in the Senate has operated to frustrate every major effort at international collaboration by this country.

At the turn of the last century, efforts at international co-operation centered around the idea of compulsory arbitration of disputes. The United States, newly emerged as a world power, first took the lead in this proposal at the Hague Convention in 1899. It was supported by the most able leaders the Republican Party had known since the days of Lincoln—Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay, Elihu Root, William Howard Taft. All their efforts were defeated by a recalcitrant Senate minority.

A Treaty of Arbitration

A peculiarly striking—and even earlier—example is the Olney-Pauncefote Treaty of 1897. As early as 1890, Congress had taken the initiative and requested the President to "invite from time to time, as fit occasions may arise, negotiations with any government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two governments which cannot be adjusted by ordinary diplomatic agency may be referred to arbitration and peacefully adjusted by such means."

Three years later, the British House of Commons adopted a resolution expressing satisfaction with the proposal of the American Congress and the hope that the British government would co-operate. As a result, Secretary of State Olney and Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, concluded a treaty of arbitration in 1897. Cleveland,

NOW, I CAN SMILE AGAIN

Of course, fleas made me sad—sad looking, too. For fleas ruin a dog's coat, fray his nerves, make him miserable. Now, I give them the ONE-TWO—sure death to fleas.

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whose second term was drawing to a close, supported the treaty but let it await McKinley's inauguration for presentation to the Senate.

McKinley heartily endorsed the treaty, and it was brought up for consideration in the Senate in March, 1897. More happy auspices could hardly be imagined. Fathered by a Senate resolution concurred in by the House, accepted by a foreign government and by successive Presidents of both parties, it would seem that if ever a treaty were assured of speedy passage, this one would have been. The fate of the treaty, however, was exactly that of almost all succeeding attempts at treaties to assure international collaboration, up to and including the League of Nations Covenant.

It is interesting to note that the emasculation of the treaty began with a proviso by the Foreign Affairs Committee, of which the pre-war Republican plank is reminiscent. This specified that each separate question to be arbitrated must first be passed upon by a two-thirds vote of the Senate. In other words, the purpose and usefulness of a general agreement to arbitrate all differences was eliminated at the start. But this in no way satisfied the anxiety of the Senate minority to protect American sovereignty and its own prerogative. More than a dozen additional amendments were passed, limiting the scope and effectiveness of the treaty, and in the end it was rejected by a vote of 43 yeas and 26 nays—the two-thirds rule at work.

After the Hague Convention endorsed international arbitration, Theodore Roosevelt decided to try again. His proposed treaties were so enfeebled by the pressure of the Senate minority that he withdrew them rather than lay his government open to the charge, he said, of "promulgating a sham."

Again, in 1911, President Taft made a valiant effort to get a new set of arbitration treaties through the Senate. Peace sentiment was rising, and the treaties received tremendous popular support in this country and abroad, but again the amendments and reservations of the Senate forced Taft to drop them.

The fate of arbitration treaties in the first decade of the century was paralleled by the fate of the World Court in the 1920s and '30s. We must understand, therefore, that not only the pledge to use "peace forces" to repel military aggression, but the pledge to settle disputes by means of an international tribunal is a pledge of doubtful value if we are to cling to traditional definitions of sovereignty and an exaggerated respect for the two-thirds rule.

The plain fact is that much of our foreign policy has been carried on by executive agreement and joint resolution, particularly in the field of international collaboration.

One of the earliest examples is an agreement in 1817, limiting naval forces on the Great Lakes, which was put into effect by an exchange of notes between Great Britain and our Secretary of State without ratification by Congress.

The United States has entered into more than three hundred acts for regulating communication by mail between nations. Only three of the three hundred were in the form of treaties passed by the two-thirds vote. Our participation in the Pan American Union has been by international conferences of Presidential plenipotentiaries, under both Democratic and Republican Presidents. Our membership in the International Labor Office was also achieved by joint resolution. Texas was annexed by joint resolution which was carried in the House by 132 to 76 and in the Senate by 27 to 25 (plainly if the Republican platform writers had had their way in 1844, we would never have annexed Texas). In 1897, President McKinley submitted a treaty to the Senate for the annexation of Hawaii. A two-thirds majority could not be mustered. McKinley boldly caused a resolution for annexation to be introduced in the House. It was passed by a vote of 209 to 91, and in the Senate by 42 to 21.

Comment on the workings of the two-thirds rule for the ratification of treaties would not be complete without a word on the Republican tariff plank. Protectionist on the whole, the platform gives lip service to reciprocal trade agreements if ratified by Congress. Once more, a hampering and nullifying condition.

The Balance of Trade

Realistic criticism of the Hull trade agreements must be made from the point of view, not that they have gone too far or done too much, but that they were inadequate to meet the mounting trend of trade restrictions which swept the world in the '30s. We are now on the selling end of a policy of multilateral world-wide trade. But no important country will have the currency to buy from us over a continuing period—all the monetary stabilization schemes in the world notwithstanding—unless we import sufficiently to maintain a healthy balance. What is called for, then, is for us to take the initiative in new reciprocal agreements of a multilateral nature so that trade will begin to flow again.

We shall never achieve this if we submit each and every agreement of this kind to the Senate. Economic co-operation has been particularly dependent on other means than the two-thirds rule because it is peculiarly subject to the pressure of sectional interests. And in our whole history, the largest single group of treaties to have failed to pass the

Senate have been reciprocal trade treaties.

In short, the proposals in the Republican platform to submit "agreements," whether political or economic, to the two-thirds rule of the Senate not only have no basis in the Constitution but fly in the face of the practice of every President beginning with and including George Washington, a practice which has never been seriously questioned by the Supreme Court.

I am a Republican. In 1940, I was given the party's greatest honor, its nomination for the Presidency, an honor which brought with it a deep sense of obligation. The opportunity did not arise, either as a delegate or otherwise, for me to participate in shaping the party's policies in its 1944 convention deliberations.

But since I am sure that millions of independent voters—the people who will determine the election in 1944—are sincerely concerned by certain aspects of the foreign-policy planks of both parties and by the repetition of those same disturbing elements in the acceptance speeches of both candidates, I am taking this opportunity to try to clarify the very real causes of their anxiety. For only if these causes are recognized and defined can they be eliminated. And only if they are eliminated, both in principle and in practice, can we hope to avoid World War III in any "foreseeable future."

The platforms cannot now be modified. Consequently, in this critical time in our history, thoughtful independent voters will await anxiously the interpretations placed upon them by the candidates. They will give unusual weight, too, to the declarations of Vice-Presidential candidates. For they know full well that no President can succeed in carrying out a program, however well devised, unless he has behind him the leaders of his own party—particularly those with whom he closely associates.

As a Republican, I naturally hope that my party will by its forthright statement of wise and farseeing purposes deserve the all-important vote of these independents. Toward that end, it will be the responsibility of its Presidential candidate and of all other important candidates and associates, who with him determine the policy of the party, to make the party's position clear and unmistakable.

For if the Republican Party should come into power, what its authorized leaders now say will have an immense effect upon its course of action when in power. And if it should be destined to lose, its very preservation as a party will depend on whether, in our country's present critical moment, it had the courage and wisdom to be a party not of expediency but of principle.

THE END

The Actor Who Doesn't Care

Continued from page 12

United States were the tours over here of the Abbey Players. They were booked by a concert manager and, after the usual seasons in New York, the company hit the road and played mostly in college towns. Fitzgerald knows places Americans have never heard of. His favorite small town is Somerset, Pennsylvania, near Johnstown. His favorite story is about the Irishman in Boston who arose in a café, very drunk, and said, "I'll fight anybody here, physically or financially."

After the second American tour, Fitzgerald stayed over here and appeared on Broadway in Paul Vincent Carroll's *The White Steed*. It was there that Leo McCarey, the producer and director of *Going My Way*, saw him and filed him away for future reference.

The Irish Players came out to Hollywood to do *The Plough* and the Stars and most of them left shortly after in disgust at the way that masterpiece had been cut up and ruined. Fitzgerald stayed on and had some small success in *The Long Voyage Home* and others. However, he was only jogging along until *Going My Way* made him a star.

McCarey wisely gave him his head in that

picture and the results are marvelous. He gives a characterization of an old priest that for detail and everlasting rightness has never been surpassed on the screen. The usual stories immediately arose about his acting peculiarities. It was said that he went around a set prior to shooting, sitting in all the chairs to get a "feel" of the furniture.

"It's what I do, eh?" says Barry Fitzgerald. "I do not."

Talking into the Machine

What really drives him mad is the sound equipment. It hangs overhead like the sword of Damocles, and the voice must be directed to it no matter what the action may be.

"I'm in an eating scene and I have my head down, mumbling like any decent man would do, and then the sound engineer says, 'You have to get your head up there; can't hear you,' and the director and everybody else bows like it was the czar speaking."

The truth about Fitzgerald is that he is a very shy man. In a crowd he is speechless; with his few friends he is very funny. He has no "line," no ambitions and no desire for money. He is now fifty-six, unmarried and

lives in a small house with his stand-in. Three or four times a week he has dinner with the Shields. His outdoor amusement is golf, which he plays only passably; his real passion is the piano, which he plays by the hour. He thumps away at Bach and Beethoven, and has been asked on several occasions by other tenants to please pipe down. Hence, the present bungalow where he can play without being hated.

He would like to do only two pictures a year and has such a deal at Paramount. He has lately been doing *I Love a Soldier*, in which he plays a streetcar conductor, and is at present in *Two Years Before the Mast*, which doesn't amuse him too greatly because of the role he is playing. Edward Choate wants him to revive *The Would-be Gentleman* on Broadway, but he is reluctant to do a play in which he carries the whole burden. He isn't sure what his absence from the stage has done to him. In all seriousness, he has moments in which he regrets having left the Labor Exchange.

"I'd be retired on half pay by now," he says. "I'd have a small house and could play my piano. Maybe I was a fool to leave."

THE END

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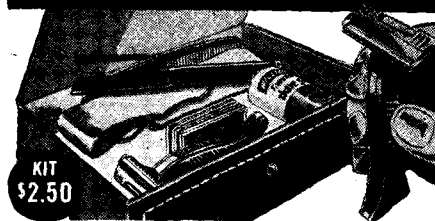
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The Private Life of the Arctic Tern

Continued from page 28

He stood close to the nest and chattered inquiringly, and finally a fuzzy little chick poked its head from beneath the mother tern's wing. The old man looked at the baby closely for a moment, then flew away and brought back a snake or some sort of water-crawler. He stood around with it for a while, but made no move to feed the chick. Then he chattered excitedly, and changed places with his wife. She flew out into the lake, dived, and came back with a fish, which she tore apart and swallowed. Then she proceeded to feed the little shaver by regurgitation.

"Well," I said, "they must be learning. Do you remember the first year we watched them, how the fond papa brought a fish twice as long as the chick the very first day it was hatched, and poked it down the baby's throat? The poor little devil got it halfway down, then fell over several times from swallowing so hard."

However, Papa Tern had not learned much, after all. Before the day was over, he brought a big-headed fish three inches long. He tried to stuff it into the chick's mouth, but it was too big, so he dropped it in the sand. However, he was persistent and ended up by flying with the fish out in the lake, washing it in the water, then coming back. This time he got it headfirst into the chick's mouth, and down it went, with the baby falling on its nose a couple of times as it swallowed. The hen flew out, dropping the empty eggshell into the water.

A Happy Family Scene

The second chick hatched the following day. Though smaller and weaker, it was soon wobbling around in the sunshine and would not stay under its mother. The third day was also hot and sultry. No one could blame the chicks for not wanting to stay under a feathery parent, as that bird herself sat there with beak open, panting from the heat, and wings widely distended from the body. She sometimes skimmed out over the bare surface of the water to cool her breast, then flew back dripping. Soon she flew up onto a snag, where she could keep watch on the youngsters. They wobbled and staggered all over the sand like awkward puppies.

On the fourth and fifth days, it was calm and hot. We sat in the chairs in the front yard and watched the little fellows venture to paddle in the edge of the water, for all the world like a couple of kids wading. Soon they were taking a bath, splashing and ducking their little heads under in glee. They got beyond their depth, but began floating and paddling like baby ducks. We could see their little red feet paddling behind in that clear water, like a stern-wheeler. The downy fuzz was as dry when they came out as when they first went in. It was better than a circus to watch their antics—jumping straight up in the air and flapping tiny wings, preening and putting oil on their feathers as all waterfowl do.

Tragedy, so many times averted, struck at last. A falcon swooped down and got the smallest tern. The tumult caught me with my hands in the biscuit dough. I could not grab a gun, but I ran to the rescue with a stick of stovewood. Both terns were fighting the hawk in the air. The chick dangled from his claws. I swung with the stick, but he was just beyond my reach. However, I scared him into dropping the chick. While I was stooping over it on the sand to see if it were dead, the old terns transferred their attack to me. I don't blame the mink and the otter for fleeing. Those sharp beaks hammering on top of my head put me on the run, too. Then the terns streaked out in chase of the falcon, their battle cries fading away in the distance. I rushed back and found the chick still alive, but dazed from the fall.

"Now those fool terns have left these chicks alone for some other enemy to get while they're gone!" I complained to myself, so I stayed on the beach till they came back.

Now the halcyon June weather was about

over. When the wind kicked up a rousing surf on the lake, the terns had a time trying to herd the chicks away from the waves. They had to be taught that they couldn't paddle and take a bath when the water was so rough.

As the wind increased, the chicks took shelter in the weeds growing along the bank. That was the hunting ground of the mink, and when the old birds saw him coming, they called the chicks back out on the open sand. They didn't want to go out in that cold wind and acted like naughty kids who refused to mind—just stood there looking dumb when called. But when their parents started to attack the mink, the babies knew it was time to get out in the open.

When the short hours of dusk (which is all the night this latitude affords in June) came down, the chicks were always called out into the open to be hovered under the parent's wings. As a rule she did not budge but left her mate to do the fighting necessary to scare off the nightly marauders. But he was an old rounder and sometimes he stayed away all night.

Once when an owl disturbed her, she chased it away, then flew up on a snag and screamed and yelled for her mate for an hour before she got him back. There was no sleep for us, either, so out in the woods we went with the guns to try to scare the owl away.

The perversity of the Alaskan climate now brought us four days of a terrific wind and rain storm. Surf pounded the beach. The chicks hid in the weeds. Instead of calling them out and sitting on them to keep them warm, both terns hovered in the air about ten feet up, bucking the heavy wind and watching down into the grass for marauders. They must have been well-nigh worn out hovering there for so long against that raging wind, their tails spread like fans, their heads turning tirelessly on guard.

The chicks were so cold that they were drawn up like little humpbacks and so numb that they no longer ran, but walked slowly. We wondered how they could possibly survive. The week preceding, it had been 100 degrees out in the sun—sultry and sweltering. Now, in this storm, it was barely 50 degrees, and, during the brief lifting of the clouds from the peaks, we could see fresh snow powdered up there.

A Sequence of Tragedy

The smallest chick, the one the hawk had grabbed, did not survive the storm. The second one grew and its wings got amazingly long, although it still had fuzz instead of feathers. But this infant's span of life was not much more than two weeks. A mink caught it one night. For two days afterward, the old birds kept bringing fish for it and flying all up and down the beach, calling and looking. It was pathetic. We felt as if we'd lost our own brother.

After that, we noticed the female tern perched on the old snag asleep, worn out from all those hours on guard duty. We had not seen her sleep in the last month. For almost a week she perched around napping. Then the terns left our beach.

Oddly, they came back every few days, chased all the sea gulls away. Then the mother would fly down to her old nest and throw a few straws over her shoulder as though starting to nest again. But it was only a memory.

Other years they were successful in raising their chicks. One season we watched the young tern being taught to dive. He was feathered out and could fly, but they were still feeding him. He sat on a post just over the water's surface. It was calm and he could see the tiny fish swimming below. He wanted to dive for them but could not get up enough courage. He would edge over just about ready to dive off, then catch himself and back away again. His mother put an end to this comical hesitation. As he was poised on the brink, she swooped down and knocked him off into the water.

THE END

Aristocrat

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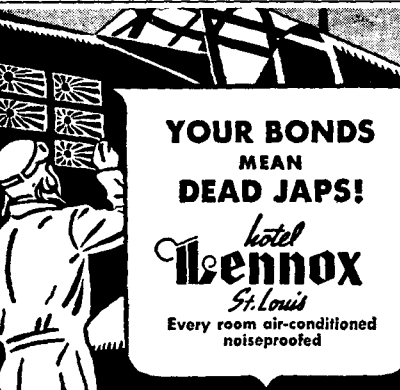


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Guerrilla Girl

Continued from page 55

they take names in memory of friends whom the Germans have killed in Athens.

"White-haired old Codros is a 67-year-old peasant whose wife was almost beaten to death when she refused to reveal information about us and, while he curses the Nazis more vehemently than any other, I'm sure he's never killed any. He's too softhearted.

"There's an uncultured laborer named Telmo—after the mountain near his native village—who has the reputation for being the swiftest messenger up there and knowing most about fighting the Germans. It's remarkable how the educated *andartes* respect this unlearned man. When he speaks, they listen. He's killed plenty of Nazis, too.

"A fantastic character everybody likes calls himself Nihtpouli—Bird of the Night. He claims he can see in the dark, and the men swear it's true. Nihtpouli is a very rich man, the son of a wealthy landowner. Before the war he was known all over Greece as a dissolute carouser; in the mountains, this former playboy is a tough man, and few guerrillas dare to cross him. He's promised to collect all his comrades for a month's drunk when the Germans are chased out of the country. He's the kind of man who'll keep his word, too.

"The *andartes* called me Adelfi—simply Greek for sister. None of my former friends would have recognized me in my dirty sweater and men's pants. But I was cheerful. I ate what there was to eat, got lice like everybody else, slept on the rocks without complaining. I've slept on the floor in a billet with a hundred men lying around me.

"Occasionally I'd wake to find an extra

blanket over me, and often these tough, bearded men would give me the choice food. I made it a point always to give it to the sick and wounded, though. Often, too, I'd sleep on the floor near the wounded during the night. I was a woman only when I nursed them; I patted their hands and cheeks and said nice things to them. The rest of the times I tried to act like a man.

"Then there was that awful day I found lice in my hair. One of the guerrillas caught me crying and asked me what was the matter. I told him my head was full of animals.

"Listen, Adelfi," he said, 'you're brave and you've seen men killing each other. So why cry about a few little lice that can't even shoot back?'

"He made it sound so ridiculous I had to laugh. To get rid of the beasts, I had to cut off my long hair. My clumsy-fingered guerrilla friend soaked my head in alcohol, and I almost screamed when he washed it out in a nearly frozen stream.

Nurse of the Battle Line

"Our first battle was early in March. My close shave with the Germans boosted my stock with the men, but afterward they stationed me at a safe distance from the actual fighting, where I could help the wounded. The suspense of waiting was the worst part; it wasn't so bad when I had something to keep me busy. Once I dragged a Greek, wounded in the chest, almost a mile before I could safely bandage him. Another time I put a cast on a man's foot, using ordinary plaster. I never saw a wounded German.

"The worst battle occurred just before Easter, when a German detachment overtook the village and prepared to burn it. Our men surrounded the village and used Mills bombs on the Nazis. There was fighting in every house. Avergerions caught a German about to throw a potato-masher grenade at our men. He yelled, making the German miss his aim. Then he backed the Boche into a corner and cut his throat. The German casualties were so heavy they retreated down the mountain. We lost only six men, and seven wounded.

"About the end of April, the men talked of shifting operations to another sector where they expected more Nazi activity in the warm weather. They advised me to go to Cairo.

"We all struck down the mountain together—more than two thousand of us. For safety, we split into several groups. Near the coast we stopped and said goodbye. My cheeks were swollen for a week from being kissed by several hundred bearded men. Four of my friends were detailed to take me down and stay with me until the boat arrived, and for a week we waited in a cabin on the shore.

"I prayed for the boat to come soon, as my feet were cut and swollen and covered with open, bleeding sores. I was incredibly filthy. My skin was burned from the snow, and my lips were cracked open. Although I kept my face and arms covered with olive oil, it didn't do much good. Curiously enough, I had gained weight and lost the nervousness I'd acquired from working underground in Athens.

"Finally the boat arrived. Those guerrillas were wonderful. They surprised me with a goodbye meal of roast fish, and we toasted Greece in *retsina*, our native wine. They kept repeating: 'Tell the people to send food, but especially boots and guns, so we can kill more Germans.'

"They asked me to thank the Americans particularly, for the guerrillas are especially fond of Americans. The medicines I've seen parachuted down came from the United States, and most of the new arms are American-made. Besides, every guerrilla believes that the Greek mountain fighters have captured the fancy of the Americans, and this pleases them more than anything else.

"The boat sailed that night. I watched the Greek coast until darkness blotted it out. I was not ashamed that I cried."

THE END



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Answers to Jogging Your Jargon (Page 64)

II

1. The girl reporter doing emotional stuff wrote a swell exclusive story for the earliest edition, but she mentioned a name that was on the newspaper's list of persons who'd sued it for libel, so the editor wouldn't publish the story, even though he'd written a special paragraph announcing it, at the end of his column. (Newspaper)

2. Nobody knew McCarthy could be easily knocked out with a punch to the jaw till Spanish Jack hit him with his right, after leading with the left, and Mac was knocked out. (Boxing)

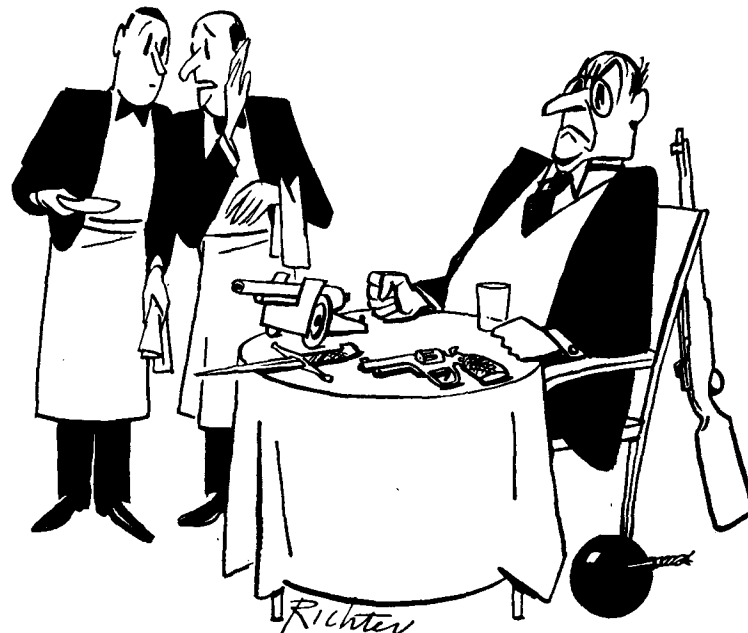
3. The wagon-circus (mud show) employee whose job it was to stand in the crowd and start the rush to buy tickets, and who also played in the band, saved the snake charmer from annoyance while the fight between the circus men and the townspeople was on, but he found she was married to one of the elephant men, and he started paying his attention to a trapeze performer. (Circus)

4. The backer of the show promised to leave a pair of passes for us at the box office, but as it was Standing Room Only and no tickets when we got there, we took in a bill of second-rate detective and Western pictures at a bad-smelling theater. (Theatrical)

5. According to common gossip on the destroyer, Andrews, a lieutenant, junior grade, was transferring to an aircraft carrier, but the carpenter and the radioman said he'd applied for submarine duty. (U.S. Navy)

6. The engineer got the signal that the track was clear, but he told the brakeman to carry the red flag ahead of the train because there were track laborers at work. (Railroaders)

7. Even though Kay was a girl who didn't date, she thought Howard was wonderful, till she found out that he was fond of classical-music records. (Jive talk)



WAITER: "Don't serve him anything but White Rock or he'll make trouble."

TASTE THE DIFFERENCE
TONIGHT!
FEEL THE DIFFERENCE
TOMORROW!



Some people just mix drinks. Wise hosts and hostesses mix them with White Rock. You see, White Rock improves the flavor of rye, scotch and bourbon . . . adds zest and supercharged sparkle to all tall drinks. And has the happy faculty of helping you feel chipper next day.

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER



COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT, Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Managing Editor

In other words, Switzerland takes the position that persons who have made themselves enemies of decent people everywhere are not entitled to sanctuary in a country claiming to be run by and for decent people.

We think it would be a pious idea for Sweden, Spain, Argentina, and various other neutral nations to take a similar position, pronto. Any necessary pressure toward such decisions should be brought by the Allies while the Allies are still big, strong and united.

One main object after victory is to catch and prosecute the prime movers in bringing the colossal misery of this war on mankind—the actual big shots limned in George Creel's Collier's series entitled *The Guilty*—rather than deal out more or less phony trials to a lot of small fry while the big shots escape with their hides and their loot.

Unless the Allies can and do pursue these big criminals to their last hideouts and subject them to fair and public criminal trials, the Allied victory will be incomplete, and one seed of World War III will in all likelihood have been successfully planted.

FAIR PLAY IN THE MIDDLE WAY

WISHFUL thinking and prejudices aside, it looks as if Americans are in for a considerable period, after the war, of Swedish-style economics—private enterprise and government-run enterprise functioning along together more or less amicably, as described by Marquis Childs in his able book of a few years ago, *The Middle Way*.

If we have as much average intelligence and character as the Swedes, there would seem to be little for any of us to fear in such a competition between capitalism and socialism in this country. But it ought to be a fair competition, with each system given a fair chance to show its merits and expose its demerits.

According to Senator Harry F. Byrd's (Dem., Va.) Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures, the stage is not now set that way. On the contrary, things are heavily rigged in favor of public enterprise, because so many radicals have had such a free hand in the federal government of late years.

The Byrd committee finds that the government now owns and operates 44 corporations, employing 70,000 persons, having a total borrowing power of \$33,000,000,000. These outfits' current loans total \$6,500,000,000, their liabilities run to \$16,500,000,000, and their current losses gross almost \$103,000,000. Many of them compete with private enterprise, and most of the cards are stacked unfairly in their favor—virtually unlimited power to borrow from the government, for instance, and at low interest rates; frequent exemption from taxes, and so on.

If these heavily advantaged government corporations beat a lot of private concerns out of existence, nothing will be proved as to the respective capacities of capitalism and socialism as producers of the greatest benefit for the most people. All that will be proved will be the already known fact that a crooked gambler using marked cards can usually take an honest player's shirt.

Senator Byrd suggests urgently that these unfair advantages be stripped from these government corporations; that, for one thing, they be placed under supervision of the Controller General, and, for another, be forced to keep honest books and businesslike accounts.

We think the gentleman from Virginia has got something there—something that calls for his Congressional colleagues' early and earnest attention and action.

Tyranny and Esquire

THE case of Esquire magazine and its second-class mail privileges, revoked by Postmaster General Frank Walker on his own naked say-so, continues to bat around in court to the alarm of believers in a free press. The latest round in the fight is a decision by the District Court in Washington upholding Walker, on the ground that the existing law empowers the Postmaster General to make these tyrannical rulings.

What any of us think about Esquire as a magazine is beside the point. The point is that a law which enables one man in the government to look into his own soul and to no other authority and then jerk any publication's second-class mail privilege is a bad law and a standing threat to freedom of the press as guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. As one of Esquire's attorneys said in this latest court debate: "Here is a man who, if he sees a periodical which does not, in his opinion, contribute to public benefit, can restrict it from the mails. If he reads a comment he doesn't like concerning the Democratic platform, for example, he could bar it."

And that is only the half of it. The other half is that if Walker can make the Esquire case stand up as a precedent through the United States Supreme Court, politicians will go on from there to extend political control over the press of the United States, until presently there will be no paper forums in which any but the views of the party in power can get a hearing. Out the window with freedom of the press will go most other American liberties.

The Supreme Court may toss Mr. Walker off this particular high horse he is riding. We emphatically hope it will.

But an even more thoroughgoing remedy would be for Congress to enact a law giving any and every questioned publication its day in court; a law requiring the government to sue in the federal judicial district where the publication is published, and to prove its case before a jury, before the publication's mailing rights can be curtailed in any manner. Such a law need not wait on the Supreme Court.

SANCTUARY FOR SCOUNDRELS

KAISER WILHELM II skipped out of Germany as the first World War crashed to its close, and lived happily ever after in neutral Holland with a fortune of something like \$100,000,000.

The Allies never could, or at least they never did, yank the old rascal out of Doorn, where he resided, into some sort of criminal court.

How about similar fadeaways into neutral countries after this war by the German and Jap war lords?

The Swiss government recently served notice, to the

general pleased surprise, that it will offer no such sanctuary for scoundrels this time. Swiss border officials were advised as follows by their government:

The authorities are empowered to forbid a special category of refugees access to Swiss soil; namely, foreigners who, because of reprobable deeds, appear to have made themselves unworthy of being given an asylum, or else, by their own activities, have impaired or endangered Swiss interest.

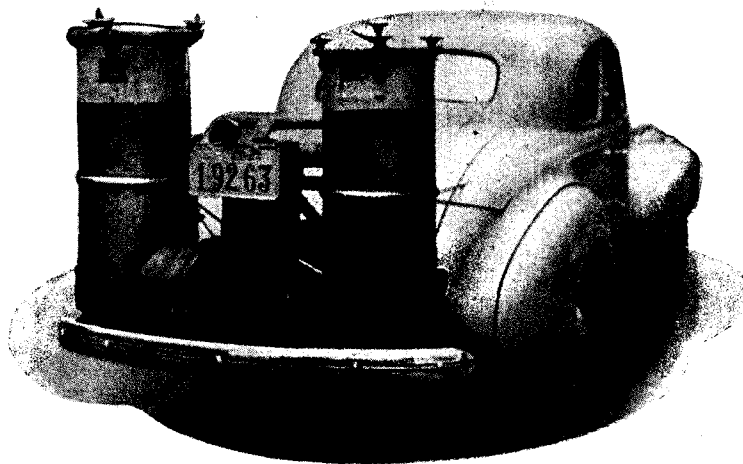
Not an eye to the Future? Then don't overlook

RIO'S GOLDEN PROMISE

1 "Even from the air, the glamor of Rio de Janeiro is as matchless as the flavor of Canadian Club Whisky," writes an engineer from Washington, D. C. "But what really gets me excited is the unmistakable evidence of what's ahead for this magnificent city. As capital of Brazil, Rio is automatically the headquarters of the world's greatest era of opportunity . . .



2 "New steel mills nearby hint what's in store. For nearby, too, are big deposits of coal, one of the world's richest deposits of iron . . . quartz (the Allies' chief source of supply) . . . practically every known metal and mineral!"



3 "Today's motor cars are powered by charcoal gas, generated in tanks on back. But tomorrow there'll be gasoline . . . Brazilian gasoline . . . from fields up the coast . . . supplementing Brazil's great wealth from coffee, cotton, rubber, waxes and fibers."



4 "All this, mind you, a mere day's flying time by Clipper from the States. And when peace comes —at rates below your fondest dreams."

5 "Brazil has everything—not as much Canadian Club as it would like, of course. But even so, I've found these wonderfully hospitable people eager to share their slender wartime supply with guests from up North." Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is light as

Scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon —yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. • That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"



Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

The girl behind the man behind the gun



Husband in Army, Helen O'Brien takes job in Crucible Steel munitions mill



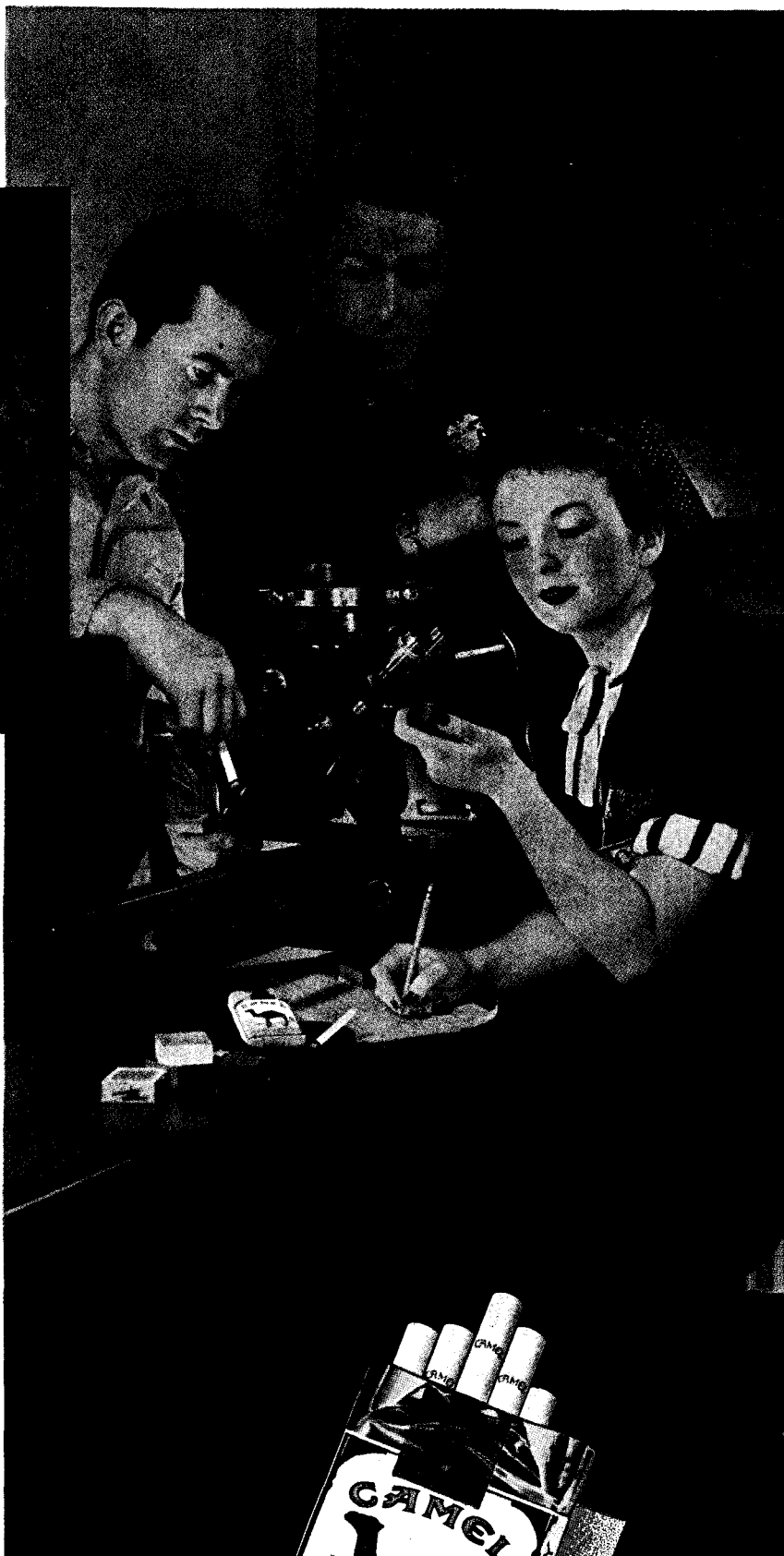
TESTING STEEL...planting crops...making munitions...cracking secret codes...jumping parachutes...flying planes...designing camouflage...the women of America are in war service today. And, as with men in the service,* just ask them, too, which cigarette rates the title "favorite."



**The
"T-ZONE"
—where
cigarettes
are judged**

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Try them.

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



"Camel's our cigarette," she says, "both his and mine. They're swell...so mild, but full of flavor, and always fresh! And they never go flat."

THE FURNACE roars...and the night sky blazes bright orange for miles around. Steel...steel...more steel gushes molten and white-hot for the weapons of war, and victory.

It's a tough business, a *man's* business, but women are in there too. Like Helen O'Brien at the microscope that searches steel for flaws. Her husband's in the war—and so is she. And after a day's work at Crucible Steel she's *earned* the pleasure she gets in the fragrant, blue-swirling smoke of those richer, mellower Camels. "There's no cigarette like Camel," she declares. "It has a flavor all its own that never goes flat, and I find that I can smoke as many as I please."



"TIME OFF" for fun and a change of scene. No change, though, of cigarettes...still and always Camels. "No other cigarette has the same fine blend of mildness and richness," she says.

Camels



First in the Service

*With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)